MY LIFE ON THE BLACKLIST BY RING LARDNER JR.
BACKSTAGE WITH BOB NEWHART BY PETE MARTIN
THE ORDEAL OF A UNITED STATES AIR FORCE CADET

The Saturday Evening POST

Oct. 14, 1961

20¢

BEGINNING ONE OF THIS SEASON'S OUTSTANDING BOOKS, IN ADVANCE OF PUBLICATION: A MEMORABLE NOVEL BY THE FAMOUS POLITICAL COLUMNIST, MARQUIS CHILDS. WHO ARE THE PEACEMAKERS? THE HIGH-LEVEL, BUT QUITE HUMAN, DIPLOMATS ON WHOSE DISCRETION...OR INDISCRETION... RESTS THE FATE OF A WORLD AT THE EDGE OF NUCLEAR WAR.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Family room floor in new Kentile Vinyl Asbestos Terrazzo Pastels. Colors: Bahama Blue and Nantucket. Solid Vinyl Feature Strips in Bristol Blue. Dark Green Vinyl KenCove® Wall Base.

New Kentile Terrazzo Pastels—the vinyl tile you install yourself for about $60!

Exclusive with Kentile! Seven cool, inviting pastel colors in greaseproof, smooth-surfaced Vinyl Asbestos Tile. And—for any 12′ x 15′ area—$60 buys *everything:* tile, feature strips, and adhesive. Or, have your dealer do it. Costs less to have installed than flooring in rolls. Kentile Dealer? See the Yellow Pages.

Do-it-yourselfer? Kentile Vinyl Asbestos Tile can be installed anywhere indoors. Your Kentile Dealer will give you complete, detailed instructions.

Dirt, grease, spilled foods can't stick to this super-smooth surface. Result? Easiest floor of all to clean and keep clean. Each waxing lasts far longer!

Kentile, Inc., P. O. Box 12, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn 15, New York. Dept. B-8

I am enclosing_____to cover cost of items checked:

- ☐ 25¢ for set of 73 "Hi-Fi" color swatches of Kentile Vinyl Asbestos Tile.
- ☐ $1.00 for authoritative, 48-page "Decorating Handbook"—packed with smart interior ideas.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Decorating hints? "Hi-Fi" color swatches? Kentile® shows how to coordinate room colors; offers color swatches of its full Vinyl Asbestos Tile line.

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

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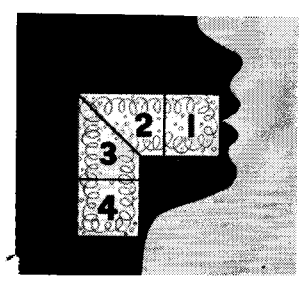
BE PREPARED . . .

You never know
whom you'll meet . . .

so always be sure your breath is fresh!

Stop bad breath 4 times better with Listerine



See directions on label

The Listerine way kills germs that tooth paste doesn't even reach

Tooth paste covers only a small area of the mouth, yet most bad breath is caused by germs throughout the mouth and throat. With the Listerine way*, the recommended way, you get antiseptic action all over the mouth and in the farthest recesses of the throat . . . and in germ-harboring crevices too tiny for tooth paste, or even water, to enter. This means Listerine acts in four times as much area—to stop bad breath four times better than tooth paste, and for hours on end. Why settle for less when so much is at stake?

REACH FOR LISTERINE®—and feel the difference

ANTISEPTIC

©1961 Warner-Lambert Products Div.

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It's the happiest marriage of quality and value in the history of Television to date!

Special during October only...

MODEL 2DC1210

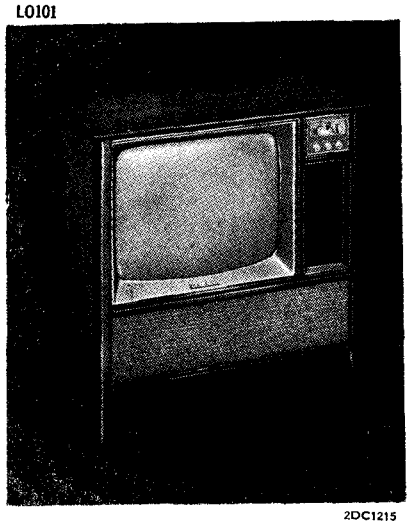
NEVER BEFORE SO MANY STANDOUT FEATURES in a 23" genuine wood console classic

for only **199.88** *with trade-in*

U. H. F. models slightly higher

And it's designed and engineered for finest fringe area reception!

LO101



2DC1215

Prefer tapered legs, walnut finish, modern Danish flare? Then here's the Truetone for you! Get the same quality features, same sensational trade-in deal during October only.

How can anybody offer such value? It will pay you to read this explanation now! We used the vast purchasing power of the Western Auto family of over 4,500 dealers to demand the impossible of our TV manufacturer in his off season. In exchange for our biggest order ever, we got a superbly styled 23" TV with all the best features of sets in the $339 to $400 range—but at the lowest cost ever! Then we cut profit margin to the bone to price this incredible bargain at only $279.95. And now, during our October Sales Spectacular, you can make the *deal of a lifetime* on this Truetone masterpiece at only $199.88 with trade-in. Just see some of the many standout features you'll get for so little money . . .

Standout Feature #1: Most powerful 3-stage I.F. power transformer chassis for fringe area reception at its amazing best!

Standout Feature #2: 20,000 volts of picture power for brighter pictures—even from weak signals!

Standout Feature #3: Extra sensitive tuner for increased pulling power, sharper image!

Standout Feature #4: New square design 23" (diag. meas.) aluminized picture tube—full 282 sq. in. viewing area without "blind" corners!

Standout Feature #5: Memory Tuning—set each channel just once, then forget forever!

Standout Feature #6: Two 5" extended-range speakers for thrilling hi-fi sound!

Standout Feature #7: Genuine wood cabinet (not printed hardboard) in rich mahogany finish—casters for mobility!

Standout Feature #8: Big, illuminated channel selector dial—easy to tune, easy to read in dim light!

We're so confident of the quality and performance of this fabulous Truetone, we'll buy the set back for $200.00 if you are not completely satisfied after trying it in your own home.

Western Auto
the family store

Western Auto Dealers own their own stores and set their own prices and terms, which may vary slightly in some parts of the U.S.

(S101)

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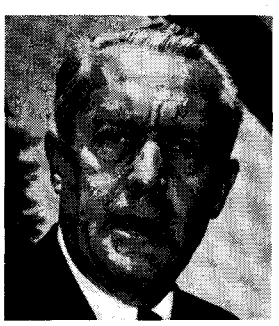
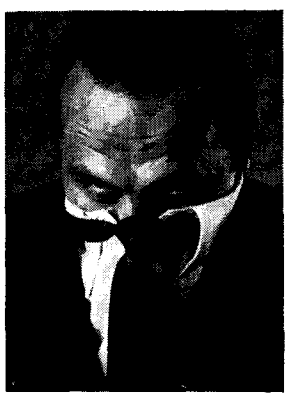
in this issue



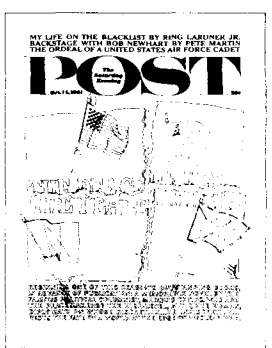
MARQUIS CHILDS: "In the course of many months in the city by the Lake of Geneva, I saw a great many men struggling to resolve the terrible dilemma of our time. While my patience was often worn out with the long and seemingly futile quadrille, nevertheless I came to have a great deal of compassion for these men, and I suppose this is one reason why I wrote **THE PEACEMAKERS.**" This veteran columnist has covered most of the high-level "peace" conferences in Geneva since World War II. His book, Eisenhower: Captive Hero, was an immediate best seller when it appeared in 1958. **THE PEACEMAKERS**, which you will find almost chillingly prophetic in light of the recent combat in Tunisia, seems destined for similar success. The leading players: **CALEB FULTON**, American Secretary of State: Could he restrain the tough, impatient Pentagon general? **GEOFFREY HAWKES**, Britain's Foreign Secretary: The wife of his Under Secretary had established some entangling alliances. **FRÉDÉRIC DUHAMEL**, Foreign Minister of France: He—and his country—were in the shadow of humiliation and defeat. **THE RUSSIANS**—Volkonkov and the man known as Stoneface.

OREGON—by one of her admirers—dramatically illustrated in seven pages of color, p. 21. Backstage: Pete Martin probes comedian **BOB NEWHART'S** button-down mind, p. 118. Fourteen years on Hollywood's blacklist described by **RING LARDNER JR.**, page 38. Classic pictures of the doolies' rugged welcome at the **AIR FORCE ACADEMY**, page 75.



PLUS provocative arguments against the "destructive" policies of our city planners, p. 12. Stories by **GERALD KERSH**, p. 109, **ALLAN SEAGER**, p. 46 and **ROBERT MURPHY**, p. 34. A bevy of beauty queens, p. 36. An eye-stopping look at top jockey Sellers, p. 32.

THE COVER Designer Herb Lubalin specializes in telling stories with typography. The story he tells on our cover—need we explain it?—is that of a world torn by differences in ideology. We had commissioned Lubalin to design a symbolic motif for our Marquis Childs novel, but we were so impressed by the simplicity and freshness of his work that we used it on our cover too. Although the Post's traditional cover painting will continue to appear regularly, we shall occasionally use covers of pure design and from time to time publish a photographic cover.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POST

PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP
Timmie Schneider, page 31

AND ALSO The fifth & final inning of Casey Stengel's own story, as told to POST Sports Editor Harry T. Paxton, p. 54. Paxton himself has finished collecting the sixty-two best sports articles & stories to appear in THE POST since 1900. The book—SPORT, U.S.A.—will be published next week by Thomas Nelson & Sons.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

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I took my doctor's advice!

NOW MY CONSTIPATION WORRIES ARE OVER!

Doctors recommend Milk of Magnesia —the gentle laxative-antacid that gives complete but carefree relief.

• THOUSANDS of doctors—general practitioners, pediatricians, obstetricians and surgeons, coast to coast—were asked: "Do you ever recommend Milk of Magnesia for your patients?" The overwhelming majority replied: "Yes!"

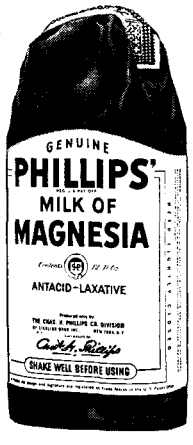
Yes, doctors consider Milk of Magnesia effective and gentle enough even for infants, maternity and surgical patients.

And no wonder!

As a laxative, Phillips' works leisurely, thoroughly but comfortably, never forces the system.

As an antacid, Phillips' relieves upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other acid distresses accompanying constipation. *No single-purpose laxative can give such complete, yet gentle relief!*

Ask *your* doctor! No home should be without Phillips' Milk of Magnesia!



REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

LETTERS

THE NEW POST

Dear Sirs:

Page 148 in the September 16 issue has just been turned. In the more than sixty years I have been reading it is difficult to recall any publication that has given me as much pleasure as the greater, grander and glorious-er POST, (*The Saturday Evening*, that is).

BRUCE MASTERS
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Please change it back. There are hundreds of "new," "shiny," "perky," "tabloid-type" magazines on the newsstands every week—but only one *Post*. Would you put fingernail polish on the Statue of Liberty?

VERONICA DILLMANN
Bellmore, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The redesigned *Post* will, I am sure, rate a salvo of hurrahs from all concerned. It is a swell job. My congratulations.

JAMES C. HAGERTY, *Vice President*
American Broadcasting Company
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If Ben Franklin ever saw this new magazine he would come back and electrocute you with his kite. If you people

need money so badly, I suggest you pump gas weekends rather than clutter up *every page* with ads.

B. S. GILLILAN
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

The advertisements are wonderful. In fact, you can't tell where the ads leave off and the articles begin.

MARIE D. RODDENBERY
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I'm an old-timer—long years of loving you—but I like it! So many good changes. . . . It is (I admit) improved.

DOROTHEA DAVISON
West Chester, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the new look! You certainly have enhanced my favorite weekly reading with an attractive new format.

RONALD REAGAN
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

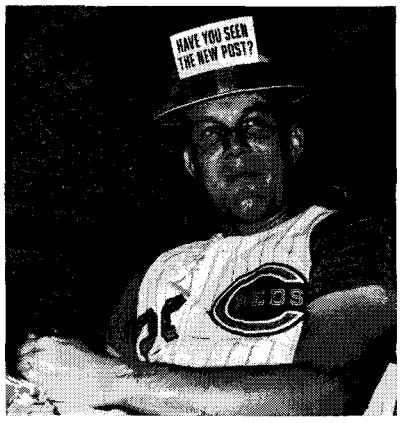
I have never been so disappointed in anything as I am in the *Post* which arrived today. It was like seeing a wonderful old friend with which you felt very comfortable and knew very well, turned into a slick, dressed-up and *not* very interesting copy of something you have never liked or enjoyed having around.

VIRGINIA M. LEWIS
Secane, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I saw this picture [below] of Cincinnati Redleg slugger Wally Post in *The Lexington Herald* shortly after reading my copy of the "new *Post*." I wanted you to know I'm a Wally Post and a "new *Post*" fan.

STEPHEN F. RARDIN
Lexington, Ky.



Dear Sirs:

The *Post* makes a gaudy corpse. . . . I do not wish to view the remains. Please notify your circulation department to cancel my subscription.

GUY PHILLIPS
Lawton, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

I double dare you to take a . . . poll on what your readers think about the new setup.

W. A. KEPLINGER
Chicago, Ill.

• *A poll of readers shows that a solid majority approve the changes.—ED.*

THE CHANGED DESIGN

Dear Sirs:

I don't like the new style of your magazine. It's too modern to retain the traditions of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

MARIE BOGDA (age 16)
Amarillo, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

The change is complete and helpful to your readers, especially your efforts to complete a story page upon page.

WILLIAM H. VEALE
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

If you are trying to confuse your readers, you have done it. Norman Rockwell and Hazel are the only old-time friends I found.

ALTHEA MC KNIGHT
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Must admit that, as a regular *Post* reader, I had a few qualms concerning your format and content changes. Must say now that these doubts have been put to rest by the latest issue. Like the changes which have been made. Feel that these have tended to open the door to new readers so that they may join the rest of us in enjoying *The Post* on a regular basis!

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

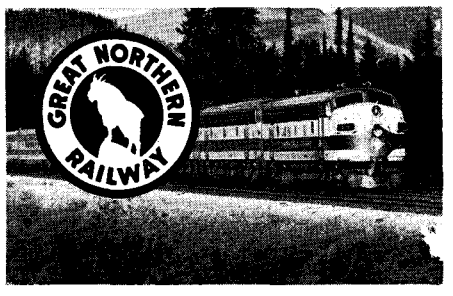
Dear Sirs:

Suppose a fellow has a little time and wants to read a story by his favorite author, can he tell anything about the

you'll love the way you're pampered

A luxury "hotel on wheels" —that's what travelers discover aboard Great Northern's incomparable

EMPIRE BUILDER



DAILY STREAMLINER BETWEEN CHICAGO • ST. PAUL • MINNEAPOLIS • SPOKANE • SEATTLE-PORTLAND

For information, write:
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minnesota

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Public figure

When you set foot out of door, what is your public figure? Even the most self-effacing man cannot escape the scrutiny of others a dozen times a day. Not even during so innocent an endeavour as walking the dog. The confident man welcomes hypercritical looks—and prepares for them in a traditional American way. He turns to Hart Schaffner & Marx. He counts on us to clothe him correctly in style and in comfort. He leaves the details to us; puts his trust in our respected label. And with good reason. The famous Trumpeter of Hart Schaffner & Marx is very much of a public figure himself—having been sewn inside more fine suits than any other label in the world.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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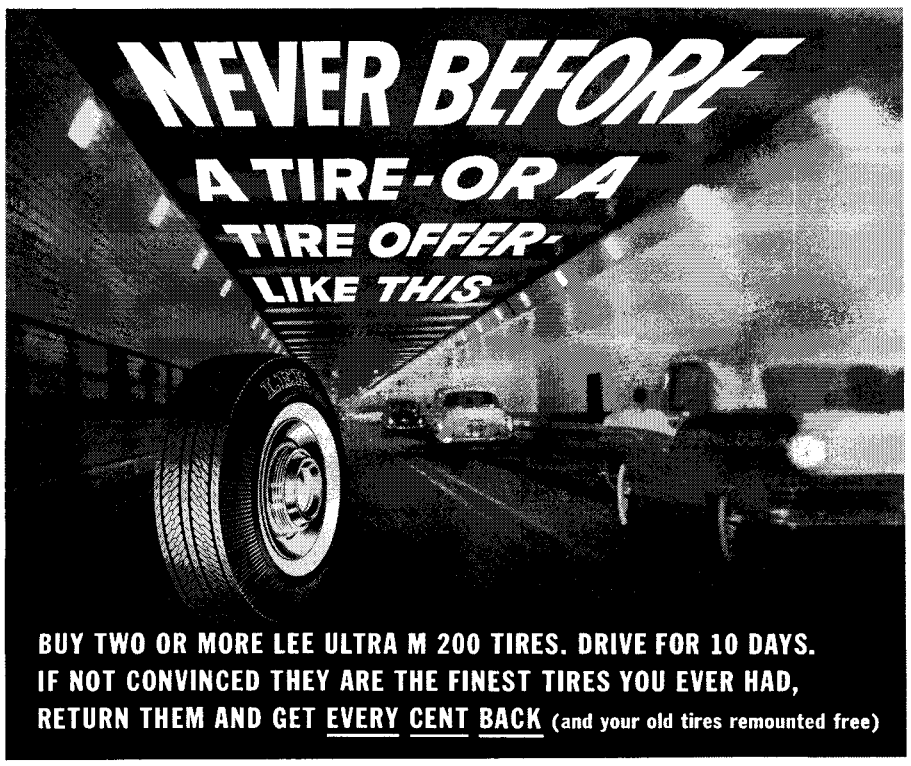
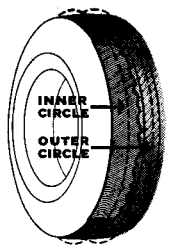


BUY TWO OR MORE LEE ULTRA M 200 TIRES. DRIVE FOR 10 DAYS.
IF NOT CONVINCED THEY ARE THE FINEST TIRES YOU EVER HAD,
RETURN THEM AND GET EVERY CENT BACK (and your old tires remounted free)

The secret is Lee's exclusive "Twin Circles of Protection." The outer circle of protection is a tremendously improved anti-skid tread design. The inner circle of protection against blowouts is the steel-strong Super-Tensile nylon cord, specially developed by Lee.

Guaranteed against road hazard damage for the life of the tread. Adjustment, if necessary, based on original tread design depth remaining, prorated on current Lee suggested resale price.

Lee dealers everywhere have this new tire in stock. See *your* dealer for this introductory bargain.



THE LEE ULTRA M 200

To find your nearest dealer, look in the Yellow Pages—or write directly to "Trial Offer"—Dept. M:

LEE TIRES

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION, Conshohocken, Pa.
Republic Rubber Division, Youngstown, Ohio • Industrial Rubber Products

Repairs are a cinch...

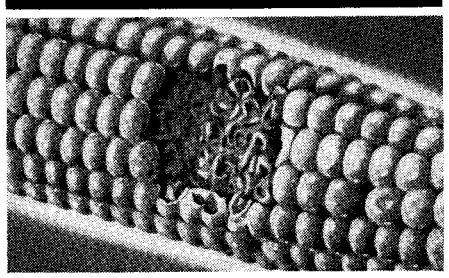
with a DUAL HEAT
Weller®
SOLDERING GUN KIT

Here's a tool you'll use for repairs, electrical work and hobbies. It makes soldering simple, sure and fast. Pull the trigger—tip heats instantly and spotlight illuminates work. 2 trigger positions give low 90-watt and high 125-watt heat as your job requires. Kit includes cleaning brush, supply of solder and soldering aid. Guaranteed for 1 year.

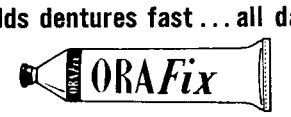
$7.95 MODEL 8200K

WELLER ELECTRIC CORP., EASTON, PA.

DENTURE WEARERS
EAT
ANYTHING!



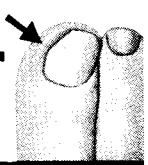
ORA-FIX®
Holds dentures fast... all day!



Use Ora Denture Cleanser, too!
AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Home Appliances Now Run Smoothly
Clean · Lubricate · Prevent Rust
3-IN-ONE® OIL
REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

Ingrown NAIL



Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in nail groove relieve soreness and pain, soften embedded part of nail for easy removal. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

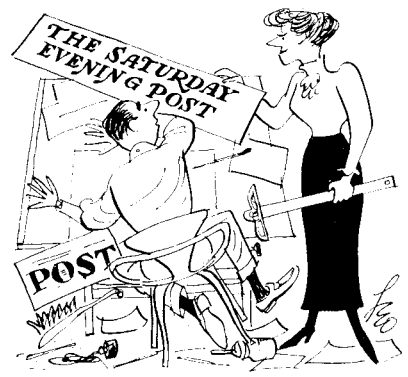
LETTERS

contents by the new index? Would you want to go back to the old-fashioned store of years gone by, where everything was all mixed up and you had to wait while the proprietor searched through a conglomeration of merchandise to find what you were interested in, or would you rather go into the modern store of today where you can go straight to the department carrying articles you want? This is the first letter of criticism I have written to any magazine. Think it over.

M. B. FISHER
Glenville, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

How could you ruin the beautiful simplicity of *The Saturday Evening Post*? Now it is a jungle of ads, mixed



up in a puzzle of articles and stories almost impossible to locate amid the lurid pictures and oversized titles.

LOUISE WOODRUFF
Berlin, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

It is most idiotic and disconcerting to be

reading along and suddenly find text which has

no reason whatsoever to be emphasized broken out in big, bold letters. Is this supposed to make your magazine more interesting and readable?

WILLIAM K. CROWNFIELD
Somerset, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the new format, face-lifting, make-up, et al. It's a beauty. Believe me, I never thought a new format could be exciting, but this one is to this reader, and I imagine to plenty more.

W. H. GRUBBS
Takoma Park, Md.

LAMENTED FRIENDS

Dear Sirs:

It isn't the *Post* any more! Where is YOU BE THE JUDGE and THE PERFECT SQUELCH? Who wants to read comic pages in a weekly magazine? Turning a page while reading a serious article and coming on a "side-splitting" cartoon relieved the tension—all in one place they are just comics. . . . Thank heavens, you at least left Hazel alone.

KATHRYN SHERWOOD
White Plains, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Where in (heavy curse)
Is the light verse?

BETTY M. DAVIS
San Gabriel, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Humor, they say, is the spice of life, and those wonderful cartoons sprinkled through the pages of the old *Post* certainly gave it spice. Reading them all lumped together is like hitting a sizable pinch of undiluted nutmeg in a pumpkin pie—ugh!

GERALD D. BOWLIN
Hermosillo, Sonora, Mex.

THE WEEK'S CONTENTS

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the new *Saturday Evening Post*. Both my wife and I thought it was splendid, and I particularly enjoyed Stewart Alsop's article and the wonderful photographs in the Casey Stengel story.

RICHARDSON DILWORTH, *Mayor*
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

THE FACE OF AMERICA (when I finally found it) described my reaction to the new *Post*—a big smear of colored nothing.

MRS. J. B. HOEING
Huntington, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

On behalf of the cow (Noble Regent is her name) and the other contributors to Food for Peace—that is to say, the farmers and taxpayers of America together with the dedicated members of the departments of Agriculture and State and the ICA who operate the program—I thank *The Post* for its generous mention [PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP].

I would also like to congratulate *The Post* for its imaginative new format. My daughter, Julie, aged six, saw the picture and said, "Is daddy in a commercial?" And so I am—and Food for Peace thanks you.

JAMES W. SYMINGTON
Deputy Director, Food for Peace
Washington, D.C.

THE YOUNG STAFF

Dear Sirs:

In the Sept. 9 issue KEEPING POSTED made quite an issue out of the fact that the staff is now younger. According to you, its average age is now 28, which you seemed to think was a wonderful advantage.

MRS. ERNEST B. AUSTIN
Las Vegas, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

Why junk almost everybody over forty? I have been betrayed—and

many others with me. I have *not* canceled. I want to see what happens next.

MRS. H. M. CASE
Harrison, Ohio

● *Now hear this! We were referring only to the newer members of our staff in that* KEEPING POSTED *write-up. We still have more than 30 "old-timers" with firm guiding hands on the reins.—ED.*

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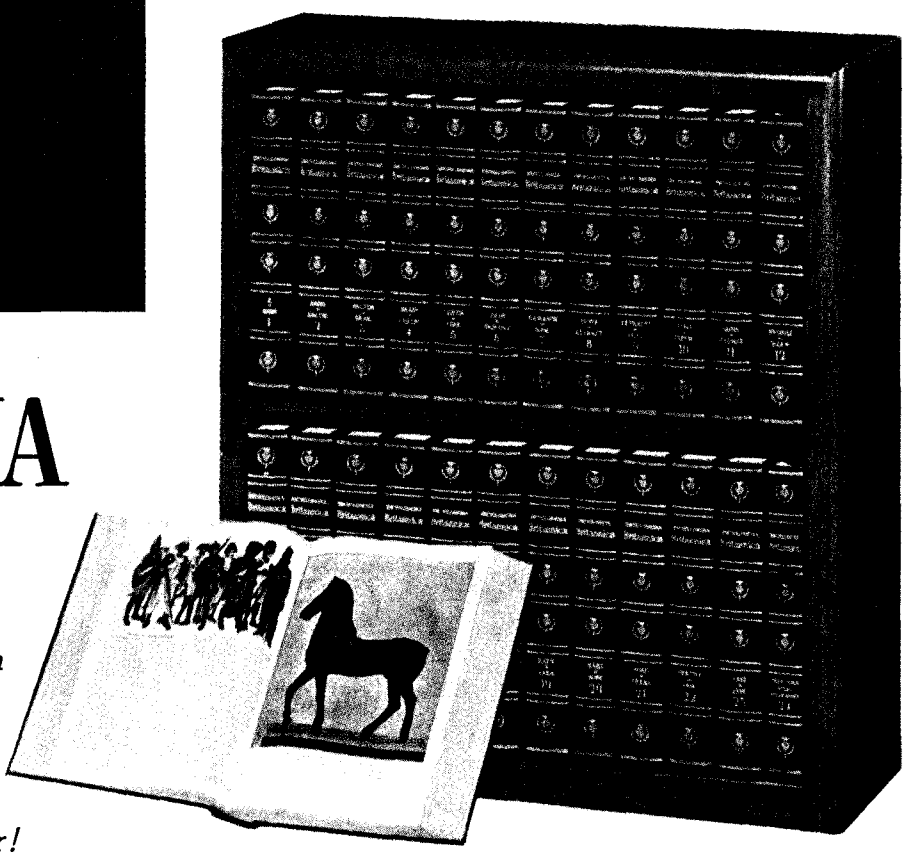
HOW WILL THEY MEASURE UP AGAINST THE KIDS NEXT DOOR?

Uncomfortable as the idea is, this is the time to face it. Everyone wants more for his children. And your children will have to compete just as *you're* competing now in the adult world.

That's one of the biggest single reasons why so many families have Encyclopaedia Britannica in their home. The Britannica is an easy source of reference the whole family can use. It is the world's most complete collection of facts and knowledge excitingly explained by leading authorities. In it, you can learn about sports, find a hobby, increase your appreciation of art, learn about gardening, missiles, philosophy, science . . . just about any subject you've ever heard of . . . and thousands you haven't.

The Britannica is more than words—and more than its brilliant illustrations. It is a seeking of the mind for truth and fact. It is priceless for your children. It can be equally invaluable to you.



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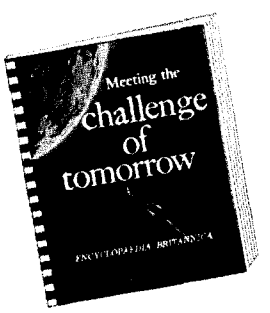

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Are crash diets and lopsided meals threatening America's physical fitness?

Today our fitness is a national concern. Americans are alerted to the dangers of being soft, weak, flabby. Getting in trim begins with eating well-balanced meals.

Now, more than ever, it is important to make sure your diet includes foods from the four basic groups: 1. Milk; 2. Meat, fish and poultry; 3. Breads and cereals; 4. Fruits and vegetables.

Trim-figured Dinah Shore says:

"I drink fresh whole milk to balance my diet."

"Honestly," declares Dinah, "I *need* those three glasses of milk a day." Dinah knows that "crash diets are for somebody else," that she needs fresh whole milk, especially when she's watching her weight. It's the easy way to be sure of getting essential proteins, minerals, B and D vitamins and easily utilized energy. And it tastes good. No wonder they say that fresh whole milk is Nature's most nearly perfect food.

America's television sweetheart, Dinah Shore, is careful to maintain her physical fitness. Her glamour, glow and trim figure are always equal to the strenuous demands of her television schedule.

Working harder than ever this fall in a new NBC series of specials for the American Dairy Association, Dinah says, "I need milk almost more than my youngsters do! We all get at least 3 glasses every day." Dinah knows that you never outgrow your need for the nutrients in milk.

See the New Dinah Shore Show NBC-TV, Friday, Nov. 3rd

american dairy association
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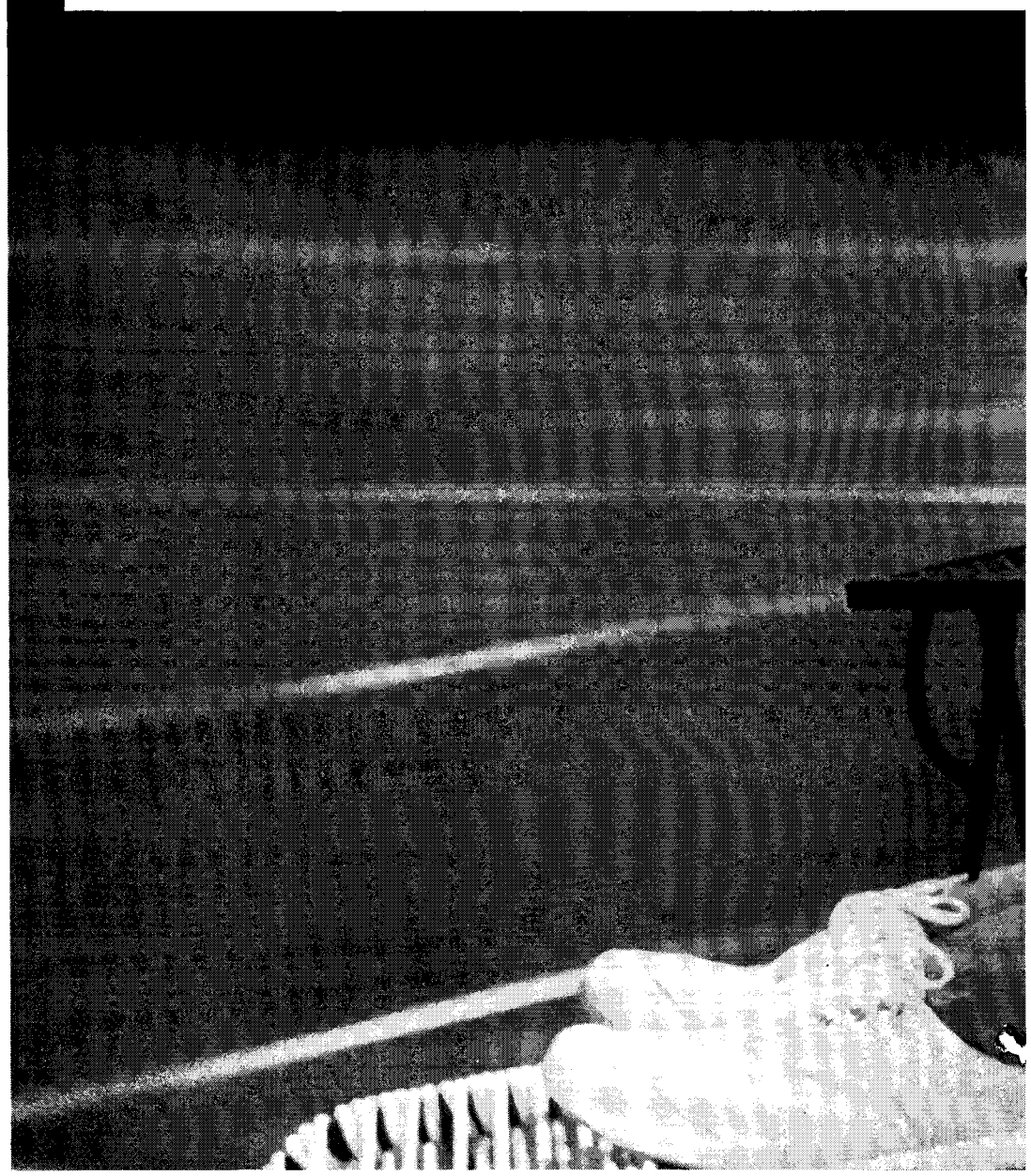

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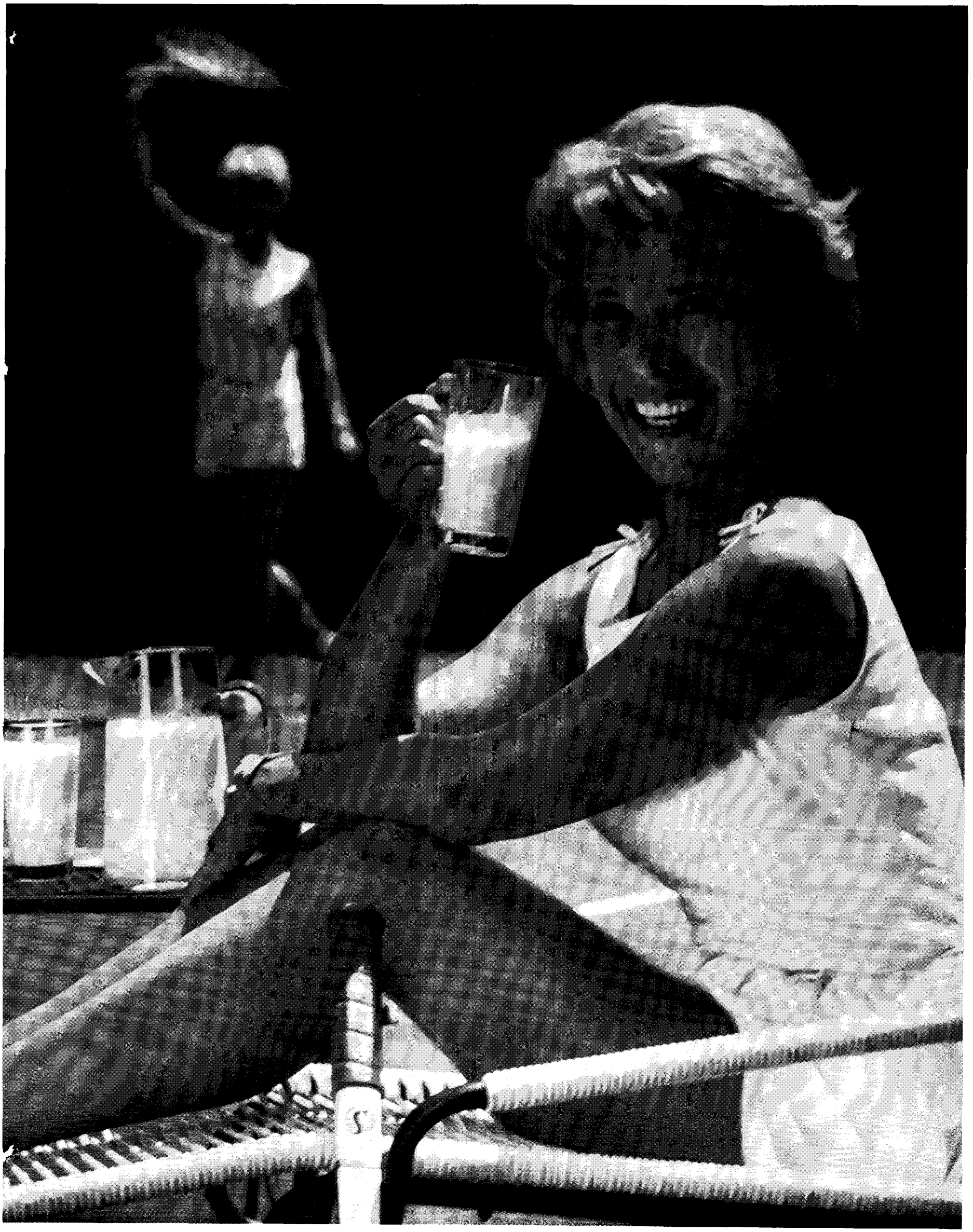

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SPEAKING OUT

THE VOICE OF DISSENT

How City Planners Hurt Cities

By Jane Jacobs

City planners and rebuilders are killing our cities, not on purpose, but because they do not understand how cities work. Their well-meant but ignorant actions, supported by public money and political power, can be fearsomely destructive.

We are continually assured that planners are producing healthful city environments for us. But most planners and rebuilders do not recognize a healthful city environment when they see one, much less know how to create one. Consider, for example, a district called the North End, in Boston.

Twenty years ago, when I first saw the North End, its buildings were badly overcrowded. Rundown brick houses had been converted into flats. Four- or five-story walk-ups had been built to house immigrants first from Ireland, then Eastern Europe and finally from Sicily. You did not have to look far to see that the district was taking a severe physical beating and was desperately poor.

When I saw the North End again in 1959, I was amazed. Scores of buildings had been rehabilitated. Instead of mattresses against the windows, there were Venetian blinds and glimpses of fresh paint. Many of the small, converted houses were now occupied by one or two families instead of three or four. Some of the families in the tenements had uncrowded themselves by throwing two flats together, equipping them with new bathrooms and kitchens. Mingled among the buildings were splendid food stores. Small industries—upholstery making, metalworking, food processing, and the like—rimmed the neighborhood. The streets were alive with children playing, people shopping, strolling and talking.

I had seen a lot of Boston in the past few days, most of it dull, gloomy and decaying. This place struck me as the healthiest district in the city. To find out more about it, I went into a bar and phoned a Boston planner I know.

"Why in the world are you down in the North End?" he said. "Nothing's going on there. Eventually, yes, but not yet. That's a slum!"

"It doesn't seem like a slum to me," I said.

"Why that's the worst slum in the city. It has 275 dwelling units to the net acre! [Excluding streets, nonresidential land, etc.] I hate to admit we have anything like that in Boston, but it's a fact."

"Do you have any other figures on it?" I asked.

JANE JACOBS *is an associate editor of Architectural Forum. This article is adapted from her forthcoming book,* The Death and Life of Great American Cities, *which will be published in November by Random House.*

He did. Statistics showed that the neighborhood's delinquency, disease and infant-mortality rates are among the lowest in the city. The child population is just about average. The death rate is low, 8.8 per 1000, against the average city rate of 11.2.

"You should have more slums like this," I said. "Don't tell me there are plans to wipe this out. You ought to be down here learning as much as you can from it."

"I know how you feel," he said. "I often go down there myself just to walk around the streets and feel that wonderful, cheerful street life. You'd be crazy about it in summer. But we have to rebuild it eventually. We've got to get those people off the street."

My planner friend's instincts told him the North End was a healthful place. Statistics confirmed it. But his training as a city planner told him the North End *had* to be a "bad" place. It has little park land. Children play on the sidewalks. It has small blocks. In city-planning parlance, the district is "badly cut up by wasteful streets." It also has "mixed uses"—another sin. It is made up of the plans of hundreds of people—not planners. Such freedom represents, as one of the wise men of city planning put it, "a chaotic accident . . . the summation of the haphazard, antagonistic whims of many self-centered, ill-advised individuals."

Under the seeming chaos of a lively place like the North End is a marvelous and intricate order—a complicated array of urban activities. These activities support and supplement each other, keeping the neighborhood interesting and vital. The planners would kill it.

The North End is not unique. In city after city, there are districts that refuse to decay, districts that hold people even when their incomes rise and their "status" improves, districts that spontaneously repair and renovate in spite of discouragement by government officials and mortgage lenders. These interesting and vital areas are the ones that have everything possible wrong with them—according to city-planning theory. Equally significant, in city after city the districts in decline and decay are frequently the ones that ought to be successful—according to planning theory.

The Morningside Heights area in New York City is such an example. According to theory, it should not be in trouble. It has a great abundance of park land, campus areas, playgrounds and other open spaces. It has plenty of grass. It occupies high and pleasant ground with magnificent river views. It is a famous educational center. It has good hospitals and fine churches. It has no industries. Its residential streets are zoned against "incompatible uses."

Yet by the early 1950's Morningside Heights was becoming the kind of slum in which people fear to walk the streets. Columbia University, other institutions and the planners from the city government got together. At great cost the most blighted part of the area was wiped out. In the torn-down area a middle-income project complete with shopping center was built. Nearby a fenced-off low-income project was erected. The projects were hailed as a great demonstration in city saving.

After that Morningside Heights went downhill even faster. It continues to pile up new mountains of crime and troubles to this day. The "remedy" didn't work. Dull, sorted-out "quiet residential areas" in cities fail because they are inconvenient, uninteresting and dangerous. The dark, empty grounds of housing projects breed crime. And it is much the same with dark, empty streets of "quiet residential areas" in big cities.

Our cities need help desperately. If places like Morningside Heights are to be helped, the help must be based not on imitations of genteel, "good" addresses, but on understanding the real needs of those who live in big cities. A little involvement with the life of city streets, a little recognition that empty grass festooned with used tissue paper is no treat

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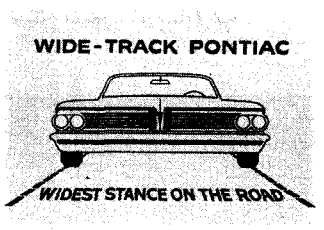

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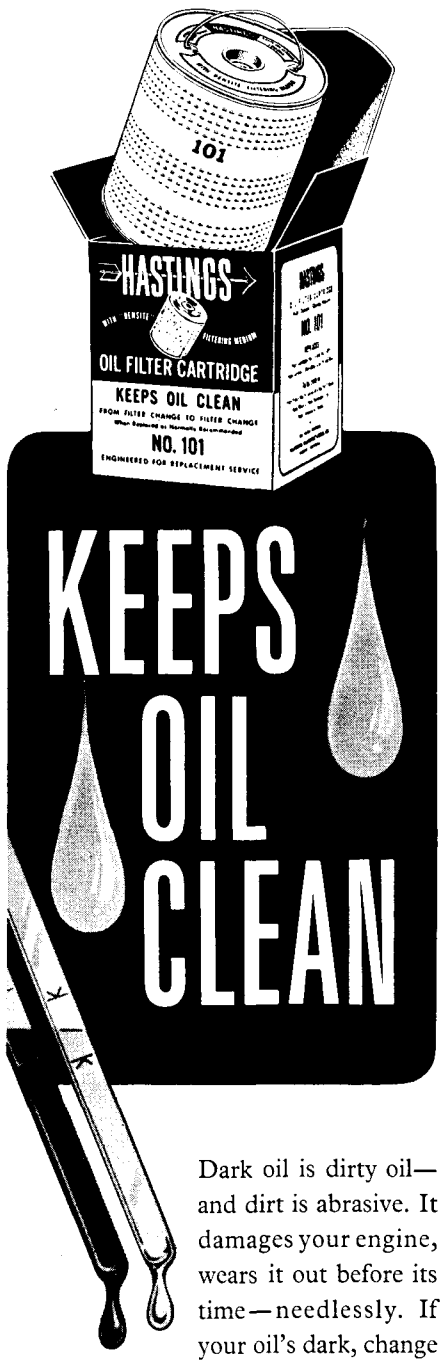

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SPEAKING OUT

for anyone, a little common sense—these are the first requirements.

The New York City neighborhood where I live is considered a mess by planners. They have plans to sort out its differing land uses from one another and isolate residences from working places with a buffer strip. Such a strip would be useful primarily to muggers. For months residents and businessmen of the neighborhood have been combating the scheme to simplify and regiment the area with Federal funds. Simplification would be the avenue to its ruin.

One need only watch the sidewalks to see how the neighborhood is built upon a complicated set of activities. Each day Hudson Street, my street, is the scene of an endlessly varied parade of persons, some of them neighbors, many of them strangers. This scene is all composed of interesting movement and change.

I make my first entrance a little after eight A.M. when I put out the garbage can. Around me, droves of junior-high-school students and people coming to work in the district walk by the center of the stage. While I sweep the sidewalk, I watch the signs and rituals of morning. Mr. Halpert unlocking his laundry hand-cart from its mooring to a cellar door. Joe Cornacchia's son-in-law stacking out empty crates from the delicatessen. The barber bringing out his sidewalk folding chair. Mr. Goldstein arranging coils of wire that proclaim the hardware store is open. The primary children, heading for St. Luke's to the south. The children for St. Veronica's heading west. The children for P.S. 41 heading east. Well-dressed and even elegant women, and men with briefcases, emerge now from doorways and side streets. Simultaneously numbers of women in house dresses emerge and pause for quick conversations. Longshoremen who are not working gather at the White Horse Tavern or the International Bar for beer and conversation.

As noontime arrives, the executives and business lunchers from the industries in the neighborhood throng the Dorgene Restaurant and the Lion's Head coffee house down the street. If there were no workers to support these places at noon, we residents would not have them to use at night. Character dancers come onstage: a strange old man with strings of old shoes over his shoulders; motor-scooter riders with big black beards and girl friends who bounce on the back of their scooters. Mr. Koochagian, the tailor, waters the plants in his window, gives them a look from the outside and accepts a compliment on them from two passers-by. The baby carriages come out.

As residents return home from work in other places, the ballet reaches its crescendo. This is the time of roller skates and stilts and tricycles and games with bottle tops and plastic cowboys. This is the time of bundles and packages and zigzagging from the drugstore to the fruit stand. This is the time when teenagers, all dressed up, are pausing to ask if their slips show or their collars look right. This is the time when anybody you know in the neighborhood will go by.

As darkness thickens and Mr. Halpert moors the laundry cart to the cellar door again, the ballet goes on under lights. It eddies back and forth, intensifying at the bright spotlight pools of Joe's sidewalk pizzeria, the bars and the drugstore. On Hudson Street we do not barricade ourselves indoors when darkness falls.

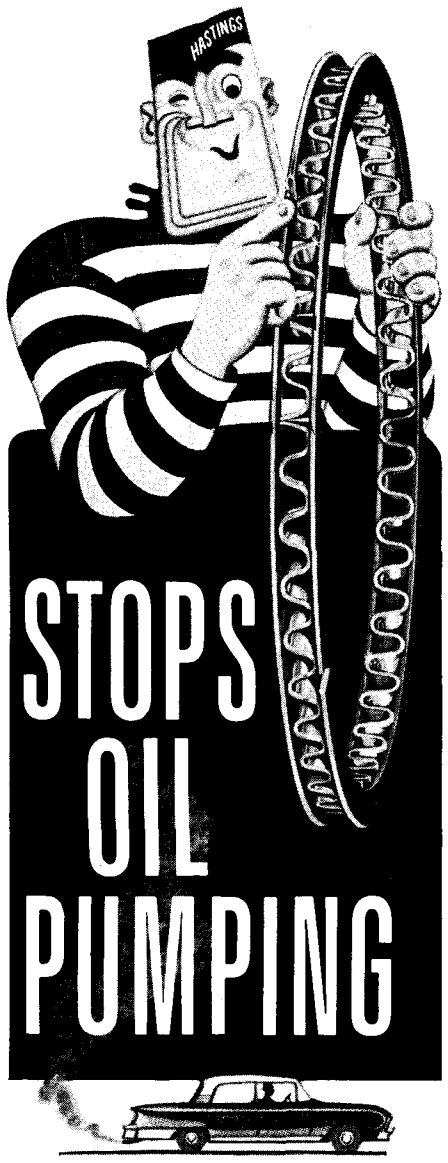
I know the deep night ballet from waking long after midnight to tend a baby. Sitting in the dark I have seen the shadows and heard the sounds of the sidewalk. Mostly it is snatches of party conversation. When the bars have closed, it is the sound of singing. Sometimes there is anger or sad weeping; sometimes a flurry of searching for a string of broken beads. One night a young man came along bellowing invectives at two girls who apparently were disappointing him. Doors opened, a wary semicircle of men and women formed around him; the police came. Out came the heads, too, along Hudson Street, offering opinion, "Drunk.... Crazy.... A wild kid from the suburbs." (It turned out he *was* a wild kid from the suburbs.)

I have not begun to describe the many differences that keep our sidewalks bustling. Among businesses and industries alone there are more than fifty different kinds within a few blocks. On Hudson Street, just as in the North End of Boston, we are the lucky possessors of a complex city order that is anything but the chaos that city planners proclaim it to be. Such neighborhoods as ours engender intense affection among those who live or work in them. As a result, they are stable places where people of many different incomes and tastes remain permanently—by choice.

The true problem of city planning and rebuilding in a free society is how to cultivate more city districts that are free; lively and fertile places for the differing plans of thousands of individuals—not planners. Nothing could be farther from the aims of planners today. They have been trained to think of people as interchangeable statistics to be pushed around, to think of city vitality and mixture as a mess. Planners are the enemies of cities because they offer us only the poisonous promise of making every place in a city more like dull and standardized Morningside Heights. They have failed to pursue the main point: to study the success and failure of the real life of the cities. With their eyes on simple-minded panaceas, they destroy success and health. Planners will become helpful only when they abandon what they have learned about what "ought" to be good for cities.

When they learn how fulfilling life in a city really can be, then they will finally stop working against the very goals they set out to achieve.

THE END



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a TELEPHONE for A every ALASKAN

People just laughed at this statement when it became the slogan of an *Independent* telephone company. But in the fabulous 49th State, success stories are unfolding that make Horatio Alger tales seem pale by comparison. And the story of the Independents is among them.

The indomitable American pioneering spirit is very much alive in Alaska today. All over Alaska, thousands of homesteaders are now developing their timber-rich plots under conditions reminiscent of the American West a century ago.

There is one difference. These modern-day pioneers have telephones.

The president of one of Alaska's fifteen *independently* owned and managed telephone companies tells how his men have installed telephones (color ones, to boot) in half-finished, hand-hewn cabins and had wives on the line minutes later talking to new neighbors "just as if they were both back in Peoria."

These companies literally bulldozed their way into the telephone business. In many of the far-flung Alaskan communities, roads are still the exception. So the crews move overland by any means available. Many times, new subscribers have *never* seen a telephone!

Kotzebue, a hunter's paradise above the Arctic Circle, is one example of this. Service began a year ago. But now, an alert guide can spot a polar bear, telephone his New York client to hop a plane, and have the happy hunter back at his Wall Street desk in a few days with a memorable trophy.

A telephone for *every* Alaskan remains a goal for the future. But it is this daring-to-do, this striving to serve everyone, anywhere, which makes the Alaskan telephone companies characteristic of the more than 3,300 Independents which serve the nation.

In 11,000 growing communities from Maine to Hawaii—big cities as well as isolated small towns—Independent telephone companies are constantly strengthening their $4 *billion* investment . . . to help you reach *all* America.

Get the facts about the Independent telephone industry and the ways in which it serves you. They're reported in "An American Story." For your free copy, write: *Dept. 1010, U. S. Independent Telephone Association, 438 Pennsylvania Bldg., Washington 4, D.C.*

INDEPENDENT

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANIES ARE INVESTING IN YOUR FUTURE — THROUGH BETTER COMMUNICATIONS

"A telephone for every Alaskan"—even if a tree stump is the temporary resting place. Here's the in-action spirit of Independent telephony in the fast-growing 49th State.

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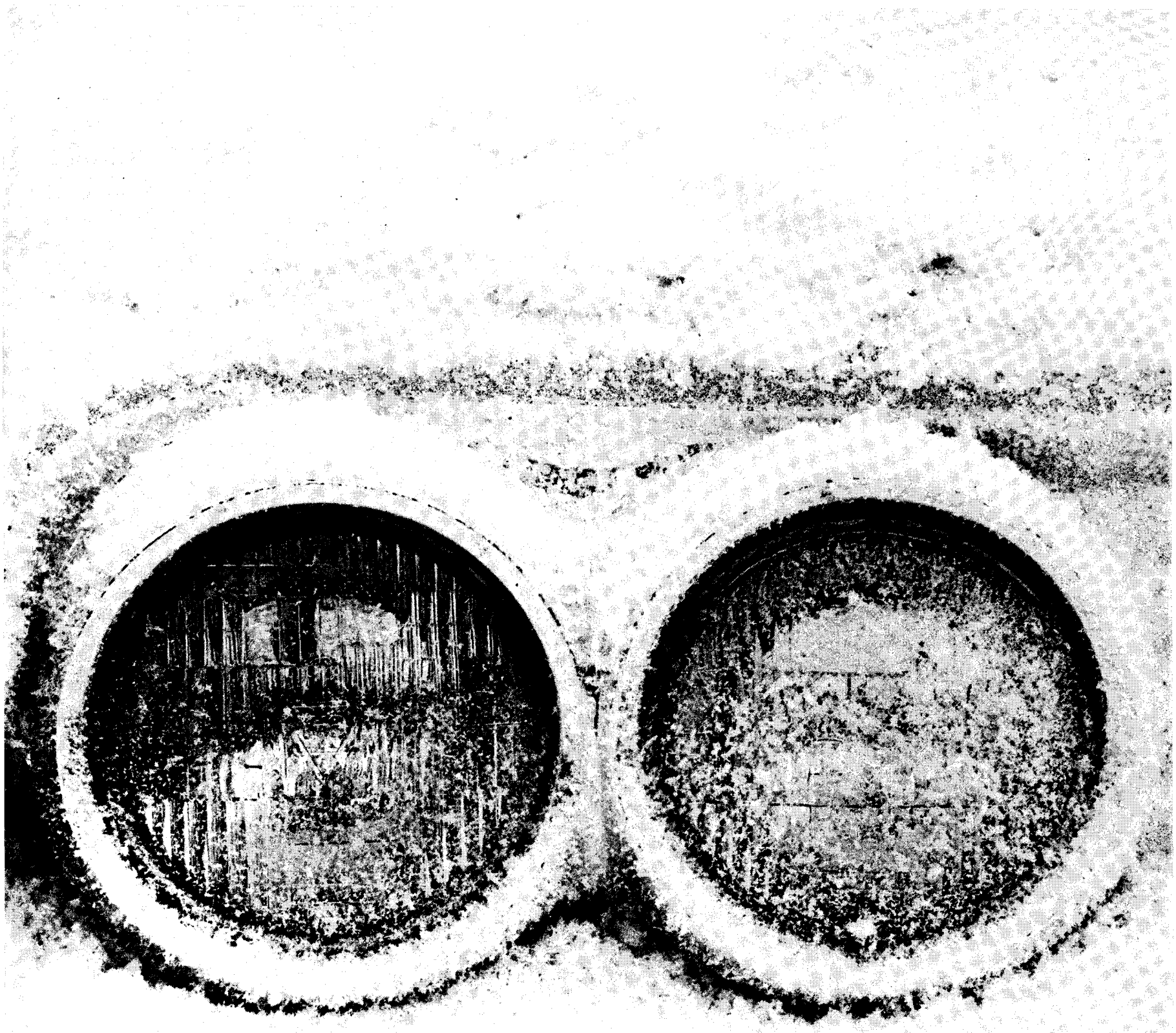

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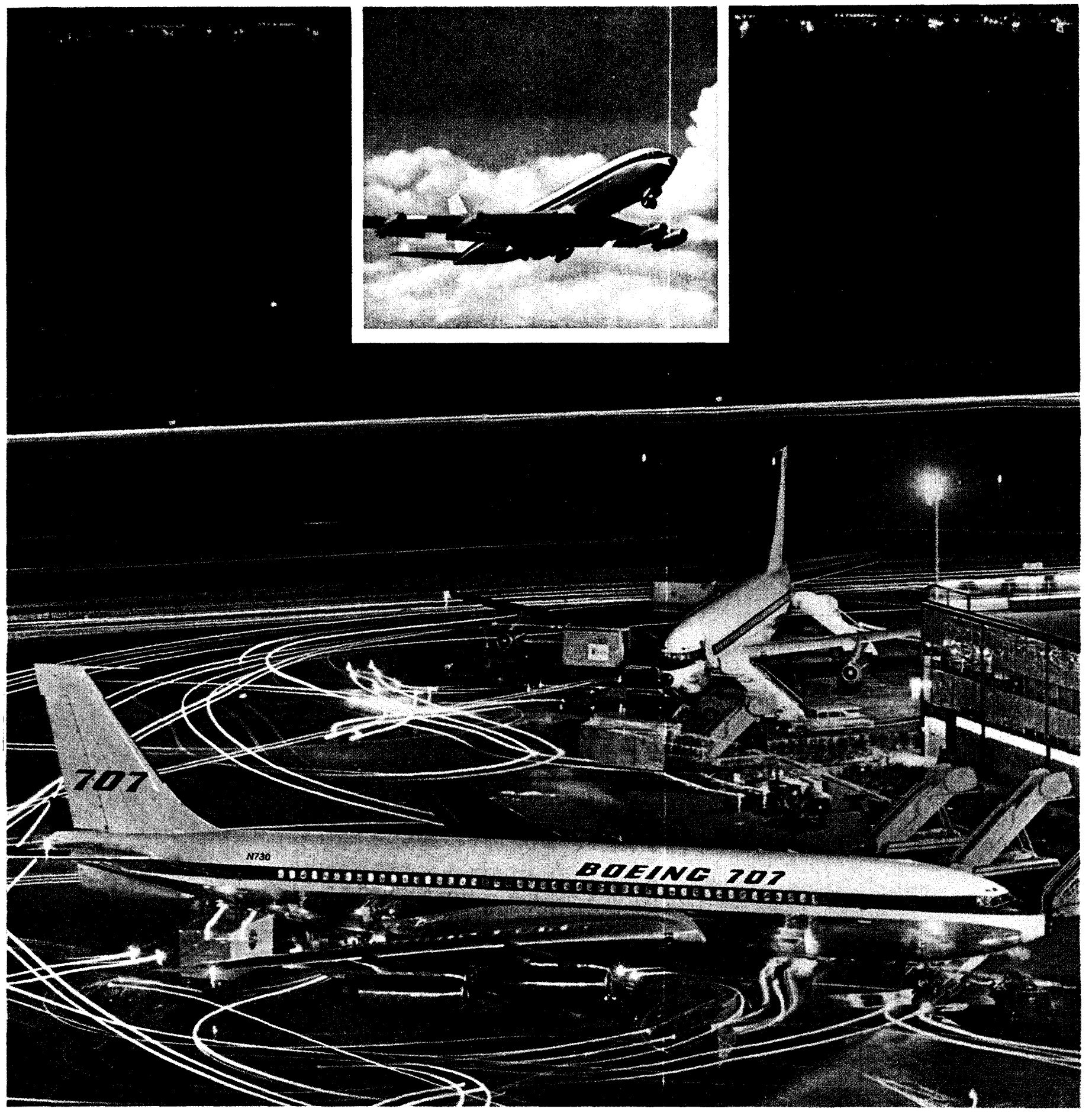

Three fast years

On October 26, 1958, America's first jetliner — the Boeing 707 — took off on its first commercial flight. In the three years since, Boeing jets have carried more than 18,000,000 passengers...have become the world's most proved, most popular jetliners. Today, every two minutes, somewhere in the world, a Boeing jet takes off or lands. And you can fly — in swift, smooth comfort—to 135 cities in 70 countries around the globe.

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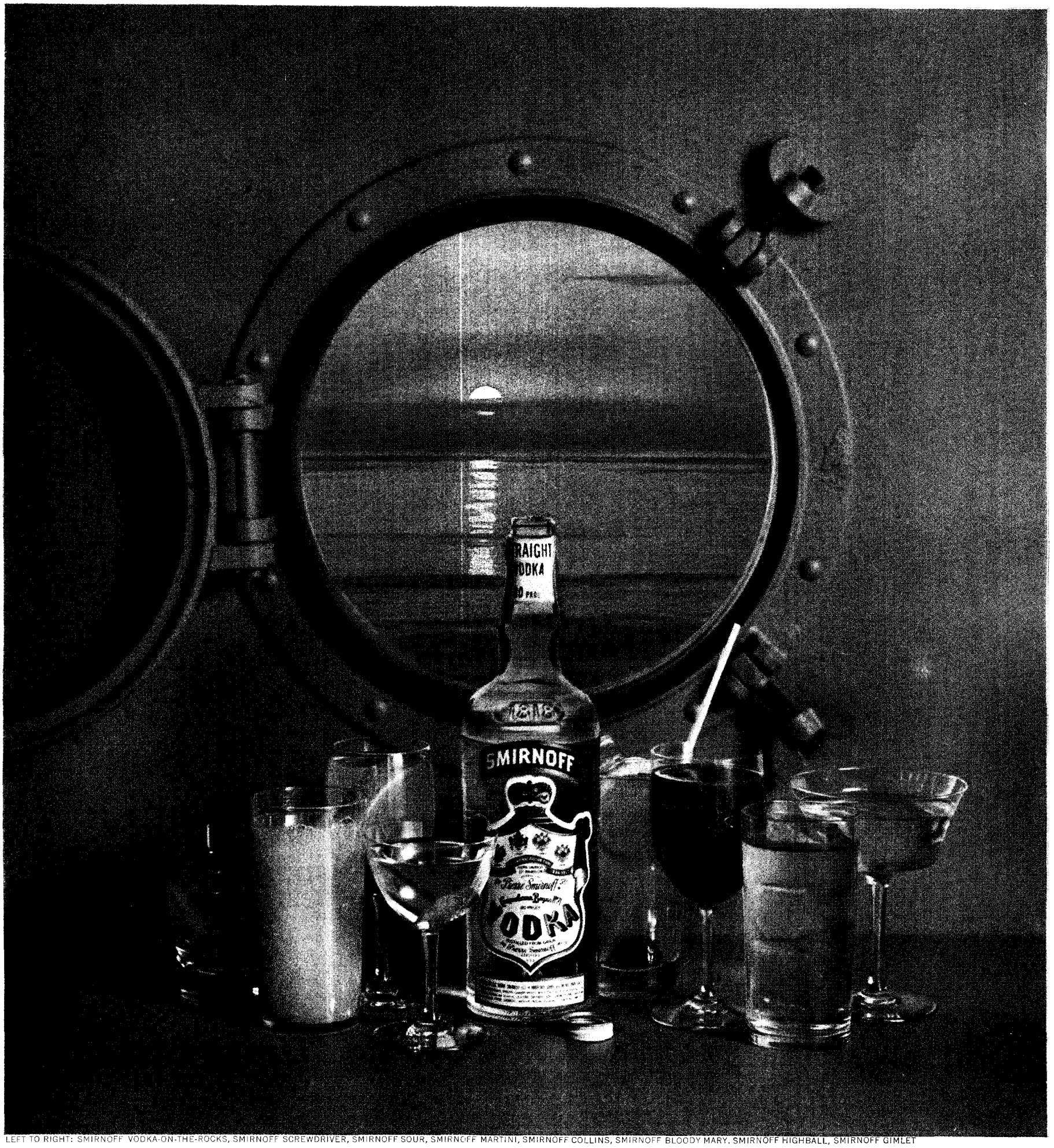

LEFT TO RIGHT: SMIRNOFF VODKA-ON-THE-ROCKS, SMIRNOFF SCREWDRIVER, SMIRNOFF SOUR, SMIRNOFF MARTINI, SMIRNOFF COLLINS, SMIRNOFF BLOODY MARY, SMIRNOFF HIGHBALL, SMIRNOFF GIMLET

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

Can this green and timbered state keep its natural beauty—and prosper too?

OREGON DILEMMA

I hadn't been in Oregon more than a day or two before I met a lady who fixed an icy stare on me and said, "I hope you're not going to tell all the world how beautiful Oregon is. If you do, more people will come. And we already have too many for comfort."

A few days later I met Gov. Mark O. Hatfield. "We've got to sell, sell, sell Oregon!" exclaimed the thirty-nine-year-old governor, banging his fist on the desk. "We have to bring in new industry and provide more jobs. Every Oregonian has to become a salesman, a promoter of his state."

During the next four weeks people I encountered in every part of the state expressed equally divergent views about everything from salmon to sand dunes. Yet underlying all the arguments was the predominant issue: Should Oregon, the Beaver State, be as eager and industrious as its nickname implies, or should the state settle back in its scenic splendor and let the world pass it by?

Many of the 1,800,000 Oregonians tend to believe that the basic problems, if ignored, will fade away. "Our state is engaged in a little self-hypnosis," an Oregon economist told me. "The people don't want to face facts."

The facts are that Oregon is in the doldrums. Although she was one of the West's boom states in 1950, her population growth rate has now dropped below the national average. Last winter, at the peak of seasonal slowdowns in lumber and

By ROBERT CAHN

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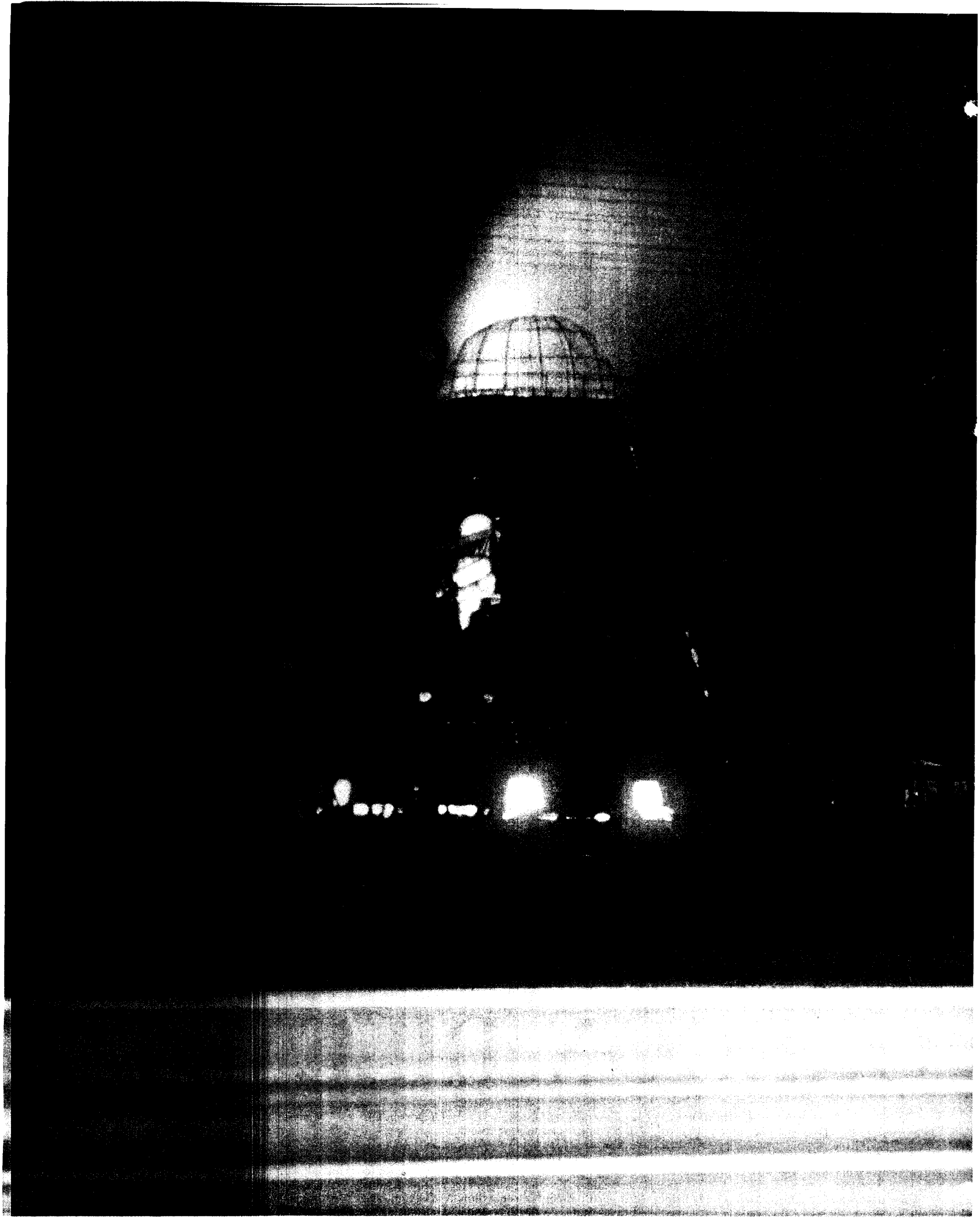

A wasteful sawdust burner. New uses for Oregon's lumber leftovers have made this a rare sight.

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agriculture, Oregon ranked sixth-highest in the nation in per cent of the work force unemployed. Oregon ranks next to the lowest among the eleven Western states in the growth rate of employment in manufacturing during the last decade.

Of the several factors contributing to Oregon's doldrums, the most decisive is the state's complete dependence on its No. 1 resource, timber. Although the state has one fifth of all the nation's standing timber—enough to rebuild every house in the United States—the lumber market has been uncertain in recent years. Three out of four Oregon manufacturing jobs are in forest products or allied industries. Mechanization has compounded the problem. Only 47,000 men are now needed to turn out the same amount of lumber that required 67,000 workers in 1950. As goes lumber, so goes Oregon, and the state's pulse can be taken in the number of houses started throughout the nation.

It should be pointed out that even now Oregon is better off than many other states. It has a debt-free government that maintains high standards in education and services. Thrift-conscious Oregonians have learned to adjust to the hard times that come every winter with declines in three leading industries: lumber, agriculture and tourism. In addition to its timber the state has abundant water for power, irrigation and industry; enough fertile soil to support diversified agriculture; lavish scenery, and a pleasant climate.

Perhaps it is only fair to say that on the subject of Oregon's attractions I am less than objective. I grew up next door in the state of Washington and spent every summer of my childhood with relatives in Oregon.

The Oregon I remember from my youth is more than a state; it is a way of life. In Oregon a man can live as he pleases, find room to get away from traffic jams and thumb his nose at the world if he's of a mind to. If times are tough he can shoot his dinner in the forests, catch it in the streams or grow it in his back yard. Oregon breeds the kind of man who sticks out his chin and hollers for his rights. He shows his love for his state not by boasting but by fiercely protecting it from intrusion.

Oregon to him is the aroma of newly cut logs and the excitement of a lumberjack shouting "timmmberrr!" Oregon is rose gardens and neat lawns, wheat fields and sagebrush and wide-open spaces. Oregon is mountain climbing and skiing, picnics beside sylvan lakes, campfires and clambakes and solitary walks by the sea.

Many Oregonians are so content with their way of life that they howl at any suggestion of change. They balk at industrial development, fearing that new factories may pollute the air or the rivers or bring in too many new people.

For example, after word leaked out last winter that Governor Hatfield was negotiating with oil companies for offshore exploration, heated discussions took place. Oregonians conjured up grim visions of oil derricks silhouetted in the sunsets. Another time Hatfield asked the state legislature for a law to permit the damming of two small lakes and the installation of sewage outlets near beach areas—prerequisites for getting a new paper mill in the state. Letters-to-the-editor columns in Oregon newspapers bristled with tart comments.

Other controversies have been caused by increasingly complicated demands on natural resources. Commercial fishermen at Astoria blame dams on the Columbia and Snake rivers for the reduction of salmon runs. Lumbermen urge construction of new access roads into Federally owned virgin-timber stands, while conservation groups oppose the access roads and plead for the preservation and expansion of wilderness areas. Advocates of new dams fight the endless battle of public-versus-private power. Stockmen press for the opening of more public lands to grazing. And Federal agencies, which control more than half the state's 97,000 square miles, disagree over how Oregon public lands should be used.

Such tugs of war are understandable in a state that has little physical unity. Oregon is cut up by mountain ranges and rivers into diverse regions whose residents have few interests in common. The major split is made by the 10,000-foot-high Cascade Range running north and south through the state. West of the Cascades lies the lush evergreen third of the state, where 85 per cent of the population lives. East of the Cascades there are mostly arid open spaces divided by other mountain ranges into wheatlands, timber stands, cattle-and-sheep areas, fertile farming valleys and sagebrush-strewn desert.

While visiting the Rogue River Valley of Southwestern Oregon during my swing through the state, I found residents arguing about a proposed dam on the Rogue. An earlier movement to dam the river had been crushed by opposition, not only from Oregonians but also from Izaak Walton clubs and influential fishermen all over the nation.

A disastrous flood in 1955 and recent low-water conditions, which affect fishing, have caused some Rogue residents to reconsider. They now favor a dam, because it would furnish flood protection, reclamation of land and electricity for new industry. The dam would also improve boating and other water sports.

But such a dam might ruin the fishing for white-water salmon and steelhead farther downstream. "On guard! They're after the Rogue again," the Portland *Oregonian* warned recently. And many Rogue River Valleyites, especially in Oregon's fourth-largest city, Medford, still oppose the dam because they are loath to see new industry come in and disfigure their Eden.

At Astoria, in the northwest corner of the state where the Columbia River empties into the Pacific, I heard commercial fishermen lament about the "damn dams" already constructed. "The dams and sport fishing already have cut the salmon flow by forty per cent," said John McGowan, vice president of the state's largest fish cannery. "And if one more dam is built, our salmon run may be ended forever."

Historic Astoria, where explorers Lewis and Clark spent the winter of 1805–06 and where John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company in 1811 founded the first commercial settlement of Americans on the Pacific Coast, has had many setbacks over the years. Astoria's fine natural port had to take second place to upstream Portland when intercontinental rail connections were established. Great timber stands nearby were shorn by cut-out-and-get-out lumbermen. And now the salmon run has dwindled.

The canners and fishermen of Astoria have not thrown up their hands in despair. Fishermen with large boats go all the way to Alaska for their catch, and the canners import raw tuna from Japan to keep their workers employed the year round.

Despite these efforts, Astoria has lost population in the last ten years, and once-bustling Commercial Street today is dotted with vacant stores.

"The money is still here," one Astorian told me. "But most of the people seem to lack the faith or the interest to launch new industries."

Traveling along the scenic Oregon coast, I saw signals of discontent. Nearly every foot of the 300 miles of seacoast is state-owned, and Oregonians tend to be jealously possessive about their beaches and state parks. At several of the thirty-two state parks along the coast I met Oregon residents who were grumbling because Californians were crowding their favorite campsites.

At Newport, in the heart of seashore tourist country, motel keepers and merchants were complaining about the stench from a nearby paper mill. They claimed tourists were stopping in Newport only long enough for one sniff before driving on. The local radio station had added "smell" reports to its weather summaries.

One of the noisiest battles in the state is being waged over thirty miles of sand dunes near Florence, where the National Park Service has proposed establishment of a national seashore. Two years ago the late Senator Richard L. Neuberger sponsored a bill in Congress to make the dunes, adjacent forests and lakes accessible by road, and to provide picnic areas and camping facilities. Neuberger said that the dunes had no parallel in the nation, and as a national seashore the area could become the state's leading tourist attraction. (Tourism now brings Oregon $170,000,000 a year.)

Then the sand started flying. Protests were launched by nearby farmers, timbermen and homeowners, a few of whom would have to sell their property. In Florence Donald Bowman, a hardware-store owner, told me. "The Government can have the sand dunes. But we don't feel

Rush hour in downtown Portland (pop. 372,000), Oregon's trade and financial center.

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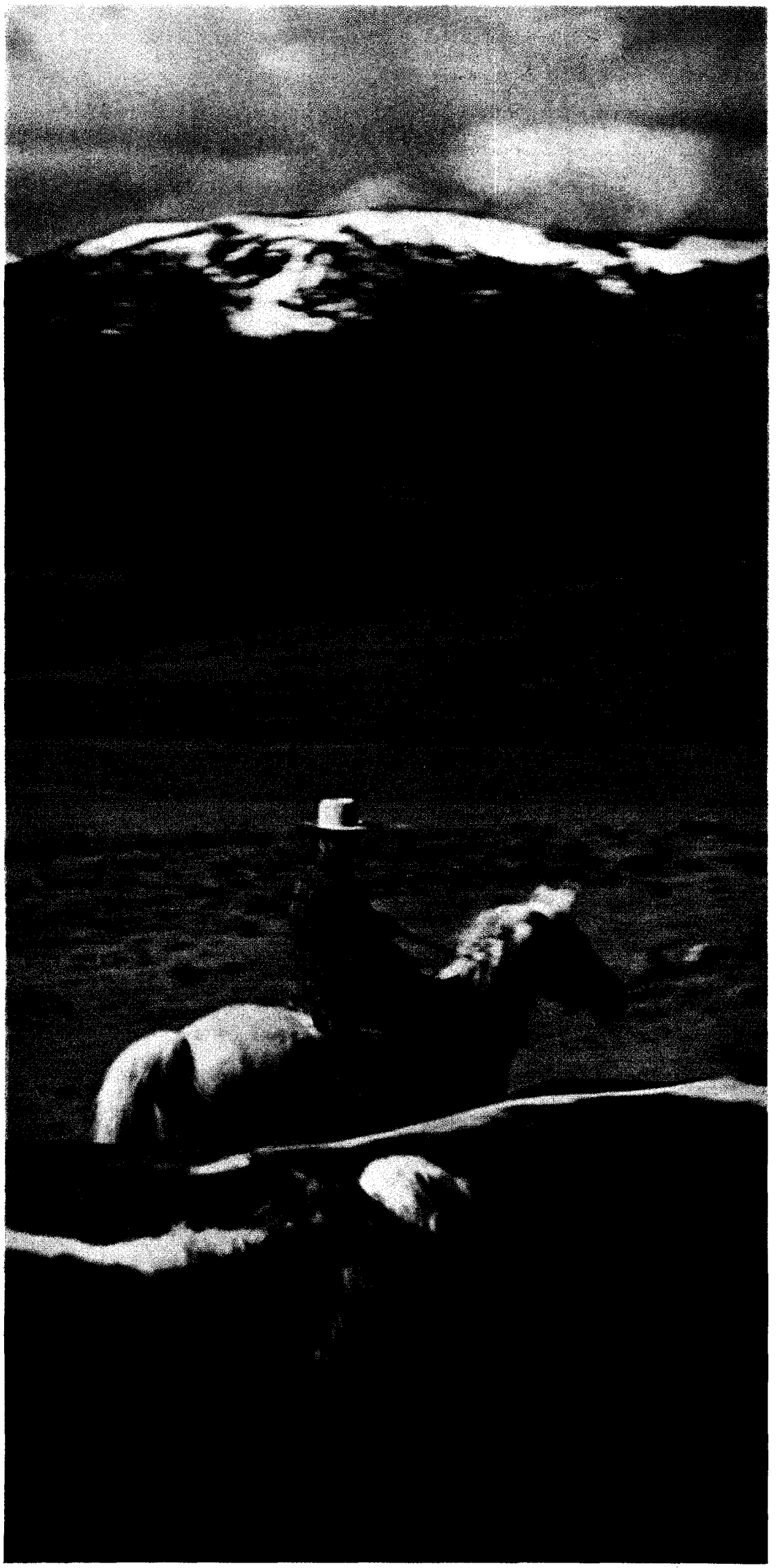

Fewer people live in the eastern two thirds of the state—cattle and sheep country—than in the city of Portland.

it is necessary for 'Uncle' to come in here and run us out of our homes and farms and forests."

Several miles south of Florence a sign beckoned: RIDE THE SAND DUNES. There, in a freshly bulldozed clearing, a young man was offering rides through the dunes via beach buggy or on horseback.

After my horse had wallowed to the top of a 200-foot dune, I looked out on vast hills and valleys of sand. Except for the ocean breeze and an occasional glimpse of sea or forest, I might have been in the middle of the Sahara. After an hour of riding I came under the spell of the dunes, a weirdly beautiful caprice of nature.

Ray Griffith, who owns the horses, and Russ Chapman, who operates the tourist attraction on his own timberland, are former lumbermen who have been priced out of business. "When I came to this area a few years ago there were 128 lumber mills within twenty miles of Florence," Chapman told me. "Now there are five—all big ones."

I saw at first hand what is happening to Oregon's small independent logging operators and mill owners when I attended a timber auction held by the United States Bureau of Land Management in Eugene, Oregon's second-largest city. As the tracts of timber were offered, small independents dropped out of the bidding one by one, unable to compete with the big companies.

"The little man has no chance any more," logger Hilding Lillegren told me as he walked dejectedly from the auction room. "I needed that stumpage to keep going during the winter." Lillegren normally employs about thirty-five men.

Most of Oregon's privately owned timber is in the hands of a dozen big companies which harvest and process their own logs. Although the Government auctions off some 4,000,000,000 board feet a year, most of that is bought by the giants whose complete use of the product makes their high bidding feasible.

At the Hult Lumber Company in the foothills northwest of Eugene I followed Douglas fir logs on their journey from millpond to end product. Some were being cut into lumber for home construction. Others were being peeled into the thin veneer used in making plywood. Leftovers, which once would have been burned as waste, were being made into laths, broom handles and shade rollers. Scraps were being converted into chips for use in wallboard or paper pulp. And at another Hult plant a few miles away I saw the veneer sheets being processed into plywood.

"This is one of the most competitive and risky businesses today," said Nils Hult, whose father started out more than a half century ago with a four-horse logging operation. "But we have little choice. We must continue to expand or run the risk of allowing our operation to become obsolete and noncompetitive. I don't agree with the philosophy, but everything points toward bigger and bigger operations. This trend may eventually stabilize the wood-products industry, and it will make more complete use of the timber. But it will force a lot of people out of business."

The little man is also being squeezed out of agriculture, the state's second-largest industry. As a result of increasing mechanization, one farmer now does the work formerly done by three or four. Some of the slack in farming employment has been taken up by a large-scale increase in food processing, especially in Western Oregon's fertile Willamette Valley. Salem, the capital, now ranks second in the nation in fruit-and-vegetable canning and frozen-food packing.

It was in this valley that New England pioneers settled in the 1840's, after their long trek over the Oregon Trail. They left their mark in towns named Portland, Salem and Albany, and their conservatism endures today.

"Our people are phlegmatic," says former Gov. Charles Sprague, who publishes Salem's Oregon *Statesman*. "Life here is pleasant, the social order is free from class distinction, and there isn't the

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Building the John Day Dam lock on the Columbia River. Fishermen blame such dams for the dwindling salmon runs.

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Samalia Falls, on the McKenzie River. Abundant water for power and irrigation is one of Oregon's richest resources.

challenge that some environments have to fire people up to launch industrial empires."

In the northern part of the Willamette Valley at McMinnville (pop. 7600) I found a town that was doing some mid-twentieth-century pioneering. Eight years ago, after the last of twelve major lumber mills in the area closed down, McMinnville's wide-awake townspeople decided to fight back. They realized that their town could not offer cheap fuel, low taxes, a skilled-labor pool or excellent transportation—the usual lures needed to attract large new industries. The one thing they could offer a company with a good idea and a good potential market was risk capital. So housewives, clerks, newsboys, laborers, bankers and businessmen bought shares in corporations set up to help prospective industries.

The results of McMinnville's "Operation Mac" program have been impressive. I saw a cooky company, berry-processing plant, mobile-home factory, plywood corporation, paint company and small-boat company—all new to McMinnville in the last few years. These companies are providing more than 500 steady jobs.

In Portland, the state's only metropolis and its trade and financial center, I met people trying to push Oregon ahead. But I also felt an undertow of resistance to progress. Anthony (Tony) Brandenthaler, chairman of Oregon's 1959 Centennial Commission, told me of the resistance he encountered in promoting the Centennial Exposition and International Trade Fair.

"When we were trying to launch the Centennial we had a tougher time selling it to local people than we did getting twenty-four nations to participate," Brandenthaler said. "Some of these old-time Oregonians whose 'Uncle Charley' came here in a covered wagon don't want anyone else looking over their back fence. And what 'Uncle Charley' handed down to them is still tied up in the old weasel skin with the original knot."

Despite the mossback elements, the forces of progress are making headway in Portland. I was pleasantly surprised to find a new look in this city, which has a reputation for stodginess. In downtown Portland a twenty-one-story Hilton hotel was under construction. On the burgeoning East Side, once the "wrong side" of the Willamette River, shoppers swarmed through the new $50,000,000 Lloyd Center. Billed as the largest shopping center in the world, it boasts 100 stores, a 300-room Sheraton hotel, skating rink, enclosed landscaped pedestrian malls and a triple-decked parking area. Near the center is a gleaming new 9000-seat municipal coliseum-convention hall, nicknamed by residents "the glass palace."

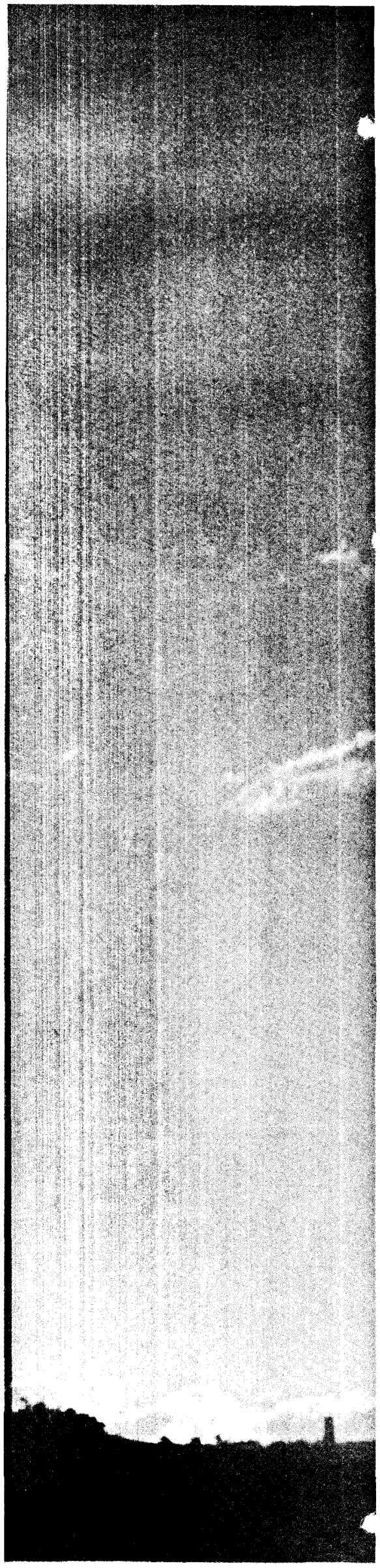
In the Portland suburb of Beaverton I visited Tektronix, Inc., which is representative of the burgeoning electronics industry in Oregon. The company, with the largest single-site payroll in the state, provides year-round high-wage employment for 4000 people. And engineers trained at Tektronix have established seven new electronics companies of their own in the area.

The lesser-known two thirds of Oregon east of the Cascades might well be another state. In Western Oregon a plot of land is a farm, timber is Douglas fir and rain is something to gripe about. In Eastern Oregon the land divisions are ranches, timber means pine trees and rain is a blessing. Scattered over the area's 65,000 square miles are fewer people than those living within the city limits of Portland. Eastern Oregonians have never had a chance to settle back and enjoy the *status quo*. Practically every place I went in this region I found an impatience to move forward and an eagerness to try new ideas.

I ran across an example of Eastern Oregon initiative when I met Nephi Grigg in the town of Ontario (pop. 5000) on the Oregon-Idaho border. Nephi and his brother Golden raised corn and potatoes during the depression and sold them from door to door. After World War II, when the brothers saw others increasing production and glutting the market, they decided to concentrate on processing and marketing.

The Grigg brothers' huge quick-freeze plant employs 1400 people in round-the-clock shifts. Nephi Grigg claimed they put out more frozen cob corn and potato products than any other single plant in the world. Grigg showed me trucks pulling into the plant with corn picked only an hour earlier. When I tested an ear after it had emerged from a one-minute blanching process, it was as sweet and tender as if it had been cooked in the field. During the plant tour I also sampled quick-frozen potato delicacies that have earned the Grigg brothers a fourth of the nation's frozen-potato market.

Fifty miles south of Ontario at Lake Owyhee, I saw another Eastern Oregon resource being expanded. When the Owyhee River was dammed



A desert sunset near Burns, Oreg

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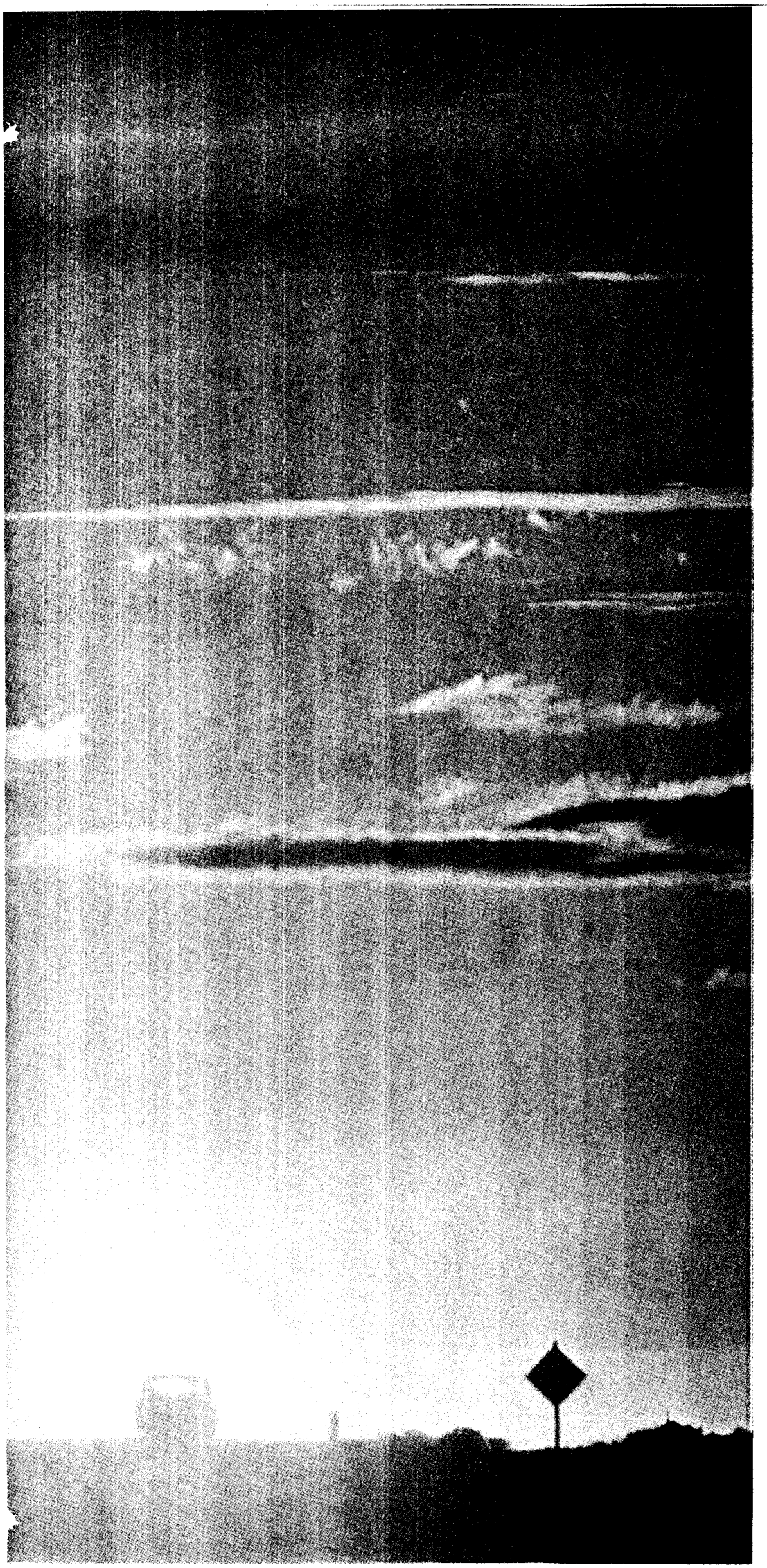

n the arid eastern side of the Cascade Range.

in 1935 to bring irrigation to thousands of arid acres in Malheur County, a narrow, fifty-two-mile-long lake was created. For nearly twenty years there had been talk in nearby Ontario and Vale about getting the state or Federal Government to put in a good road to the lake and develop tourist facilities. Finally at a civic meeting in 1957 Lloyd Russell, a vigorous Ontario businessman, said he thought it was time the citizens quit waiting for the Government to do the job.

With $11,000 collected from county residents and donations of dynamite and building materials, local merchants and workers carved six miles of new road out of mountainside. State officials were then persuaded to provide a small park with camping and trailer facilities, and $200,000 more was raised privately to build a motel, lodge and dock.

On a boat tour with Lloyd Russell twenty-five miles up the lake I came upon scenery different from anything else in the state. There were no trees in sight. Sheer rock rose up out of the water. There were balancing rocks, natural arches and dozens of side canyons waiting to be explored. I saw a band of six wild horses fleeting up a canyon, away from the noise of our outboard motor.

In the wheat country of the Columbia River Basin, Rancher Marion Weatherford told me of a program started by Eastern Oregon growers in 1947 to overcome the disadvantage of their distance from United States markets. Instead of being satisfied with selling their wheat to the Government, Oregon growers decided to develop permanent new markets. A state wheat commission was established. The growers agreed to pay a tax of a half cent a bushel to finance a marketing-and-research program. Out of this work came the impetus for development of a new market in Asia. Now, under the aegis of the United States Department of Agriculture, the program's mobile kitchen units tour Japan and India, demonstrating the preparation of wheat products. The kitchens also cultivate a taste for bread, noodles and other cereal foods as nutritional supplements to a basic rice diet. Today 80 per cent of Oregon's wheat is exported to Asia.

Eastern Oregon is not without controversy. Lumbermen who seek a road into the Wallowa-Whitman Wilderness are battled by conservation forces. Stockmen complain bitterly when the Government withdraws public grazing lands from use to prevent soil erosion, and the question of another dam on the Snake River has opened a hornets' nest.

A controversy that has spread over the entire state concerns Governor Hatfield's plan for making a space-age industrial park near the town of Boardman. There a tentative lease has been arranged for the Boeing Airplane Company to use about 90,000 acres of public land.

While the governor and his industrial-development team talk excitedly of launching space-age industry in the state, many Oregonians grumble. Residents in cities near Boardman are worried about having to provide educational facilities and public services for new missile workers. Other Oregonians complain that the governor should have waited for a better deal. (Boeing will pay only $60,000 a year for an eighty-year lease.) They prophesy that the Seattle company will probably use the land as a missile testing range and employ only a handful of local people. And a large Oregon church group has passed a resolution expressing sorrow over the prospective plant. The organization urged the governor to "study the implications involved in basing a large part of our welfare *on preparations for war.*"

Despite Oregon's internal bickerings and general disunity, Governor Hatfield says optimistically, "I think we are gradually eroding away the unprogressive point of view. I don't share the feeling that we can't get new industry without losing recreation and livability. It can be done with the proper planning, and we will do it."

THE END

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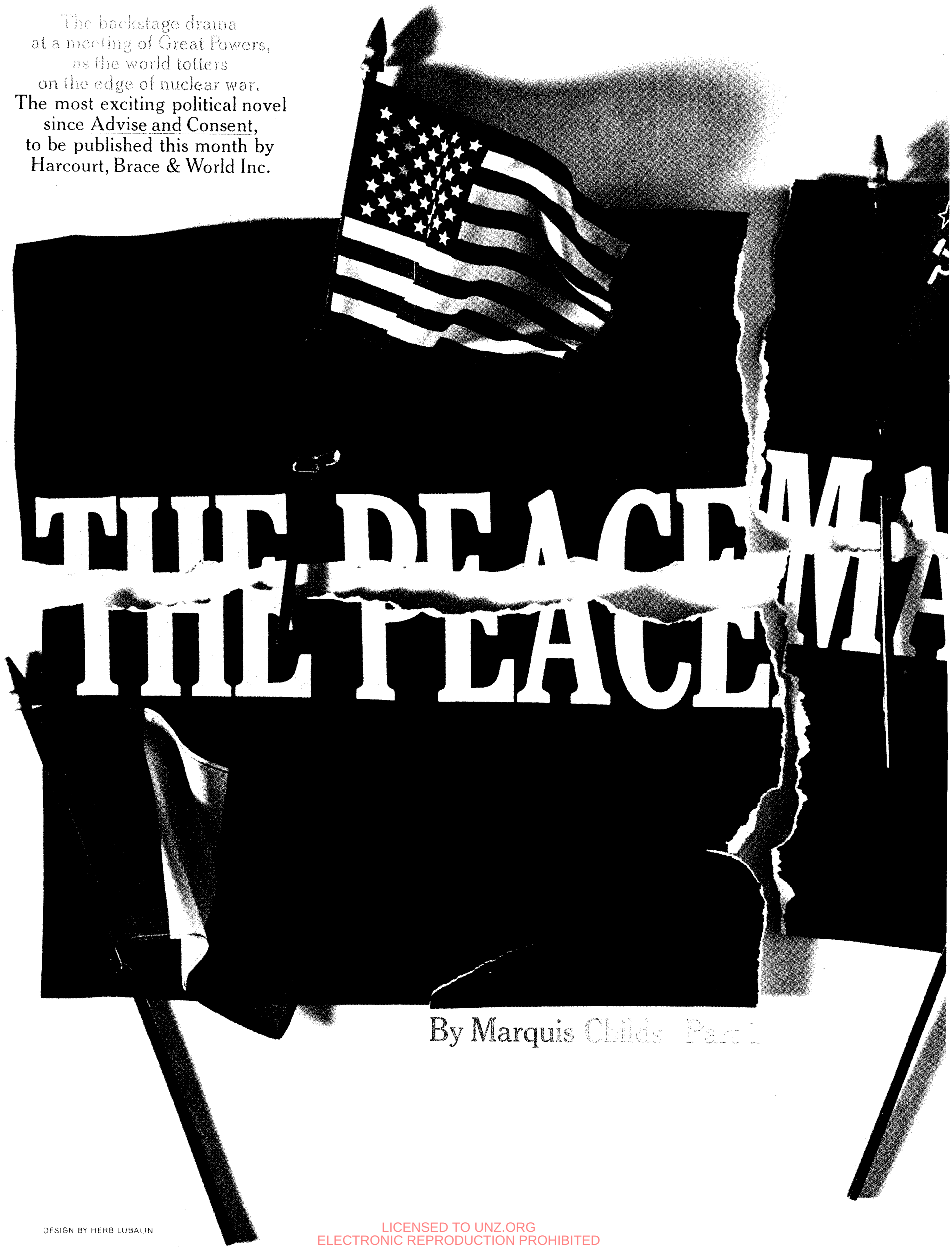

THE PEACEMA

By Marquis Childs Part I

DESIGN BY HERB LUBALIN

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4:45 A.M. He wakened with the awful tension that his dreams always brought. So vivid and real was this one that he could not at first be sure where he was. The closely drawn curtains revealed only a crack of light, and it might have been moonlight or perhaps the dawn. It was very still. At Meadow Green he would almost at once, out of the long torturing experience of his insomnia, have known the time. But here. . . .

Then he knew. It was the Villa Rousseau on the Lake of Geneva, the conference, the trap, the pit in which he had thought of himself as staring up at a sky, a glimpse of the sun, hopelessly far off.

Turning on the lamp beside his bed, he groaned involuntarily as he looked at his watch. It was a little before five o'clock. What could be worse! He sat upright in bed with the phantoms of the day already parading back and forth across the troubled screen of his mind: the meeting with Fulton, the critical meeting; perhaps the final meeting, perhaps the breakdown of the whole fragile, threatening structure and then the deluge; the deluge of blood and death, stopping God knows where.

He looked at the Tabrizi bowl on the bedside table. He invariably brought three or four pieces from his collection with him on his travels, because it gave him pleasure, perhaps a kind of assurance, just to look at them; their age, their purity, their rarity. But the bowl brought him no pleasure now. He heard his wife stirring in the next room, and in a moment she stood in the doorway.

"Oh, my dear," she said softly. "You're awake. I'm so sorry."

"Yes, yes, I am awake." He barely kept out of his voice the resentment he felt at the circumstances of his life, at the pit in which he found himself and from which on this day he would have to try to extricate himself. "It's simply damnable. I wish I knew why it was."

"There's some warm milk in the Thermos. Do let me get it for you, Geoffrey."

"It won't make the slightest difference," he said coldly.

Ignoring him, she poured out a glass of milk and brought it to him.

"Do take this, my dear," she said, holding it out to him. "And couldn't I read to you from *Framley Parsonage?* It is soothing." He took the glass and sipped the milk.

"I don't know why I should make you suffer because of my madness," he said irritably.

In her soft, gentle voice she began to read, sitting a little forward in the bedside chair so that the book caught the shaft of light from the reading lamp.

Either he slept, or it was a counterfeit of sleep. What she had called half scornfully, half affectionately, at the beginning of their marriage so many years ago Geoffrey's parade-ground manner was in sleep gone without trace. Carefully she turned out the light and quietly left the room.

He woke with a start. It was Blossom opening the curtains. Geoffrey Hawkes saw that it was 8:30.

"Good morning, sir," Horatio Blossom said in his brisk professional voice.

"Blossom, don't be so damnably cheerful."

"I've brought your tea. And I regret to say, sir, that Downing Street is on the telephone. I believe it's the Prime Minister, sir."

"Oh, Lord, at this hour!"

He went over to the table on which the telephone stood. Blossom put a cup of tea down beside him.

"So very sorry," the Prime Minister was saying, "to disturb you at this ungodly hour, but . . ."

There were to be questions in the House. They would be embarrassing.

"I'm sure you understand, Geoffrey," the voice went on, "that we are in rather a bad way. This business of the coal board and poor Fredickston, who does seem to have been caught with his fingers in the jam pot—combined with your affair, you know ——"

My affair! Geoffrey Hawkes was swept by a sudden, almost irrepressible anger. *As though I had my fingers in another jam pot!*

"You surely must know," he broke in, "that I'm doing everything I can here. I can't see the way out as yet. I think, you know, that all you can say to the House is that we have no intention of allowing this to come to a conflict between the forces now aligned in Tunisia.

"You must understand that beyond that I simply cannot go. There are rumors that the Americans are coming up with some kind of harebrained scheme for intervention. My one card at the moment is an immediate appeal to the Security Council. Not, you will agree, a very impressive card."

"Please, Geoffrey, please."

The Prime Minister had wanted merely to be reassured, to be able to tell the House that he had been in touch with the Foreign Secretary and that the Foreign Secretary was confident that the outcome would not be a general war. On this note the conversation ended. He put the telephone down.

"Mr. Tennell is coming over shortly, sir." It was Blossom, recalling him to reality.

When Tennell, his private secretary, came into the room, Geoffrey Hawkes was seated in the open window before a table on which Blossom had set his breakfast. The sound which he gave in response to Tennell's cautious "Good morning, sir" was in the same key as his response to Blossom, a groaning acknowledgment of the inevitable. Tennell seated himself in an armchair facing the Foreign Secretary. In a brief exchange in the hall Blossom had managed to convey something of the Foreign Secretary's mood, and Tennell expected the worst.

"There is no need to tell me anything about the day," Geoffrey Hawkes said. "I carefully rehearsed it in the watches of the night. There is nothing unknown

Continued on Page 86

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People on the way Up

Harold Brown,
Brilliant Weaponeer

Behind a Pentagon desk cluttered with models of space-age weaponry, nuclear physicist Harold Brown, 34, ponders the near imponderable. As director of the Defense Department's vast Office of Research and Engineering, Brown must gauge with taut precision the potential value of every new military weapon and advise Secretary of Defense McNamara on which projects have merit and which do not. Brown's judgment is thus a key factor in the survival of the nation. New York City-born Brown sprinted through public schools, earned his B.A. at 17, M.A. a year later and a Ph.D. in physics by age 21 (all at Columbia). Soon after college he jumped into nuclear-weapons research—at the Radiation Laboratory, Livermore, California, where he became a protégé of H-bomb experts Edward Teller and Herbert York. He emerged as a skillful hardware man. In 1958 he entered the realm of high strategy, as the No. 1 American physicist at the Geneva test-ban talks. Now often working a 15-hour day, Brown has little time for diversions, keeps his mind focused hard on the uncertain future. More than most, he's aware that a lapse in judgment today could leave a fatal weapons gap tomorrow. **Photo by Carroll Seghers II**

Timothea Schneider:
Racing Skipper

Beating upwind at the tiller of a racing sloop, blond hair reefed back in a twin ponytail, Timothea Schneider, 21, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, keeps a sharp eye on the jib. A precocious skipper, Timmie has been sailing since age seven. At summer's end in Newport Beach, California, her bold but calmly executed racing tactics won her the women's national sailing championship. Victory, she feels, means being in the right place at the right time—"Nothing spectacular." Five-foot-two, eyes of blue, Timmie is poised and appealingly feminine—but men, says she, don't figure in her plans for the next ten years. She declined to become a debutante, considers the social whirl a waste of time. "I hate to get dressed up. I have to be dragged into a store to buy new clothes." She does find time, however, for touring Europe, solving whodunits, buzzing about in her red sports car, going to the opera and unraveling equations. Mathematics is a practical pastime for Timmie, who is pursuing a degree in naval architecture (class of January, 1963) at the University of Michigan. Ultimately, she hopes, she will design huge merchant vessels; presently she settles for rerigging and tuning her twenty-four-foot sailboat. **Photo by John Loengard**

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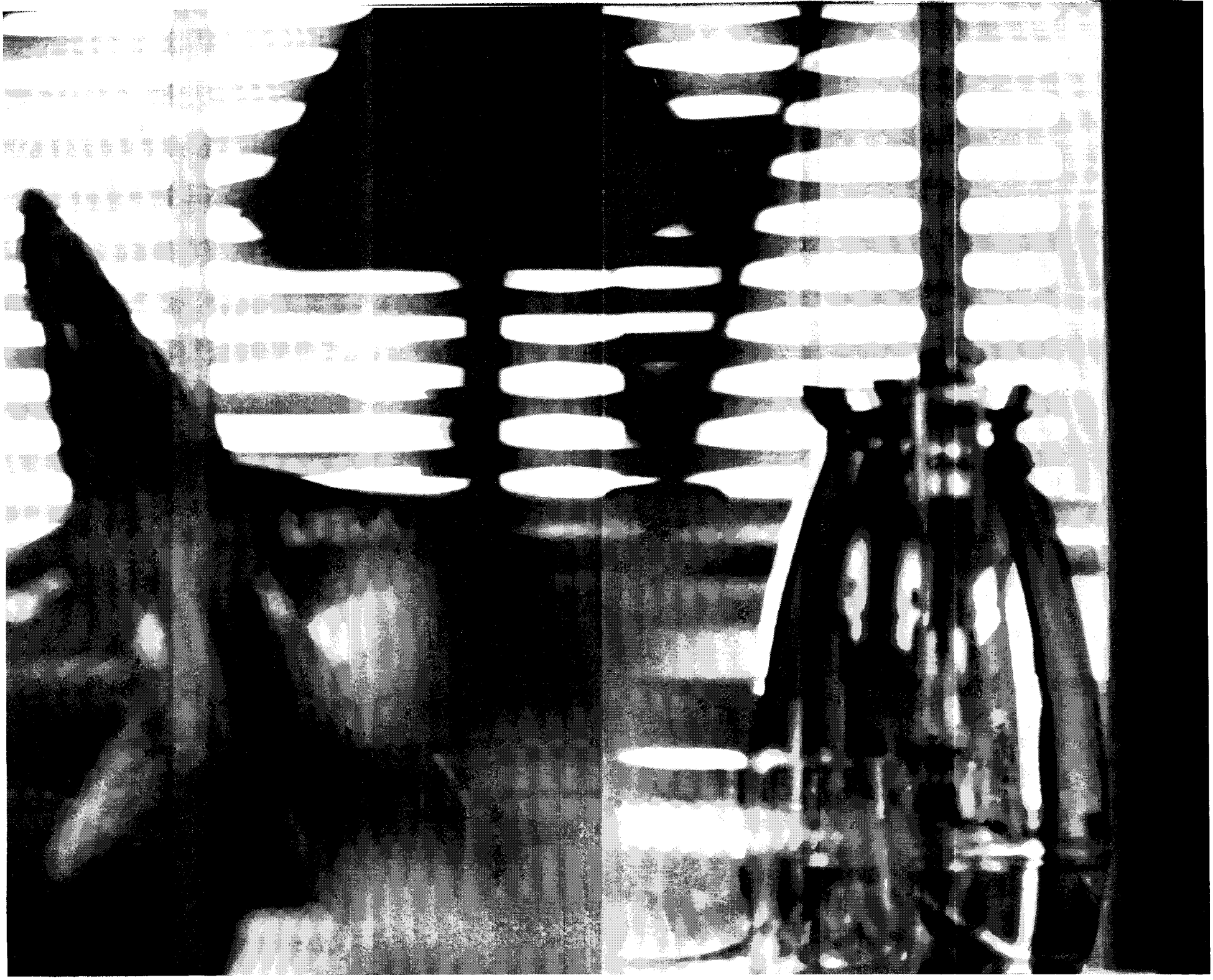

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People on the way Up

Johnny Sellers: Top Jockey

The way Johnny Sellers tells it, he just floats along up there for the ride. "I let the horse run his own type of race," says Johnny, who at twenty-four is winning more races and more money than any other jockey. "I want him to win on his own." But the trackwise know it takes more than good mounts to build a record like Johnny's—it takes talent. This spring, astride Carry Back, he won both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. His share of the season's purses is $180,000 to date and should reach $220,000. Johnny is tall for a jockey—five feet six—but he has no trouble keeping his weight at 110. "He eats anything and everything," says his wife Janice, "and lots of it." During the winter racing season the Sellerses and their two-year-old son Mark live in their Florida home, follow the ponies in a house trailer the rest of the year. Each morning Johnny studies the past performance of horses he will ride, maps strategy: *The track is sloppy, and this horse isn't used to getting mud in his face. So we'll probably break on the lead.* Johnny's job, as he sees it, is to make sure there is running room when the horse wants to run. Brought up on an Oklahoma farm, he left for Kentucky at sixteen, quickly advanced from stableboy to apprentice jockey. Johnny never bets on horses. "I ride to make money," he says, "not to lose it." **Photo by Larry Fried**

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PROBLE CHILD

The two bear cubs came upon him in a tamarack swamp, an ugly, fuzzy little creature stumbling around and complaining in a snarling wail. He was much smaller than they were and different; and, like all bad little boys encountering an alien that they think they can handle, the cubs looked at each other and fell upon him. It was a mistake; for his eyes lit with greenish fire, he got his back against a stump, used it to push against, and catapulted himself upon them like a ball of screeching fury full of claws and teeth. They couldn't get ahold of him or away from him, and the three of them pinwheeled about, roaring with rage on his part and surprise and anguish on theirs.

The shocking uproar brought the blue jays screaming in from all about and the old she-bear on the run. She scattered them with a full-armed swing. The cubs ran squalling to their mother, and the little stranger squared off as though to take on the three of them.

"Stay there," the old bear said, raising one forepaw like a traffic policeman. "Just stay there. Now then, what's all this about?"

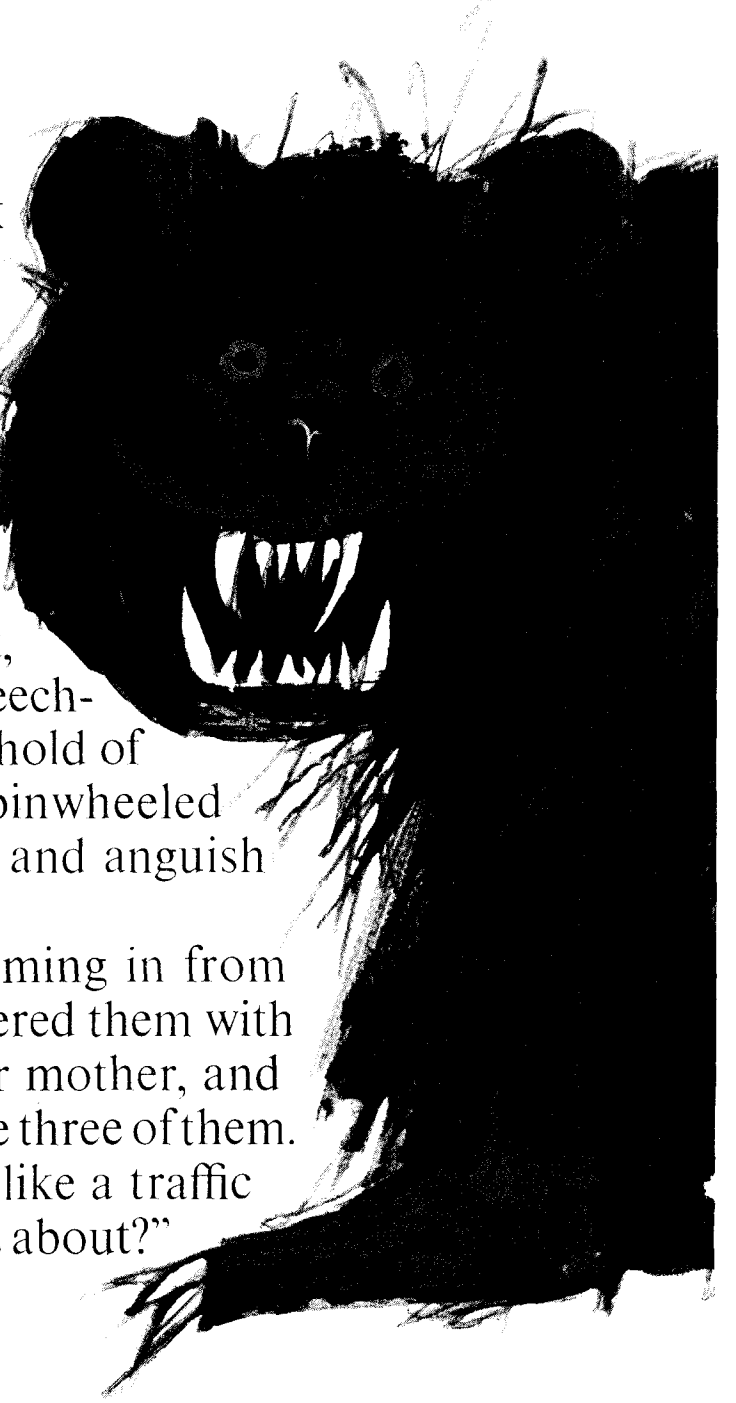

ILLUSTRATION BY MURRAY TINKELMAN

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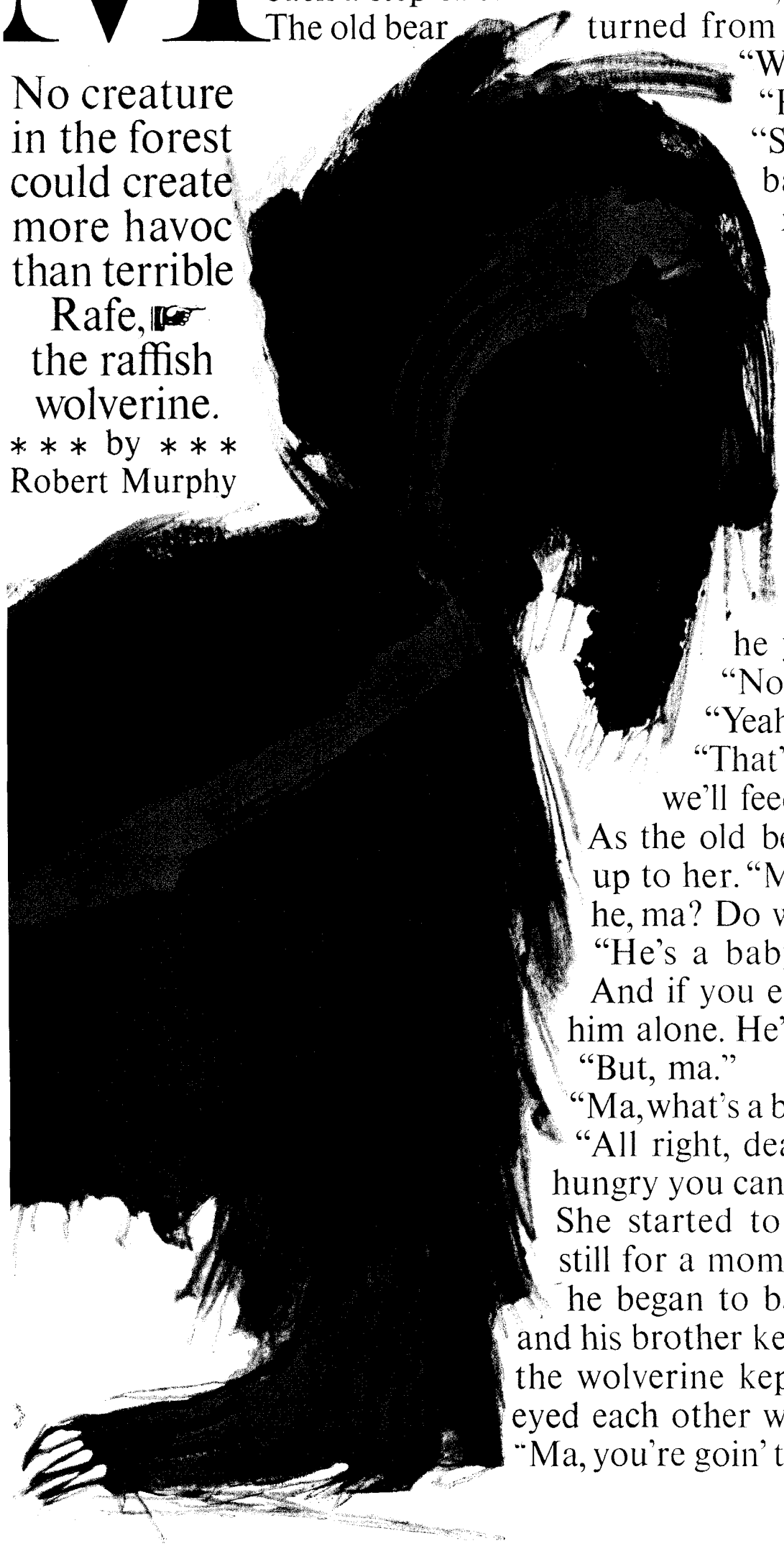
No creature in the forest could create more havoc than terrible Rafe, the raffish wolverine.

* * * by * * *
Robert Murphy



"He hit me, ma!" one of the cubs wailed. "Ma, he hit me! Look where —"

"Wilbur, hush!" the old bear said... "Vincent, stop sniveling and tell —"

"He hit me too!" Vincent moaned. "He hit me all over." He began to wail; the she-bear drew back a forepaw, and they both scrambled back a step or two and stood there, ready to duck.

The old bear turned from them and regarded the stranger.

"Where's your mother?" she asked.

"How did you get here?"

"She ran off and left me, the old bag," the little creature said in a rasping voice. "What's it to you, skinhead?"

The old bear looked at him for a long moment. "It's very little to me," she said finally, "but it must be something to you. Aren't you hungry?"

At the mention of hunger the fight went out of the stranger like air departs from a pricked balloon. "Am I hongry, she says!" he yelped. "I'm hongry, as a ba—"

"No!" the old bear said quickly.

"Yeah, I'm hongry."

"That's better," the old bear said. "Well, we'll feed you. Come along."

As the old bear started to move, the cubs ran up to her. "Ma, is he coming with us? What is he, ma? Do we have to have him with us, ma?"

"He's a baby wolverine," the old bear said. And if you ever see a big one, you'd better let him alone. He's coming with us for now."

"But, ma."

"Ma, what's a ba—? Ma, I'm not goin' if he comes."

"All right, dear. You stay here, but if you get hungry you can come look for us."

She started to walk again, and the cub stood still for a moment. As he saw them leaving him, he began to bawl and then ran after them. He and his brother kept to one side of the old bear and the wolverine kept to the other; the two factions eyed each other with disfavor and deep suspicion.

"Ma, you're goin' to be sorry," the cub said, still sniv-

continued on page 100

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THE Face OF AMERICA

the Beautiful

Backstage at the state beauty contest this was the moment before the moment of truth. North Carolina was about to choose its queen. The dressing room was alive with young laughter, expectation, the scent of hair spray. It was time for kind words and crossed fingers, a time between a girl and her mirror. Before the mist of excitement cleared, the judges had picked Maria Beale Fletcher, a brunette from Asheville, as Miss North Carolina. Seven weeks later at Atlantic City Maria became Miss America. She won a $10,000 college scholarship and will receive about $75,000 in public-appearance fees. But the fluttery young competitors shown here—the girls Maria beat—were already enjoying reward enough for any woman—the thrill of being set apart and called beautiful. *Photograph by Burt Glinn*

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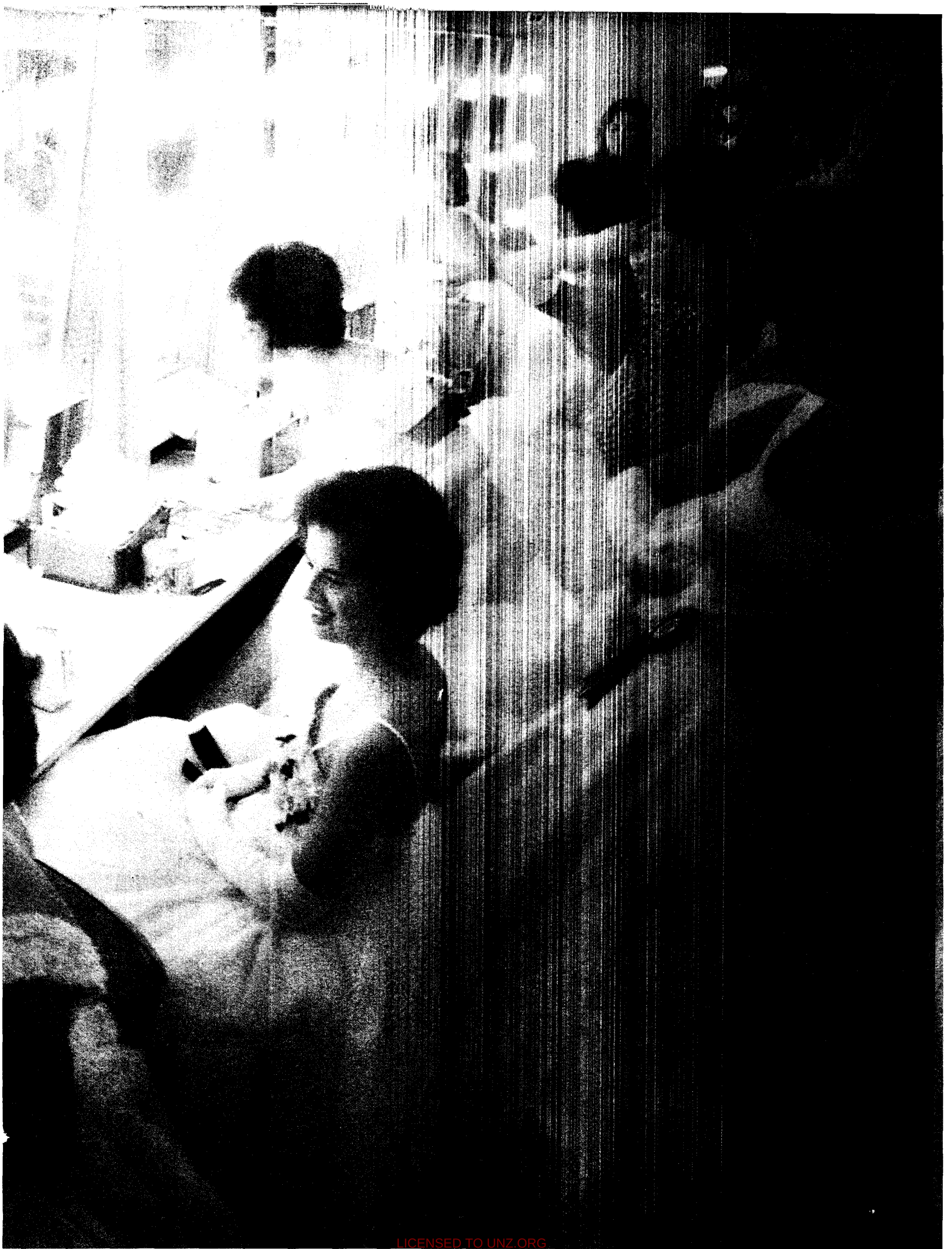

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MY LIFE ON THE

A famous writer reveals that he was once a Communist, and tells about his career since he "declined to testify."

This extraordinary personal statement is revealing not only of the author's character but of the climate of thought that prevailed in many segments of American society in the 1930's and 1940's. The Post in no way is pleading justification for Mr. Lardner. We believe merely that any thoughtful reader will find his story a contribution to the history of our times. —THE EDITORS.

The blue prison fatigues hung loosely on the weary, perspiring man whose path across the quadrangle was about to meet mine. I felt I looked comparatively dapper in the same costume after a day of mild stenographic labor in the Office of Classification and Parole, but his job, while not exactly strenuous, kept him in the August sun all day. He was custodian of the chicken yard at the Federal Correctional Institution, Danbury, Connecticut, and his name was J. Parnell Thomas, formerly chairman of the Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives.

He had lost a good deal of weight, and his face, round and scarlet at our last encounter, was deeply lined and sallow. I recognized him, however, and he recognized me, but we did not speak. It would have been hard for either of us to pick up the thread after our sole previous exchange which, according to the official record, had ended:

MR. LARDNER: I could answer the question exactly the way you want, Mr. Chairman ——

THE CHAIRMAN: No ——

MR. LARDNER (*continuing*): —but I think that is a ——

THE CHAIRMAN: It is not a question of our wanting you to answer that. It is a very simple question. Anybody would be proud to answer it—any real American would be proud to answer the question, "Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" Any real American.

MR. LARDNER: It depends on the circumstances. I could answer it, but if I did, I would hate myself in the morning.

THE CHAIRMAN: Leave the witness chair.

MR. LARDNER: It was a question that would ——

THE CHAIRMAN: Leave the witness chair.

MR. LARDNER: Because it is a question ——

THE CHAIRMAN (*pounding gavel*): Leave the witness chair.

MR. LARDNER: I think I am leaving by force.

THE CHAIRMAN: Sergeant, take the witness away.

Nearly three years had elapsed between that bit of repartee before a battery of microphones and newsreel cameras, and our meeting in the jailyard in the summer of 1950. Along with nine other Hollywood writers and directors, I had lost an appeal of my conviction for contempt of Congress, and the Supreme Court had denied our request for a review of the constitutional issues in the case.

During the same period Mr. Thomas had been brought to trial for putting nonworkers on the Government payroll and appropriating their salaries to himself. Offering no defense and throwing himself on the mercy of the court, he had received an eighteen-months prison sentence, later reduced by parole to an actual term of about nine months.

My own stint was one year, reduced by "statutory good-time" to ten months and by "meritorious good-time" to nine and a half. This last concession of fifteen days was a tribute to my spelling and punctuation, which, I was told by a grateful official at the Connecticut spa, were markedly superior to the institutional norm.

Though far from happy at being where I was, I was sharply aware of the difference between my situation and that of this pathetically aging man. Even if the torch of super-Americanism he had brandished so fiercely during his two years of glory had not already been picked up by Sen. Joseph McCarthy, there was no conceivable political future for Thomas. Perhaps he could return to the obscurity of the insurance business in New Jersey, but no business or social contacts would ever again be easy for a man whose downfall had been so pitilessly publicized.

My own future was at least speculative. I had taken the position that, while public servants are answerable to the people, citizens cannot be summoned, in the absence of even an allegation of an illegal act, to account to government for their beliefs and associations—matters that have traditionally been an American's own business. It was a position that had commanded a good deal of support, some of it quite respectable. In fact, I had based it on what seemed to me unequivocal language in a 1943 Supreme Court decision: "If there is any fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion or other matters of opinion, or force citizens to confess by word or act their faith therein."

Forced confessions, or disavowals, were what the committee was clearly demanding, and I felt it was an abuse of the legislative function that needed challenging. Unfortunately the only legal way to challenge it involved the risk of losing the argument.

The impulse to resist such assaults on freedom of thought has motivated witnesses who could have answered "no" to the Communist question as well as many, like myself, whose factual response would have been "yes." I was at that time a member of the Communist Party, in whose ranks I had found some of the most thoughtful, witty and generally stimulating men and women of Hollywood. I also encountered a number of bores and unstable characters, which seemed to bear out Bernard Shaw's observation that revolutionary movements tend to attract the best and worst elements in a given society.

With both these extremes the relationship had been a confidential one, and an added reason for taking the chance of a contempt citation was the fact that I had no legal defense at all if I first admitted my own membership and then declined to implicate other people.

For reasons of no particular pertinence to this story, my political activity had already begun to dwindle at the time Mr. Thomas popped the question, and his only effect on my affiliation was to prolong it until the case was finally lost. At that point I could and did terminate my membership without confusing the act, in my own or anyone else's head, with the quite distinct struggle for the right to embrace any belief or set of beliefs to which my mind and my conscience directed me.

It was clear, in any event, that my un-co-operative attitude had not improved my status. Long before going to jail I had lost my job. A scant month after my 1947 appearance there was a top-level meeting of the industry that had previously awarded me one of its Academy Oscars—for the picture *Woman of the Year* with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy—and a salary of $2000 a week at the age of thirty-one. It ended with a joint public statement declaring my colleagues and me unemployable.

This blacklisted status, expanded to cover more than 400 people from various crafts in movies, television and radio, has persisted ever since. A few of the writers among these outcasts have been able to operate under other names in the "black market." Others have had to find new occupations entirely, among them carpentry, selling women's clothing, bartending, driving a school bus and waiting on tables in a restaurant.

For actors, of course, pseudonyms were out of the question, and the only branch of the entertainment world remaining more or less open to them has been the ailing Broadway theater.

While I didn't anticipate, during my Danbury sojourn, how long and how zealously my former employers would maintain their decree of exile, I could see, in the ample time for reflection provided by my Government, that the prospects were tougher than anything I had faced in a rather sheltered life.

I could assume that the newspaper and publicity businesses, in which I had been briefly employed before becoming a screen writer at the age of twenty-one, were not likely to welcome me back. I had no experience whatsoever as a novelist or playwright, and even these relatively open fields were somewhat restricted by the knowledge that my work could not be sold to the movies.

Writing for any of the major magazines was a highly dubious proposition and remained so up to the time of my present assignment. The only two blacklisted writers I know of who have sold their work profitably to magazines in recent years have had to do so under assumed names, despite the fact that both had previously been in considerable demand under their real ones.

The situation clearly demanded a readjustment for which my background had done nothing to equip me. When you are descended from a Lardner who sat on the Governor's Council in colonial Pennsylvania, and an Abbott who fought with the minutemen at Lexington and Bunker Hill, you find it hard to accept the

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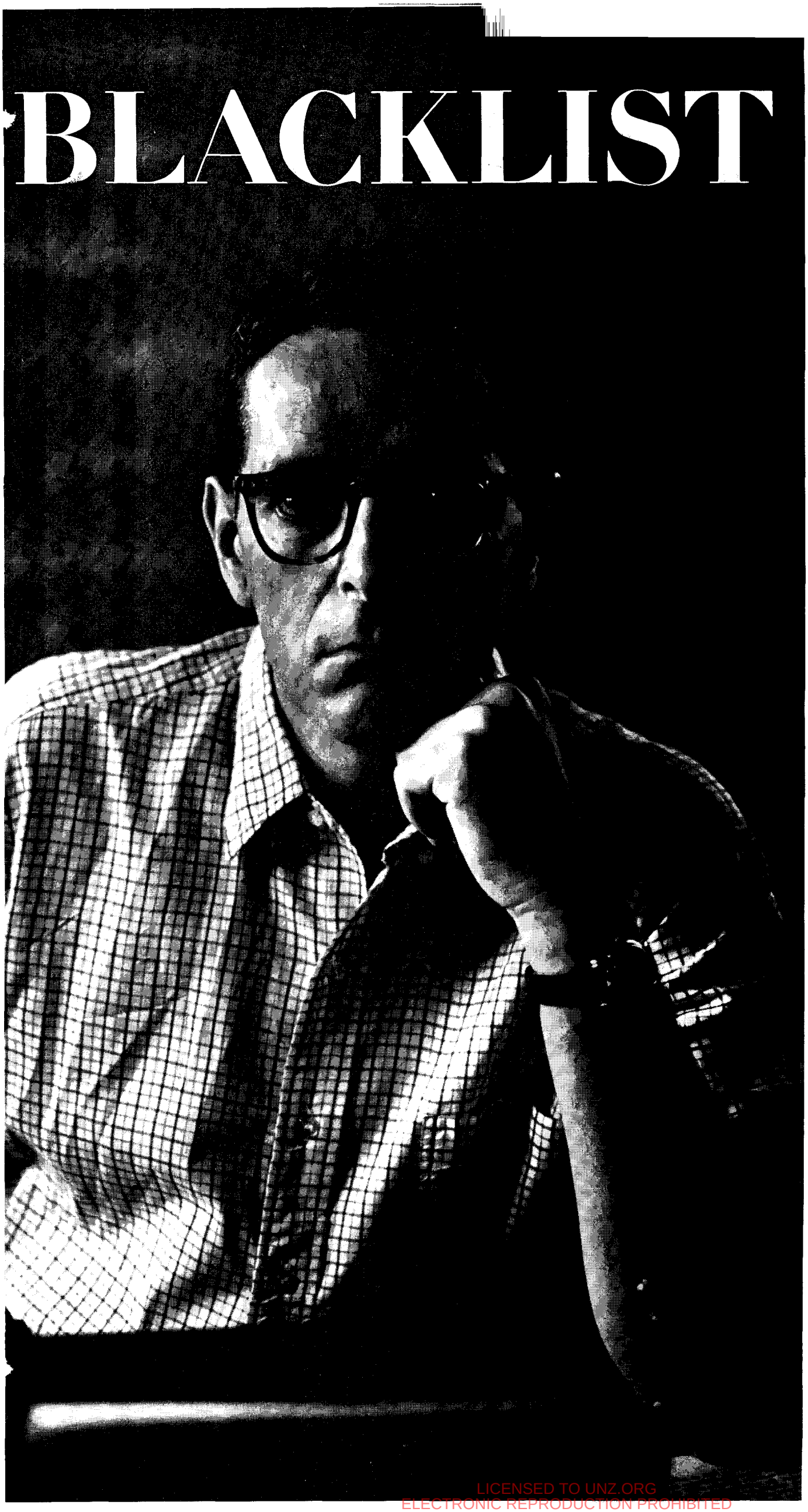
BLACKLIST



By RING LARDNER Jr.

"un-American" designation. And the fact that I bore, through no fault or merit of my own, a well-known name in American letters simply made it the most easily remembered among the "Hollywood Ten" by people who read about the case in the newspapers.

As a complicating detail, in the summer of 1947 my wife and I had bought a large house with a tennis court in Santa Monica, on the strength of a new contract with 20th Century-Fox. We had just begun the process of moving in when my subpoena from Mr. Thomas was delivered in September by the local United States marshal.

My employer's reaction to my Washington debut the following month was provocatively erratic. A week after I returned to work, I was asked to waive a contractual provision limiting the studio's use of my services to two pictures annually and to undertake a third screenplay for the current year. Then, after the industry heads had convened at the Waldorf Astoria in New York in November, I was directed to quit the premises on approximately two hours' notice.

I held out in the new house while the case against us progressed slowly from citation by the House of Representatives to indictment, arraignment, trial, conviction and appeal. My tennis game improved; my wife conceived and bore another child, making five for whose rearing and education I was financially responsible; what insecurity I felt was tempered by the general sentiment in Hollywood that the whole thing would blow over like other periodic tempests in the movie business. Among liberals at least, including those who considered my conduct unwise or quixotic, it was widely conceded that I had a clear legal right to take the stand I had.

Reflecting this attitude, the blacklist was not as rigid during this interim as its formal announcement had seemed to indicate. True, the doors of all the major studios were closed to me. But independent and semi-independent producers and the stars and directors who were beginning the now-prevalent practice of forming their own corporations were not nearly so timid as they later became about making furtive arrangements with the proscribed ten.

On completing one piece of work for a prominent star, I met him at his bank, where he drew and paid over my compensation in cash. The amount,

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BLACK LIST while considerably more than I was accustomed to carry about, was much less formidable than it would have been before the blacklist, since even the most friendly of such secret employers were motivated in part by the opportunity to hire our services at cut rates.

There was also for some of us the chance to work abroad, where we encountered the almost unanimous opinion that what had happened to us was a piece of temporary American insanity. A European producer who came to Hollywood to employ me and to borrow one of 20th Century-Fox's leading stars found himself in negotiation with the same executive who had signed my dismissal notice. Before he was permitted to sublet the actor, for a fee of $200,000, he was asked who was doing the script. Given my name, the studio executive said, "Good man," and O.K.'d the deal.

These and other clandestine movie jobs enabled me to keep the food supply moving into hungry young mouths until April 10, 1950, when the Supreme Court announced its refusal to consider the issues in the two pilot cases on which the other eight of us had agreed to stand. This meant the imminent end of my precarious liberty and a distinctly reduced standard of living for my family. The first step was to finance their upkeep during my absence by selling the house, into which all my savings had gone, and moving them to rented quarters.

Quick sales of property were common amid the sudden changes of fortune in Hollywood, and the local trade papers often carried advertisements with such eye-catching captions as OWNER GOING ABROAD or OWNER RETURNING TO BROADWAY. I composed a notice featuring the line OWNER GOING TO JAIL and inserted it in one of these publications. A national news magazine, whose space rates I could scarcely have afforded, picked it up as a news story, reprinting the entire ad, and a Beverly Hills physician who was doing research in emotional stress at the gaming tables of Las Vegas, read it there, mounted his Cadillac before dawn and concluded by midday a deal that left me with a net loss of $9000.

The Danbury prison featured hygienic austerity and a clientele that specialized in nonviolent offenses such as mail theft, traffic in narcotics, driving stolen automobiles across state lines, embezzlement, tax evasion and using the mails to defraud. We also had a smattering of murderers, armed robbers and rapists, mostly transfers from Army disciplinary barracks who were permitted to pass their final months before release in our less stern surroundings.

What qualms I had about being accepted by my fellow inmates turned out to be groundless. No matter how sketchily they grasped the issues involved in our case, criminals of all kinds regarded my colleagues and me as men who had followed the basic underworld precept of exchanging no unnecessary words whatsoever with the law.

An example of my successful integration was a Sunday visit from a prisoner about to be discharged who was concerned about his professional future. Having heard that I was from Hollywood, he wanted to know whether it was true that "a lot of those stars out there go for the main line."

I was sufficiently assimilated to realize he was referring to heroin addiction, but when I confessed my ignorance as to its popularity among movie actors, the conversation withered quickly. He was too polite to say as much, but I think he concluded I wasn't really from Hollywood at all—just one more big talker in a jailful.

The atmosphere in Hollywood had changed considerably when I returned in the spring of 1951. The blacklist up till then had covered only the ten of us and a few others who were bracketed with us by reason of marriage or an overly ardent support of our position. Now the Un-American Activities Committee had resumed the offensive, and what had been one of the main issues all along was clearly exposed for the first time in the case of an actor, Larry Parks.

Summoned before the committee, he admitted a nominal association with the Communist Party that had ended five years previously. "I would prefer," he added, "if you will allow me, not to mention other people's names." He was told sharply that in testifying about himself he had forfeited the protection against self-incrimination in the Fifth Amendment, a right none of the ten of us had invoked because, among other reasons, almost no one at the time considered Communist Party membership a crime. Between our appearance and his, however, had occurred the first prosecution and conviction of Communists under the Smith Act.

Parks pleaded with his inquisitors: "Don't present me with the choice of either being in contempt of this committee and going to jail or forcing me to really crawl through the mud to be an informer. . . . I beg of you not to force me to this."

The Congressmen remained unmoved, and Parks proceeded to provide them with what they wanted, setting a pattern that reached its high point later in the year when Martin Berkeley, a writer who specialized in movies whose main characters were horses, listed 162 men and women he alleged had been party members with him.

The industry blacklist policy was extended to cover every person subpoenaed by the committee who failed to answer all the questions put to him, or who, having been named by a witness, did not appear voluntarily to clear or purge himself. It didn't matter whether, as in the case of writers and directors, they might conceivably exert a subversive influence on the content of movies, although all the studio heads had sworn to the committee that even this was impossible under their vigilant control. Actors, musicians, technicians and stenographers were chopped from the payrolls with equal dispatch.

It also didn't matter whether the grounds for not answering was the First Amendment, which the appellate-court decision in our case had rated as invalid protection, or the Fifth, which the Supreme Court had meanwhile upheld as a fully applicable use of a precious freedom that no man might legally construe as evidence of guilt.

Nor did it matter that some witnesses took a position that came to be known as the "diminished Fifth," declaring that they were not now Communists but declining to say whether they ever had been. They, too, were promptly added to the blacklist.

When Arthur Miller admitted attending a single meeting under Communist auspices as an invited guest, but refused as a matter of conscience to say who else had been present, he was brought to trial

The Affair of the Hollywood Ten

In 1947 J. Parnell Thomas (above, right), chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, charged that Communism had made "serious inroads" in the film industry. Thomas and his investigator Robert E. Stripling (left) called a parade of witnesses—including ten writers, directors and producers who skirted questions, were cited for contempt of Congress, tried and jailed.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON: year in jail, $10,000 fine. A one-time newsman and Red Cross publicity director, he wrote *Counter-Attack*, *Smash-Up*.

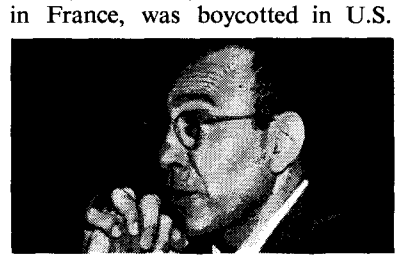
RING LARDNER JR.: year in jail, $1000 fine. He won a 1942 Oscar for co-authoring *Woman of the Year*, collaborated on *Forever Amber*.

ALBERT MALTZ: year in jail, $1000 fine. Wrote *This Gun For Hire*, *Destination Tokyo*, won a 1943 Oscar for a documentary, *Moscow Strikes Back*.

DALTON TRUMBO: year in jail, $10,000 fine. Pre-blacklist screenplays include *30 Seconds Over Tokyo*. Recent credits: *Spartacus*, *Exodus*.

EDWARD DMYTRYK: six months in jail, $1000 fine. After purging himself in 1950, directed *The Caine Mutiny*, *Broken Lance*, *The Young Lions*.

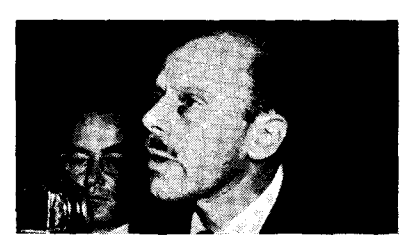
ADRIAN SCOTT: year in jail, $1000 fine. Before hearings he produced *Cornered*, *So Well Remembered*, *Crossfire*. Now he writes screenplays.



HERBERT BIBERMAN: six months in jail, $1000 fine. Directed 1954 film, *Salt of the Earth*, which won laurels in France, was boycotted in U.S.

LESTER COLE: year in jail, $1000 fine. Writing credits: *Hostages*, *Objective Burma*, *Men in Her Diary*. Presently writing in London and Hollywood.

SAMUEL ORNITZ: year in jail, $1000 fine. Screenplay credits include *Little Orphan Annie*, *Mark of the Vampire*. He died of cancer in 1957.



ALVAH BESSIE: year in jail, $1000 fine. Helped write *Northern Pursuit*, *Hotel Berlin*. Now works for San Francisco night club, the hungry i.

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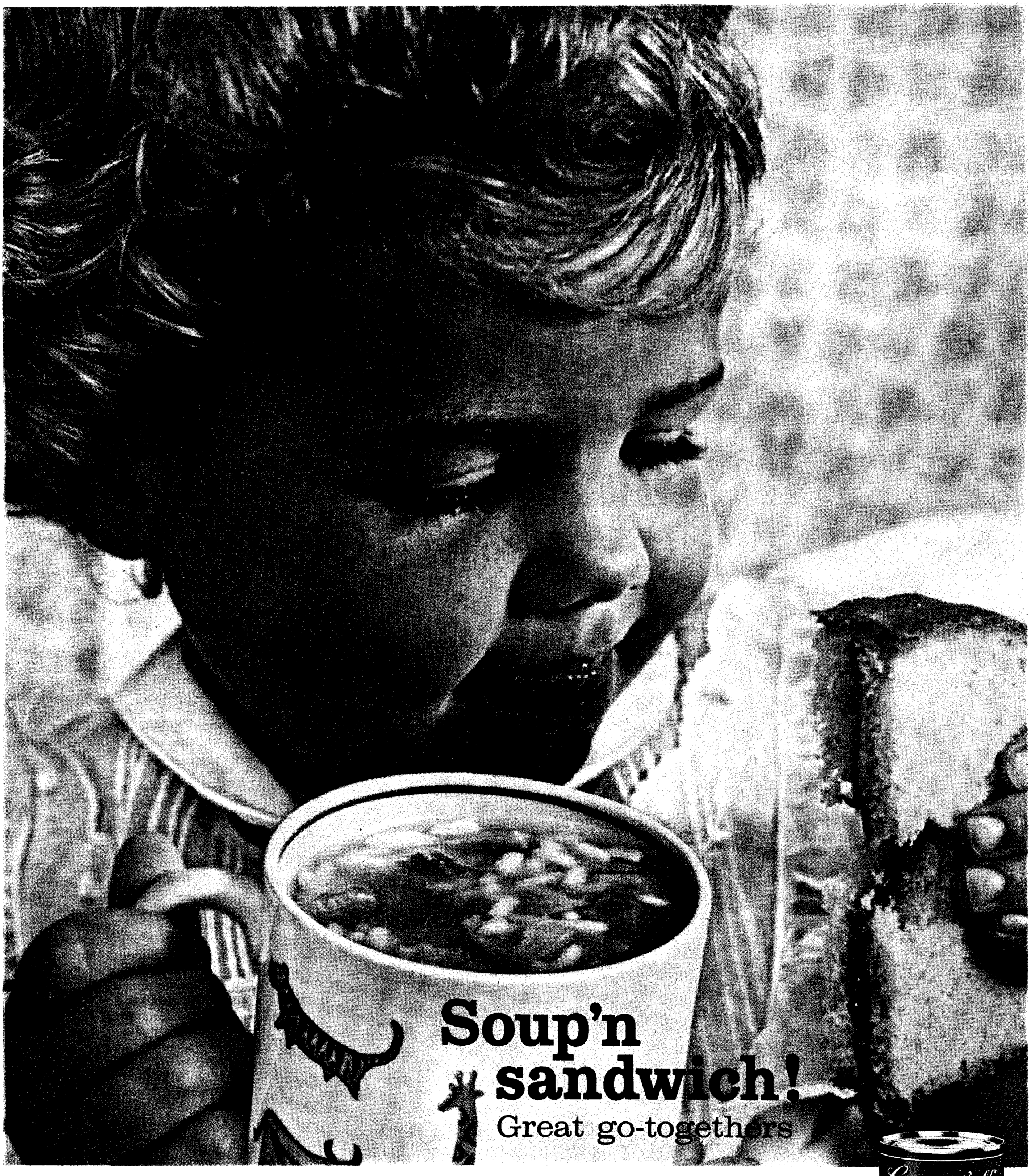

Soup makes a sandwich a good hot lunch. Adds proteins, vitamins and minerals children need to grow on. And a soup and sandwich taste so good together your child just naturally enjoys eating a bigger and better lunch. Easiest hot meal ever, too – just heat the soup while you make the sandwich. Make it Campbell's Chicken with Rice – and you're giving your child rich chicken broth, tender bites of light and dark chicken, and the finest long-grain rice. Serve any of Campbell's nourishing soups tomorrow – they are all so good – and so good *for* your child.

Have you had your *Campbell's Soup* today? (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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BLACK LIST and convicted of contempt. It was made clear beyond misunderstanding that there was no proper penance for past political misconduct except the naming of names: big names, little names, token names, names the Committee already had. It was a ritual, but not a meaningless one. To the unordained confessors in Washington and Hollywood, it was an act of perfect contrition.

To others, like Robert Rossen, a director who took the "diminished Fifth" in 1951, it was incompatible with "individual morality." Two years of unemployment later, Mr. Rossen conceded that "no one individual can even indulge himself in the luxury of individual morality" and proceeded to spill into the record all the names he could think of.

In this altered atmosphere, black-market offers such as I had received while the case was still in the courts had become extremely rare, and I turned the major part of my attention for two years to writing a novel. It may or may not have been a sign of the times that I submitted the book, *The Ecstasy of Owen Muir*, to seven or eight American publishers without success, and when it was finally done by a little-known firm, it could not be distributed through ordinary channels and received almost no reviews. In England, at any rate, the reaction was pleasantly different.

There only one submission was necessary, to the eminently respectable house of Jonathan Cape. It was not until after they had accepted the book and written asking for biographical data that I revealed, with some misgiving, the shadier aspects of my past. A partner in the firm replied: "I am extremely interested to learn that you were one of the group known as the 'Hollywood Ten.' I well remember reading about this curious incident at the time. There may possibly be some publicity value, at least in this country, on account of this fact."

Although the novel was translated into several languages and still brings in some revenue, it was scarcely enough to provide what I had come to consider a satisfactory income. While still working on it, I made a few forays into the new field of television writing, which was to become my main source of income for four years. Here I found that certain rather elaborate precautions were required.

The people for whom I was directly working knew who I was, but the men who signed the checks in some instances did not. In others they did, but their records were subject to inspection at a higher echelon. To meet this situation my blacklisted collaborator and I had to use pseudonyms not only on the air but in our financial transactions.

It would have been preferable to keep on using the same name, so that it would become familiar to potential purchasers of our material. We learned, however, that if a writer appeared to be doing more than a few scripts in the same series, there would be a demand for personal contact with him from investors, sponsor representatives and network executives who wished to communicate their views on how to improve the program. A variety of pseudonyms became necessary in order to avoid undue attention.

Cashing a check made out to an imaginary person is not a simple matter when your own name cannot appear as an endorser. You have to open a bank account under your alias, and my recommendation is that you start in the savings department, where no attempt is made to verify your identity. Checking accounts, in New York at least, require credit information, but once your savings account is well established, you can transfer money from it to a new checking account in the same bank without going through the rigmarole.

On your tax return you simply report all income as if it had been paid to you in your own name. You may expect, of course, that at some point the Internal Revenue Service will note that so many thousands of dollars have been paid by a certain corporation to a man who has apparently filed no tax return. They will then trace your bank account through the canceled checks you have deposited and very likely conclude they have a hot lead on a shifty bit of tax evasion. This can result, if you are careful about keeping your records straight, in the rare satisfaction of demonstrating to an eager investigator that no illegality has been committed.

During these years there were movie jobs to be had in Europe, though without screen credit, since foreign producers did not wish to be denied an American release for their pictures. The State Department, however, notified me in 1953 that it would "not be in the best interests of the United States" for me to travel abroad. While it is gratifying to be informed officially that your country can't spare you in a time of crisis, I felt the department was interfering unduly with my personal liberty, but it was not until the Supreme Court reached the same conclusion in 1958 that a passport was issued to me once more.

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Albert Maltz lives in Mexico City, recently wrote a script under a pseudonym. During hearings he addressed investigator Stripling as "Mr. Quisling."

Nedrick Young was blacklisted as an actor in 1953. Under a pseudonym he collaborated on screenplay of *The Defiant Ones*, which won a 1958 Oscar.

Carl Foreman wrote *High Noon* before 1951–57 blacklisting, ghosted *Bridge on the River Kwai* with another writer, and produced *The Guns of Navarone.*

Hundreds of lives have been scarred by the blacklist, and even I, who have managed to survive it more successfully than most, would not claim that being on it has any compensations to outweigh the penalties and frustrations. But at least the restoration of freedom to travel has taken me to Europe, whereas during my more prosperous decade in California I never achieved more than an occasional trip to New York.

I have also paid a couple of working visits to Hollywood recently, where I encountered restrictions that did not exist abroad, such as having to register in a hotel under a false name so that my producer could telephone me through the studio switchboard.

Despite the fact that this cloak-and-dagger aura persists to the present day, a breach in the iron screen has been effected almost singlehandedly by the fertile talent, capacity for hard work, imaginative flair for publicity, and unswerving devotion to a high living standard, of a writer named Dalton Trumbo. Like the rest of us, he is still officially anathema to the major studios that joined together to launch and maintain the blacklist, yet in a three-month period last year more thousands of feet of film were released under his openly acknowledged authorship than any screen writer has ever inflicted on the American public in a similar space of time in the history of the business.

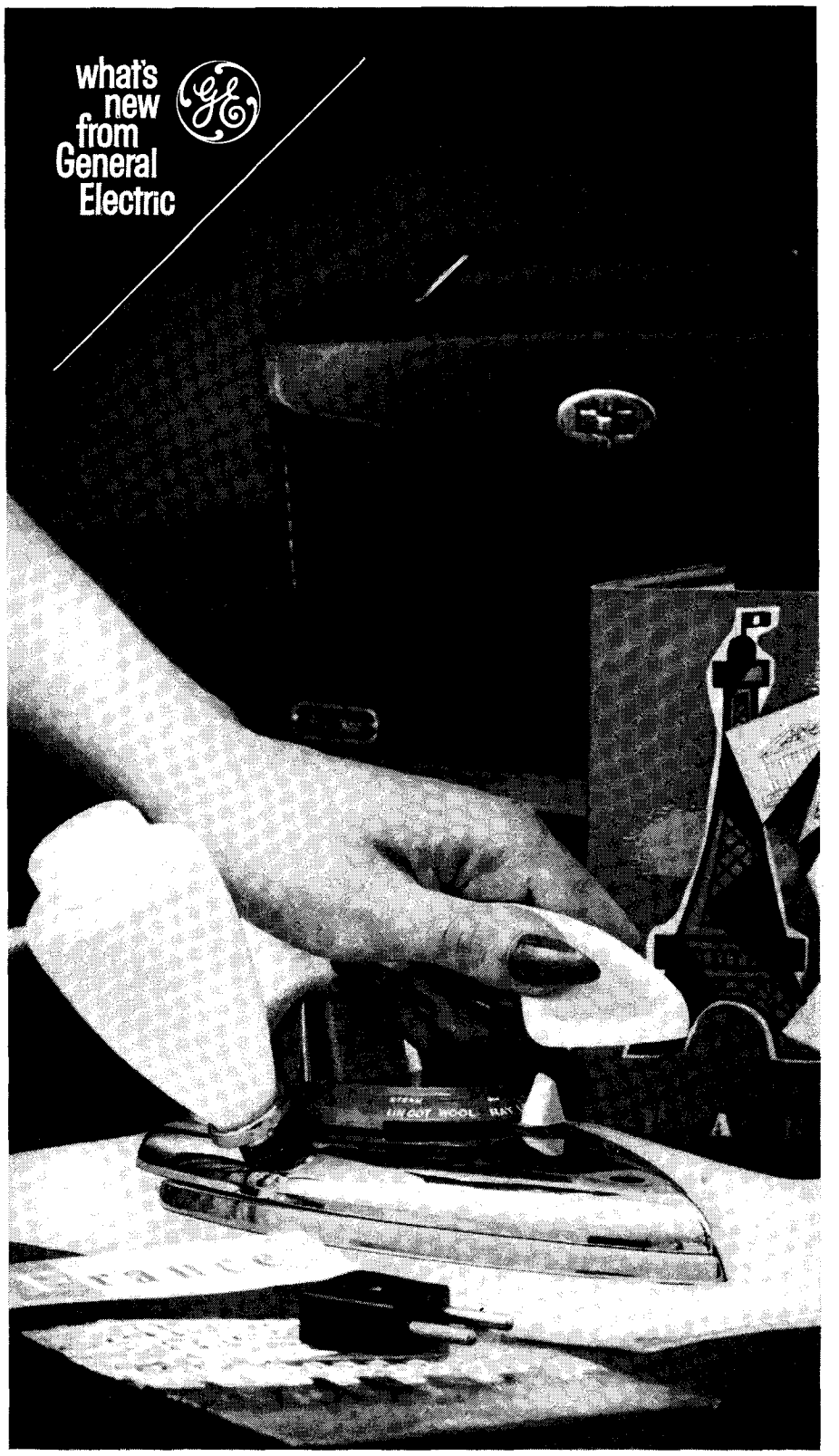
In 1957 Mr. Trumbo won an Academy Award under the name of Robert Rich for a movie called *The Brave One*. When nobody came forward to receive the Oscar, it was clear to the industry that one of its pariahs was refusing to succumb gracefully to banishment. Trumbo's name was soon mentioned in a number of movie columns, and although he waited two years before admitting that the prize picture was his, he declined meanwhile to deny it.

In fact, he maintained an astute policy of refusing to deny the authorship of any picture, and his name was attached by gossip to more screenplays than even as energetic a man as he could turn out. But he has privately confessed that it was the quality rather than the quantity of these attributions that touched him most deeply. To the frustration of the actual writers, some of the best work in Hollywood was being assigned by rumor to Trumbo, and the more outstanding the picture, the broader the leer with which he declined to comment.

Otto Preminger, a man of rare discernment among film entrepreneurs, chose Trumbo to write the screenplay of *Exodus* because he thought he was the best man for the job. But Preminger, too, has a native talent for public relations, and undoubtedly his genuinely courageous decision to announce the assignment to the newspapers was influenced by the publicity value Trumbo had gained by his own gifts in the same area.

A short time later Universal-International, the distributor of *Spartacus*, confirmed the report that Mr. Trumbo had written that picture and would receive screen credit for it. To casual readers it began to appear that the blacklist was at an end.

What they overlooked was that United Artists, which distributed *Exodus*, was not a member of the association that formulated the blacklist, and that Universal-International had temporarily withdrawn its membership. Trumbo's achievements had shattered the myth that public indignation would injure the box-



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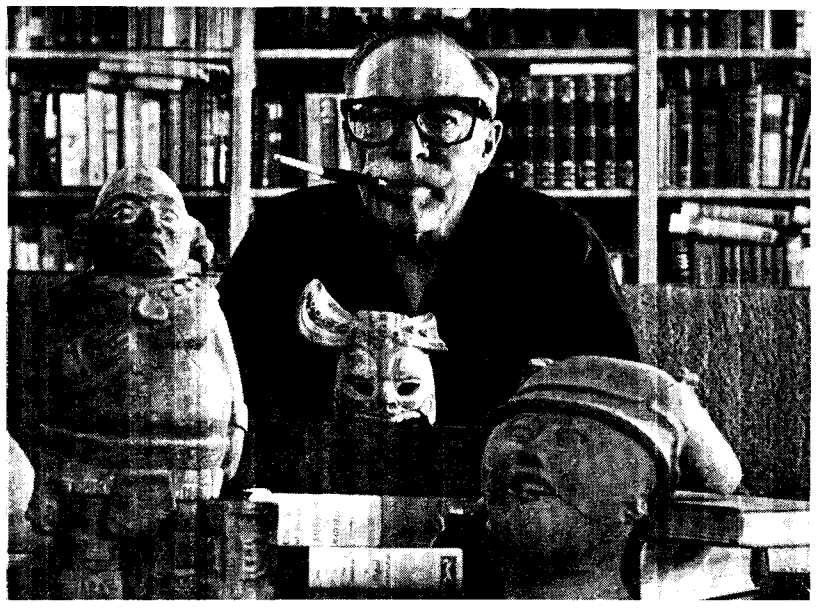
BLACK LIST office value of a picture bearing a proscribed name, but the major studio executives have yet to abandon the policy they professed to base on that myth.

The Robert Rich incident was particularly disconcerting to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences because that organization had just taken a definitive step to protect its highly publicized Oscars from contamination in the hands of writer outcasts. Writing awards for 1951 and 1953 had already been won by blacklisted men for pictures they had written previous to their exile. By 1956 the academy felt secure in the assumption that this backlog of hot scripts had long since been exhausted.

In that year, however, a movie called *Friendly Persuasion* was made from an old script by Michael Wilson, whose ostracism in the fall of 1951 had been followed by his winning the best-screenplay award in the spring of 1952, for *A Place in the Sun*. The producer of *Friendly Persuasion* announced that Wilson's script had been so rewritten that he was no longer entitled to credit. An arbitration committee of the Writers Guild of America, West, which has final jurisdiction over all writing credits, disagreed. The guild ruled that Wilson's name was the only one deserving credit.

In the face of this crisis the Academy Board of Governors passed a secret resolution, to be announced only if Wilson were voted one of the five nominees for best-screenplay writer. He was, and the academy, making public its new policy that any nominee who qualified for the blacklist was ineligible for achievement honors, promptly reduced the number of nominations to four. With the ballot thus purified, the board could look forward serenely to its 1957 ceremony. No one had taken any special note of the unfamiliar name Robert Rich among the best-story nominations.



The mysterious "Robert Rich," who won an Oscar for *The Brave One* in 1957, turned out to be Dalton Trumbo. His present film (note props) is *Montezuma*.

The following year the academy demonstrated that it had added a new trick to its repertoire: It could close its eyes firmly when its leg was pulled. The picture that walked away with most of the awards, including best screenplay, was *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. The script writer, so it said on the screen, was Pierre Boulle, author of the French novel on which it was based. How Monsieur Boulle had so brilliantly mastered film technique and the English language was no mystery at all to informed people in Hollywood; it was a wide-open secret that *The Bridge on the River Kwai* was the joint work of two blacklisted men, Carl Foreman and the academy's most relentless gadfly, Michael Wilson.

Again in 1959 the ghost that wouldn't die haunted the academy, that year in a new and perplexing shape. By the time Nathan E. Douglas and Harold J. Smith were nominated by vote of the Writers Guild for *The Defiant Ones*, it had already been revealed in *The New York Times* that "Douglas" was a pseudonym for Nedrick Young, who, blacklisted as an actor in 1953, had displayed his versatility by turning his talents first to bartending and then to screen writing.

The academy governors realized they couldn't sweep this one under the rug. There was no way to invoke the political exclusion law against Mr. Young without being unfair to Mr. Smith, who passed all the tests of respectability. The absurdity of the dilemma dramatized the absurdity of the rule itself, and the governors voted to repeal it. Henceforth, they announced, honors would be awarded for achievement alone.

The Defiant Ones won the vote for best screenplay written expressly for the screen, and for the first time a blacklisted man strode up in view of the television cameras to receive his award. He got an impressive hand.

With these various chinks appearing in the iron screen, I find myself increasingly confronted with the social problem of persuading acquaintances outside the movie business that the blacklist still exists for me and all the others who have not made their peace with the industry. In earlier years people were generally too tactful to ask what I was doing; now they are astonished to hear that I am still obliged to respect the confidential nature of the agreements I make with employers.

The fact is that while I have made my living as a writer for all of these fourteen years, I can claim public credit only for one book and one still unproduced play. Nevertheless, it has been a comfortable-enough living, even if well below the standard to which I had almost become accustomed.

And if there is an occasional craving for the satisfaction of seeing my name attached to a piece of work, there is always the solace I share with all those on the blacklist. We can look at our old movies on television. It is a rare night that you cannot find one of the proscribed names on the still-unaltered credits. Some factor, very likely the smaller screen, has deprived them of the power to subvert. THE END

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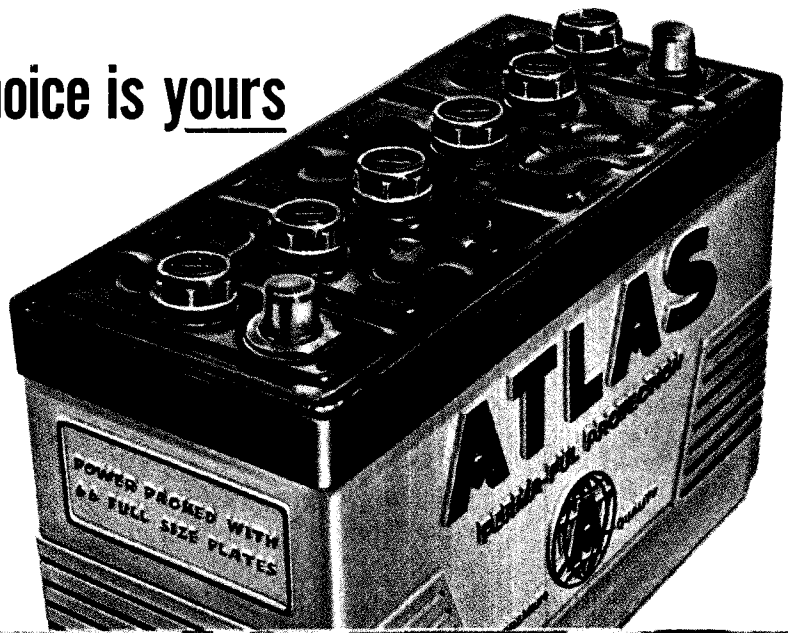

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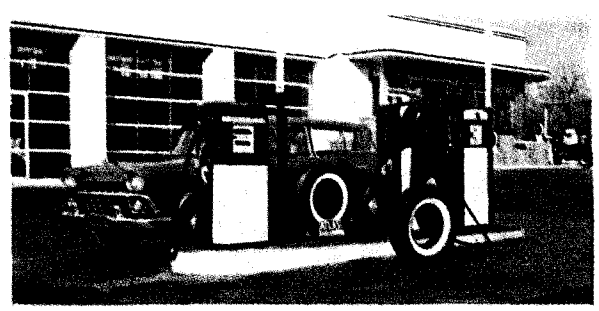

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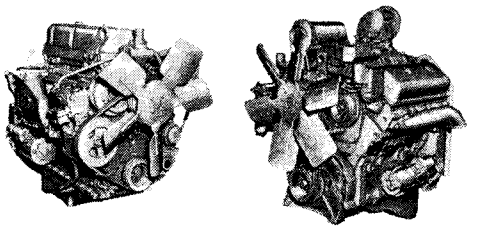

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by Allan Seager

Another Man's Wife

It was hopeless. But that didn't stop him from falling in love with her.

It couldn't have come at a worse time. Carey McAlmon was a graduate student of English history with three days to go before his preliminary examinations for his doctor's degree. They would question him on every political change in Britain, the Empire and the forces that caused it. They also would ask him, to test the depth and breadth of his reading, sly, snide queries on unimportances like the "egg kings"—Egbert, Egfrith—on the catskin earls and on who was second in command at the siege of Cartagena? He had been teaching freshman classes nine hours a week, preparing his lessons nine more and studying sixty-eight to seventy hours a week for months on end. It was coffee kept him going. He went to the coffeeroom in the History Building every noon with a book or two and a bagful of sandwiches he had made himself, and he drank three or four cups of coffee while he read. If he had not gone to the coffeeroom, he would not have seen her.

He was sitting alone at a little table. He looked up from his book, chewing. She was facing him at the next table. He saw her, gulped and looked around quickly to see if the other people had noticed what he felt. It was an old building, and he actually thought he felt the floor give. But nobody else seemed alarmed. Only then did he realize the shock was personal. It came from looking at her. He looked again and shuddered as if he were in a sudden draft.

He didn't walk over to her and say, "Who are you?" He was too upset to think clearly. His experience with girls had been the usual—dates in high school, dates as an undergraduate, dances, a little beer, a few moons on beaches, a little throbbing here and there, but nothing intense. He was a serious student, and he believed he could put the girl business on ice until the proper time—that is, until he had finished his doctorate and had a contract teaching in a good small college somewhere. Then he could thaw out and look around. He was twenty-five years old and, though he didn't know it, the chill had made him shy.

He took one more long stare at her, which she didn't notice, jumped up and hurried out of the coffeeroom. He wanted to find someone who knew her so he could be introduced, but he couldn't find anyone handy—it was the lunch hour. He remembered he could follow her and find out where she worked. He was sure she worked somewhere in the university. If she had been a student, she would wear loafers. As it was, she wore high heels, which made her a secretary, a lab assistant or perhaps even a teacher like himself. But when he got back to the coffeeroom, she was gone.

It was time to work, and he went to the room where he lived with five hundred and sixty-four books, a hot plate, a small refrigerator and a small record player. His desk bore an open book and pad of yellow legal paper for notes. Once in his room, the automatism of habit got him to sit down, a pencil in his hand and his eyes on the book, but he couldn't see the print. Instead he saw the immense blue-green eyes looking down away from his own, altering the shape of her face as they lowered, a sort of lean face based on a wide, red mouth.

He got up, went down the hall to the bathroom and ran some cold water to dash in his eyes. He dashed it, but he did not go back to his room at once. He looked in the glass. Long study had taught him to take objective views of things. He looked at himself. It was another lean face, even gaunt from the last months of work, black eyes and a crew cut. Objectively he thought, *I am not a bad-looking guy*. But he did not consider why this was, on the eve of his preliminaries, important. He didn't know he was in love.

He went back to his room, sat down and mentally braced himself, but he didn't study. He knew he ought to study, but he couldn't. She was still there, and all he could think was, *Who are you?* He tried to pull himself together. He glared at the book, but it was like a window through which he could see only this lovely girl with long, bobbed dark-blond hair, long blue-green eyes and long, suave legs crossed under the table. Wildly it crossed his mind that she had been sent to test him, a girl in the employ of the History Department, hired like a spy to demolish his stamina, ruin his determination, break him up. He sat up, pushed his fists against his eyes until he saw red and she went away. "I must be going off my rocker," he muttered. The

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History Department, he knew, was divinely impartial; they didn't care whether he passed or failed. But *who was she?*

We got up, went back to the campus and spent the rest of the afternoon looking for her. He was even able to do it halfway systematically. He went into the offices of every department of the liberal-arts college. Some of the big departments had four or five secretaries, others one or two. He stopped in each doorway, peering around until someone asked him what he wanted and he lurched away to the next one. He startled several instructors who had left their classroom doors open by sticking his head in suddenly to see if she was teaching a class or possibly sitting in one. At two, three and four o'clock when classes changed, he stood in the corridors, scanning every face. He didn't find her. He went home exhausted, threw himself on his bed and slept.

It was ten o'clock at night when he awoke, horrified at his laziness. He ate something and tried the books again, but it was no good. He went down to a student beer joint, drank a half dozen glasses of beer and then, singing all the way, he walked home in the dark.

He spent the next two days in a kind of trance looking for her in the Law School, the Medical School, the Engineering School, blundering into offices, laboratories and classrooms. He appeared in the coffee-room at noon sharp both days, but she didn't show up.

In some almost subliminal part of his mind he knew he should be studying hard. He was risking his whole career. It would stay on his record forever if he flunked his preliminaries. But he couldn't bring himself to care. He had never given in to anything like this before, and in a reckless, giggling way he thought it was kind of fun.

On the day of his first exams his first thought when he woke up was, *Where do I look for her today?* Almost casually he remembered his prelims began that day. He went to his examination with a fatalistic good humor. He was surprised to find that he knew his stuff. It seemed to be an easy exam. And after four days of sweat and writer's cramp he answered calmly, when someone asked him how he thought he had done, "Pretty well, I think." Nobody said that sort of thing. You were supposed to be modest and cautious.

There is always a party somewhere after prelims, and that night he went to one at Henry Day's apartment. It was full of history students, some with their wives, but the wives sat alone in the living room while the men got back into the kitchen where the beer was. For the first hour they hashed over the questions and their answers; then, as the beer began to take effect, they jovially assumed they all had passed and began to talk over their prospects.

Carey was jammed up against the refrigerator with a beer in one hand and a cracker covered with liverwurst in the other, and he didn't talk much. He was fairly certain he had hit every question hard, but if he said so, it would sound like bragging. The girl was back in his head; in fact, she had been there all the time—present at Runnymede in a smart blue-linen dress among all the glinting armor of the rough knights, in the front row with her knees crossed at the trial of Warren Hastings, yawning in the gallery of the House of Commons when Russell spoke on the Reform Bill, even prominent in the crowd that met Chamberlain at the airport when he returned from Munich. Now that he was calmer he could see that she was the reason he had done so well. He had been working like a stoat for a year. He knew enough psychology to see that three days' complete change before the exams had been a good thing. Worrying about her had kept him from worrying about the exams, but now that the history of England had been washed out of his head, she was there alone, maddeningly beautiful, maddeningly elusive. He started to think of a way to find her, gave it up and listened to the talk around him.

"How big a grant?" someone was saying.

"Not big enough. No grant is ever big enough." The speaker was a man he had never seen before, which was not surprising because this was a big university, but he was tall and very obviously a handsome fellow.

"Where're you going in France?" he was asked.

Aix-en-Provence. It has the best café street in Europe. The municipality owns a building with a two-star restaurant at one end and a night club, a movie and a gambling hell in the other. It's twenty miles from the Riviera, and if you have to get boiled out after a big night, there's a sanitarium with hot springs a little way off the main street."

"This is a place for study? There's a university there where you're supposed to do research?" someone asked sarcastically.

"There speaks a jealous heart," the tall, handsome young man said. "I do my work, as you well know. The university there is the University of Aix and Marseilles."

"You and Polly going to have yourselves quite a time, though," someone else said. "When do you plan to leave?"

"I leave tomorrow afternoon."

"Polly following later?"

"Polly's not coming."

"What do you mean, Polly's not coming?"

Unruffled, the handsome guy took a drink of beer. He said, "That's what I meant when I said the grant wasn't big enough. Somebody's got to keep up the car payments."

Carey saw his host, Henry Day, coming through the crowd. Day opened the refrigerator, and Carey said quietly over the top of the door, "Who's the guy who's going to Europe and leaving his wife behind?"

"That's Ace Martin."

"Ace?"

"He must have some other name, but that's what he calls himself, and that's what people call him. He is an ace too."

"Thinks he's pretty cool, huh?"

He's got a right to. That guy not only took his prelims just now. In the last year he published three articles, one of them in French in the *Revue d'Histoire*. He claims to put in a fourteen-hour day, like the old German scholars. That's why you never see him around. He'll tell you cold turkey he's going to be full professor at thirty-five."

"But he's going to Europe and actually leaving his wife behind?"

"This grant's for fifteen hundred bucks. It hasn't been awarded in nine years because nobody applied, but Ace has got a nose for grants, prizes and scholarships. Two people can't spend the summer in France on fifteen hundred, Ace says, so he's leaving Polly here to stay on the job. He'd better not, though."

"Why?"

"You've never seen her, have you? They don't go out much. But I watched two or three guys prick up their ears when Ace said she was going to be here alone all summer. She's a secretary in the Psych Department. If I were single, I'd prick up my ears too. She's a beaut."

Carey was tired. He merely wondered if Polly Martin was as beautiful as his girl. He was not the kind of guy who would chase around after another man's wife.

It was eleven-twenty the next morning when he woke up. For the first time in a year he had really nothing to do. Summer school didn't start for ten days. If he wanted to, he could turn over and go back to sleep, but he jumped up, shaved, showered and dressed with great care. At twelve o'clock he walked hopefully into

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Wife the coffee room. A few minutes later she came in with her bag of sandwiches, got some coffee and sat down facing him at the next table. He had coffee, but no book, and he had forgotten sandwiches. He had nothing to do but stare at her, and he did, unembarrassed. She barely glanced at him. She seemed pale and depressed, but enchantingly beautiful even so. She ate moodily, with her eyes fixed on the table in front of her.

Watching her, Carey said abruptly to himself, *Why, I'm in love with this girl!* And he could almost hear his plans go crack! She was more important than any examination, any job. He might not even be a teacher. He would be a doctor, lawyer or merchant chief, anything that would make her love him back. He was nerving himself to go to her table and blurt out, "I've got to talk to you," when Ace Martin came in, and Carey realized he had half-expected him. He was carrying a suitcase, and he had a green Alpine hat in his hand. Her face brightened when Martin walked in the door.

Carey had to sit there and watch it and listen to it, and, as he watched, he realized that this was Martin's last good-by to his wife before he went to France. He didn't want her to miss a day on the job. Instead of dismissing him as a jerk out of hand, it was like Carey to think rather what a bad thing it was to have too little money. Martin's plane left in about an hour, and he had to catch a bus for the airport. Without giving her even a chance to stand up and embrace him, he leaned forward, kissed her on the cheek, said, "*Au 'voir, ma petite,*" and walked out.

Polly Martin sat there fumbling in her purse, with tears running down her cheeks. Then she bent her head on her folded arms and frankly sobbed. Carey couldn't force himself to go comfort her because he didn't know why she was crying. Either she was mad or she loved her husband so much that she couldn't bear to be parted from him for three months. If she was mad, he didn't blame her, and he certainly wasn't going tearing after Ace Martin and persuade him to come back.

At last she sat erect, wiped her eyes, sniffed and took out a cigarette. She had a little lighter, but it didn't work. Carey took a deep breath and held out a lighted match. He struck the match first and then had to get up and walk to her table with it, but he got the cigarette lighted all right. "You're Polly Martin," he said.

"I am indeed," she said.

He was still standing. "We were talking about you at a party last night. . . ." He knew this was the wrong approach.

"Oh? And what did you say?"

He sat down as if he had been dropped. "How beautiful you are." This was wrong, too, he thought, but it just came out. Confused, he started to babble. "Please

don't get the idea I'm trying to make a pitch

just as soon as your husband's gone. That was your husband who just left, wasn't it? Actually I've known you for a long time. I mean, no, I never spoke to you until right now. But—I'm not making very good sense, am I?" he said, drowning in those long green eyes.

"Not very," she said. But she smiled.

"I don't know. Maybe I am, at that. You must know what I'm trying to say. People must do this all the time, goggle at you and their tongues get thick and they mumble and puff ——"

"Not lately they haven't."

"But you know what they're trying to get across."

She didn't answer. She seemed to be having trouble with her cigarette.

"You know I'm trying to tell you I'm in love with you, don't you?"

She looked up at him. "Who are you?" she said.

"Carey McAlmon. I just took prelims in English history."

She gathered up her sandwich wrappings, the paper cup and her purse. "I must go."

"Will you have lunch with me tomorrow? A real lunch in a restaurant?"

She was going out. He stood up to follow her. "Certainly not," she said.

"Will you be coming up here?"

She shrugged. "I don't know." She went out.

Carey swore at himself as he had not sworn since he had been put out of a basketball game in high school. "Now I've made her sore," he said.

He spent the rest of the day wandering aimlessly around. It felt like a hot pain in his stomach, but he assumed this was what poets meant when they said, "His heart was singing." He wanted to tell someone about it. An old man, an alumnus back for a reunion, with the university colors on his hatband, was resting on a stone bench under a big elm. Carey stepped up to him and very nearly said, "I'm in love," but he caught himself in time and said, "Nice day, sir." He crouched beside some kids pitching pennies, and he almost told them, but he realized they couldn't appreciate it. He found himself over by the women's dormitories, and in a daze he watched four girls play tennis for what seemed hours, his eye foolishly following the ball, saying over and over to himself, *I've talked to her!* He felt like a hero.

When it began to get dark, he was down by the river. It was a small river, and he could hear the water. Against the darkness he could see her face clearly, and he sat there entranced until he heard the university clock strike ten. He stood up. He was astonished to find himself cramped and covered with dew. He walked, and his feet hurt. He discovered he was ravenously hungry. He hurried to his room to scramble some eggs, but he got bogged down on the edge of his bed with a shoe in his hand, staring at the wall. At last he said aloud, "I am in love with another man's wife. This is morally wrong. I will stop it." He rolled backward on the bed and went to sleep in his clothes, feeling that he had won a victory over himself.

In the morning he had to go to the campus to see the results of the prelims. They were posted on a bulletin board outside the office of the History Department. At the top, separated from the others, he was genuinely surprised to find two names, his own and Gerard Martin's, and after each, it said, *Magna cum laude.* A year before if anyone had told him he would pass *magna cum laude,* he would have jumped up and cracked his heels, but now it didn't seem to please him as it should. It was too near twelve o'clock.

"After all," he said, "I've got to eat lunch somewhere." He knew it was a poor excuse, but she was like a fire burning inside him now.

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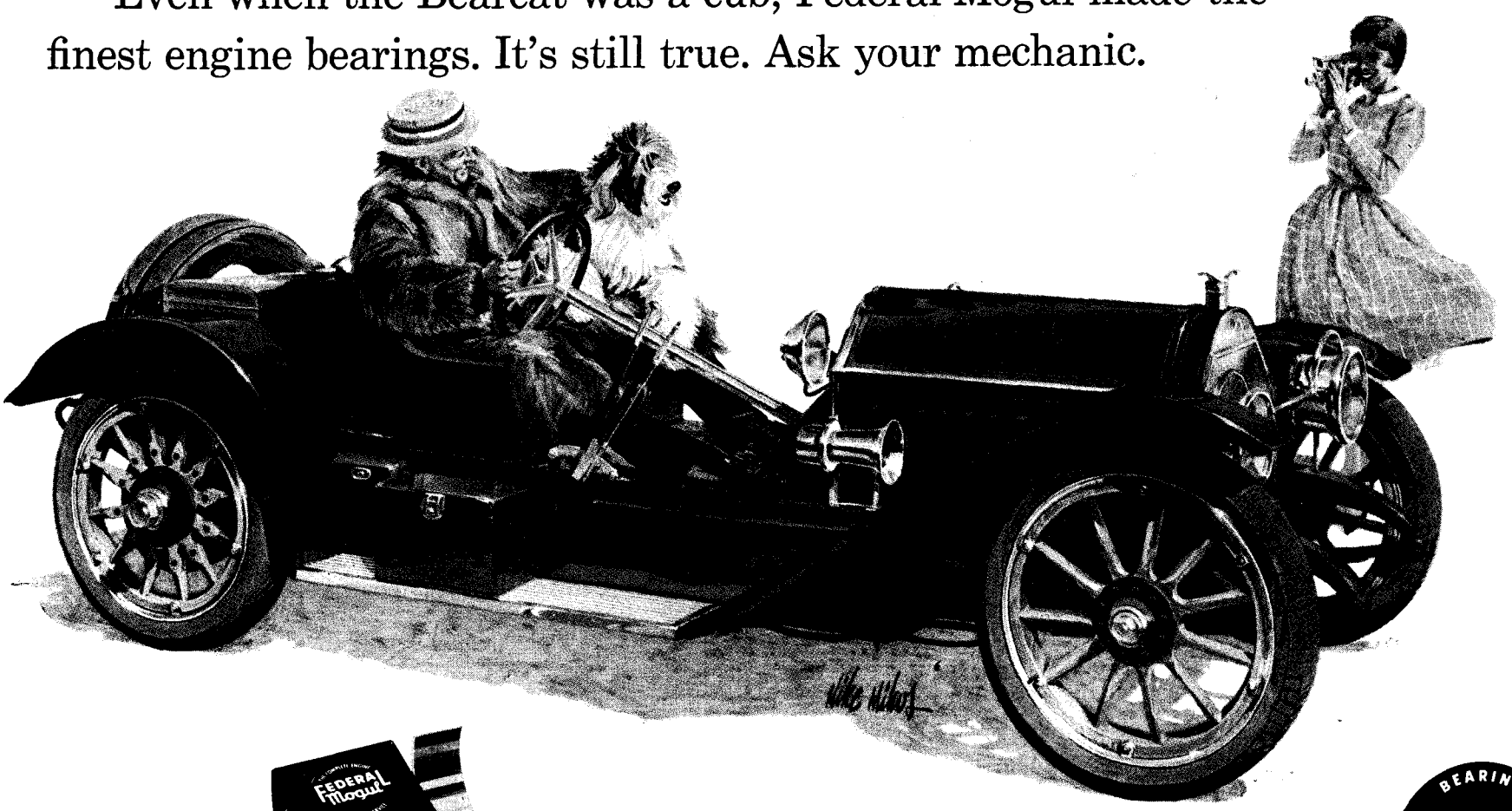

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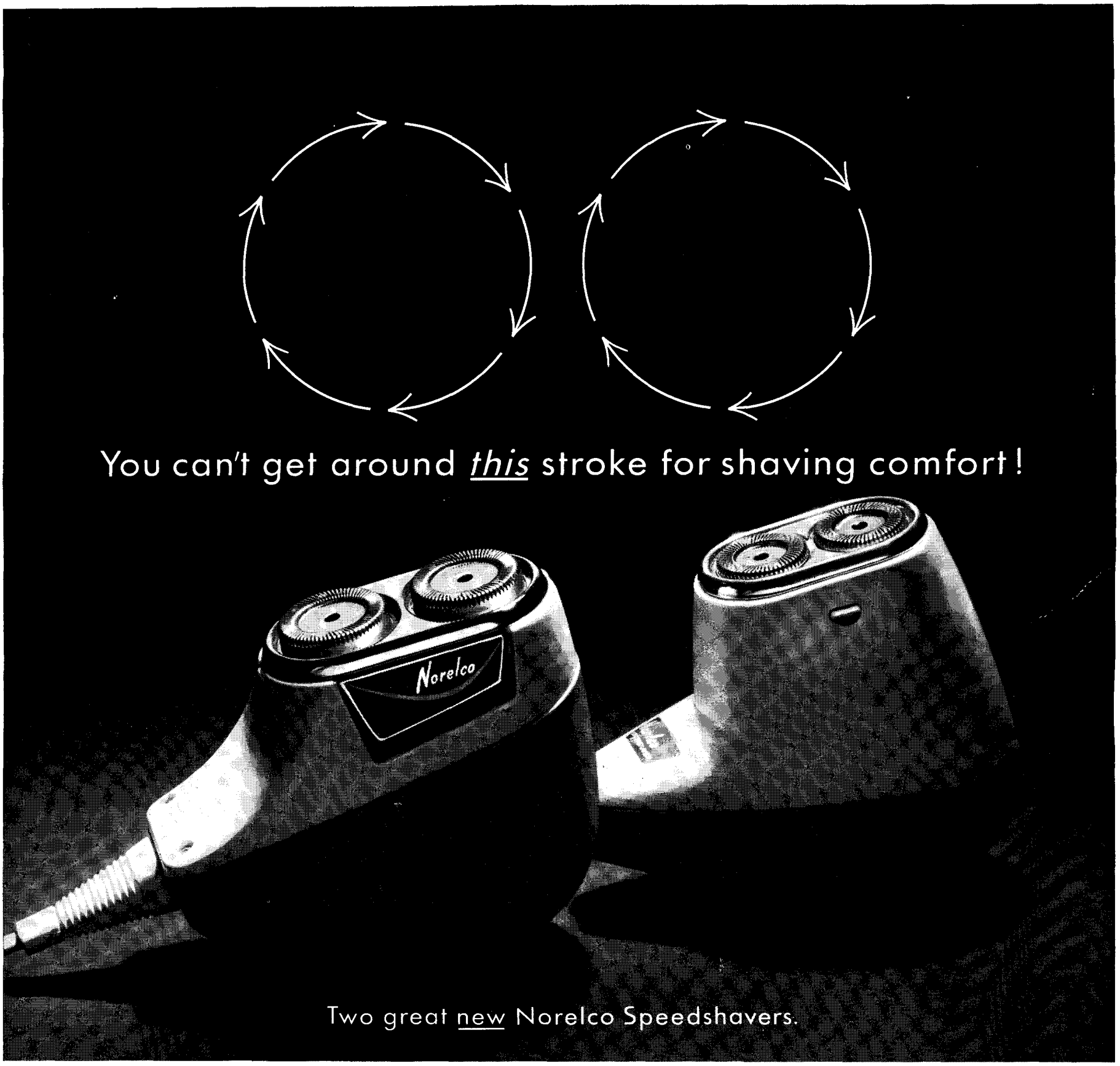

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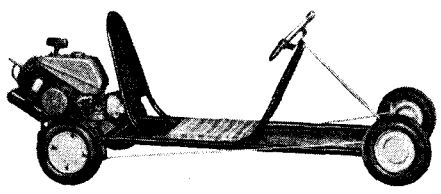

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Wife

On the way up in the elevator he was in a turmoil. He was whipsawed between something he knew was wrong and something he wanted more than anything in life. But even if he had no moral qualms, it was an impossible situation. She had not given him the slightest encouragement. She was very probably in love with her husband. Why not? Most wives were in love with their husbands, he believed. And he knew he did not have the flash to take her away from Ace Martin. If he were a bachelor astronaut, a road-race driver or rich, he might be able to stun her, but she made him tongue-tied and awkward. All he had was a *magna cum laude*, and she could say, "I've already got a guy with one of those."

She was there when he got to the coffeeroom. Without asking, he sat down at her table. "Your husband didn't wait to see how he came out on the prelims," he said.

"I'm supposed to write him."

"He did very well."

"He'd be furious if he hadn't."

"You mean he counts on these things?"

"He's intelligent. He works all the time. Why shouldn't he count on them?"

"I hear he's going to be a full professor at thirty-five."

"And ambassador to France at forty, and after that, who knows?"

"You mean he ——" Carey was really awed at this kind of ambition.

"Woodrow Wilson was a professor of history, wasn't he?"

"Hm'm. What do you do while he studies?"

The question made her turn red, but she answered it. "Oh, I work around the apartment. Type anything he has to type. Read."

"Do you want to be an ambassador's wife?"

She looked him in the eye a second. She had been candid enough so far, but she had seemed to be on the defensive. Now her tone changed. Her guard went down. "Ace is always talking about 'the great world' as if it were the moon. That's where he wants to get. Do you know what 'the great world' is?"

"Not exactly."

"It's full of important people. Important people are intelligent, fascinating. They wear the right clothes. They drink the right wines. They know what's really going on. One of the reasons we never go anywhere ——" She caught herself and swerved. "Ace says the academic mind is fundamentally dull."

"What do you think?"

"It doesn't occur to me to think about things like that."

"Will you have dinner with me tonight?" he asked.

"I will not," she said, but not angrily.

He was about to argue, but two graduate students he knew slightly came up to the table and said, "Hi, Polly," and made stupid conversation obviously so they could look at her up close. Carey stared at them inimically until they went away.

"Will you be coming up here tomorrow?" he asked.

"Probably. I have to eat somewhere, and I can't afford restaurants."

"Maybe you'd rather I didn't sit with you."

"I don't mind sitting with you. I'd rather you didn't forget that I'm Mrs. Gerard Martin, that's all."

She wouldn't have lunch with him or dinner or go to a movie. One hot weekend, when the temperature was near a hundred, he borrowed a car, called her and asked if she would like to go swimming and then, after all his wheedling, he had to take the car back to the guy and tell him he couldn't use it after all. He knew before he asked that she would turn him down, but he got compulsive about it. It became a kind of joke.

It was during this summer that he grew up. He had come this far trusting that if you worked hard every day and were civil to people, you could command the future where the rewards lay. Now he saw things were not so simple. Love had intervened, a love that had nothing to do with canoe rides, moonlight or going to dances, but a force that made his hands shake when he thought about her, that made him find indelicate sweat on his forehead if he thought about her long enough. He was not really making love to another man's wife, but he could see that it was only her adamantine virtue that kept him from it, and he marveled that he could attempt anything he knew was wrong. All this made him less sure of himself and nicer to be around.

His days came to center around the lunch hour. He had intended, if he passed his prelims, to take it easy this summer, just teach his classes and lie around, but there was nothing he wanted to do except see her. He couldn't, so he worked. He began his doctor's thesis and spent his evenings in his carrel at the library, but every day he was only waiting for lunchtime. Once she didn't appear for three days, and in desperation he went to the office of the Psychology Department, hung in the doorway until she looked up from her typewriter and said, "Have you been sick?"

She nodded. "That's it. I've been quite sick." The next day she came to the coffeeroom, so

it was all right,
as all right as
it was ever going
to be, he guessed.

During the lunch hours he did not, as most men do, try to talk about himself, because he honestly didn't believe he would stack up very high against Ace Martin. Instead, he asked questions. She came from a little town where the trees overarched the streets. She had been on the girls' baseball team in the sixth grade. She had been elected Homecoming Queen her freshman year in high school. Her father and mother had been killed in an automobile accident her senior year, and she had gone to a small college on the insurance money. She had met Ace Martin, who went to a large eastern college, at a football game. The next day she promised to marry him, but it was a long engagement because they had to wait until Ace got his A.B. He was so persistent to pick up every scrap of information about her that she seemed baffled. "Why do you care?" she asked.

"You know why. I'm in love with you," he said.

She looked down at her hands and said nothing.

The summer wore on. As August receded into the calendar, Carey began to feel panic. Ace would be returning soon. He lost weight. He asked if she would continue to lunch in the coffeeroom in the fall, and she said she didn't know. All the summer's energy and emotion seemed to be going for nothing.

One warm night he shut his book with a snap and started walking. He knew where he would end up. The Martins

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Wife lived in university housing, a big, new apartment house, on the ground floor. The ground-floor apartments had a little patio surrounded by a low hedge; the upper floors had porches. Her apartment was dark when he got there. Sounds of television and hi-fi came from the windows of other apartments. He knew she was lonely; she had said so. She was probably in someone else's flat. It had been only the hope that he might see her that had brought him out there, just to look at her a minute. He did not expect her to ask him in if she saw him. He stood uncertainly on the grass by the low hedge, thinking, *I've had my walk now, I'd better go on home.* He turned back to the sidewalk.

"Carey!" It was her voice.

He spun around.

"Over here," she said.

He stepped over the hedge. Dimly he could see her reclining in a long chair in shorts. "Hi, Polly," he said, standing in front of her.

"Sit down," she said. "Would you like a drink?"

He was bewildered. "Drink? Sure, I guess so."

She went into the apartment and came back with a couple of gin-and-tonics. He said, "If I'd known I could see you, I'd have been out here every night."

"And this is the first night I'd have let you stay."

"Why tonight? Don't tell me remorse has piled up on you."

"What remorse?"

"For the way you've treated me."

"I hope I've treated you exactly the way you'd want me to."

"What does that mean?"

She switched on a lamp sitting on a little table beside her. "Read these," she said.

The first was a letter, dated June eighteenth, Aix-en-Provence, Department Bouches-du-Rhône, France. Obviously it was from her husband. He read:

Dear Polly: Smooth trip. Orly (Paris), then Marseilles, then a bus to Aix, a swell town, but expensive. Your letter waiting with the results of the prelims. I wonder who this other guy is, McAlmon, who snagged a *magna cum laude?*

My first day in the records of the Hotel de Ville I ran into something really hot for my thesis, hot enough so that it will not be just a thesis but a book of general interest that will change our thinking about France, hot enough so that I cabled Joe Haas in the State Department about a Fulbright. He wired back to send the papers, and he thinks it will go through fast. It's irregular, but I think it will work.

If I get the Fulbright, it will mean that I stay here another year after September, and I'll be working terribly hard. After all our arguments about my working, I didn't think you would like this place, jammed up in a pension or a little flat where you didn't speak the language, so I applied for the Fulbright as a single man. What I mean is, if you want to apply for a divorce, I won't contest it.

I'm sorry about this, Polly. You're a wonderful girl, but I think you'd be happier away from me. Sincerely,

ACE.

Underneath the letter Carey found a stiff legal paper, a final divorce decree. If the seesaw had been inching downward all summer long, it flew up so fast it made him nearly speechless. He took a big sigh and then said, "How could he let you go?" And he really wondered about it.

"That letter reached me June twentieth. I thought it over and applied for a divorce June twenty-third. The three days I didn't see you were the days I was thinking it over. I know why he could let me go."

"Why?"

"Those arguments about his work. What he means is, the times I asked if we could go to a movie. Faculty parties, yes, sometimes we'd go. I was Ace Martin's wife there. I was an asset. But it's dark in movies. You just sort of walk in and sit down. Not an asset there. Oh, I'm a good-looking woman, Carey. I know that. And now that I'm a divorcée, I can say it."

"Good-looking, fooey. You're magnificent."

"Thanks very much, but I'm tired of being an asset. I've been sitting out here all summer, thinking. In this state after you apply for a divorce you're supposed to think it over for sixty days, and every day I thought."

"Why didn't you tell me all this sooner?"

"Sooner, I didn't know you well enough. I got engaged to Ace twenty-four hours after I first saw him. It was a mistake. You see, Ace thought I was a dummy. He wouldn't even discuss history with me. I was the asset. I could cook. I could get a job and pay for the car, and as soon as he made assistant professor, we might have a baby. I am not making a mistake again."

"Well, don't. Marry me."

"I don't know. You made *magna cum laude* too. Take me to dinner tomorrow night, and we'll talk it over."

But it had gone on too long. Carey tipped her out of the chaise longue, picked her up and kissed her until she said, "Yes, yes, yes, I'll marry you. Now, let me get my breath." THE END

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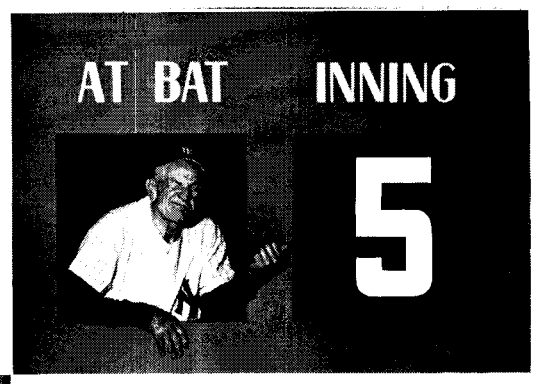

He picks all-star major-league squads, names his ideal Yankee team and discusses his future.

MY OWN STORY

By CASEY STENGEL
as told to
Harry T. Paxton

CONCLUSION

Everybody knows we had a lot of playing talent when I was managing the Yankees, but a lot of people don't realize how fast the talent kept wearing out. By the time of my fourth World Series in 1952, only two of the regulars that had started for me in the first Series game in '49 were still around—Rizzuto and Berra.

The others were all retired or traded or in the military service. But we kept blending in new men, and we managed to go on winning.

There was one point that September when it looked like we weren't going to make it four straight. We were in a hot fight with Cleveland, which generally was our biggest opposition then, and we got in a slump. In Philadelphia we lost a game I never expected to lose. In the clubhouse afterward I kept myself from handing out any comments, as when you're burned up it's generally better to talk to your ballplayers the next day.

Well, the men commenced to get cans of beer, and instead of walking over and dropping them in the trash can when they finished, they'd let them fly at the can. It wasn't a very large trash can, and they'd miss a lot, and the empty cans of beer would bounce around on the floor and go ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling. There were so many ting-a-lings that it began to get my goat. And I could see it was getting on the nerves of one of the pitchers too.

But I got out of there without saying anything. Then on the dining car to Washington they started this game called Twenty Questions. The game got going good, and they were laughing and joking, and it wasn't so funny to me. I jumped up and asked for their attention. I asked if they realized that hardly a one of them had earned his salary that day. I told them it wasn't a laughing matter, and they didn't know what their salary would

Casey cheerfully autographs a baseball while a barber rubs his grizzled pate.

Photographs by John Bryson

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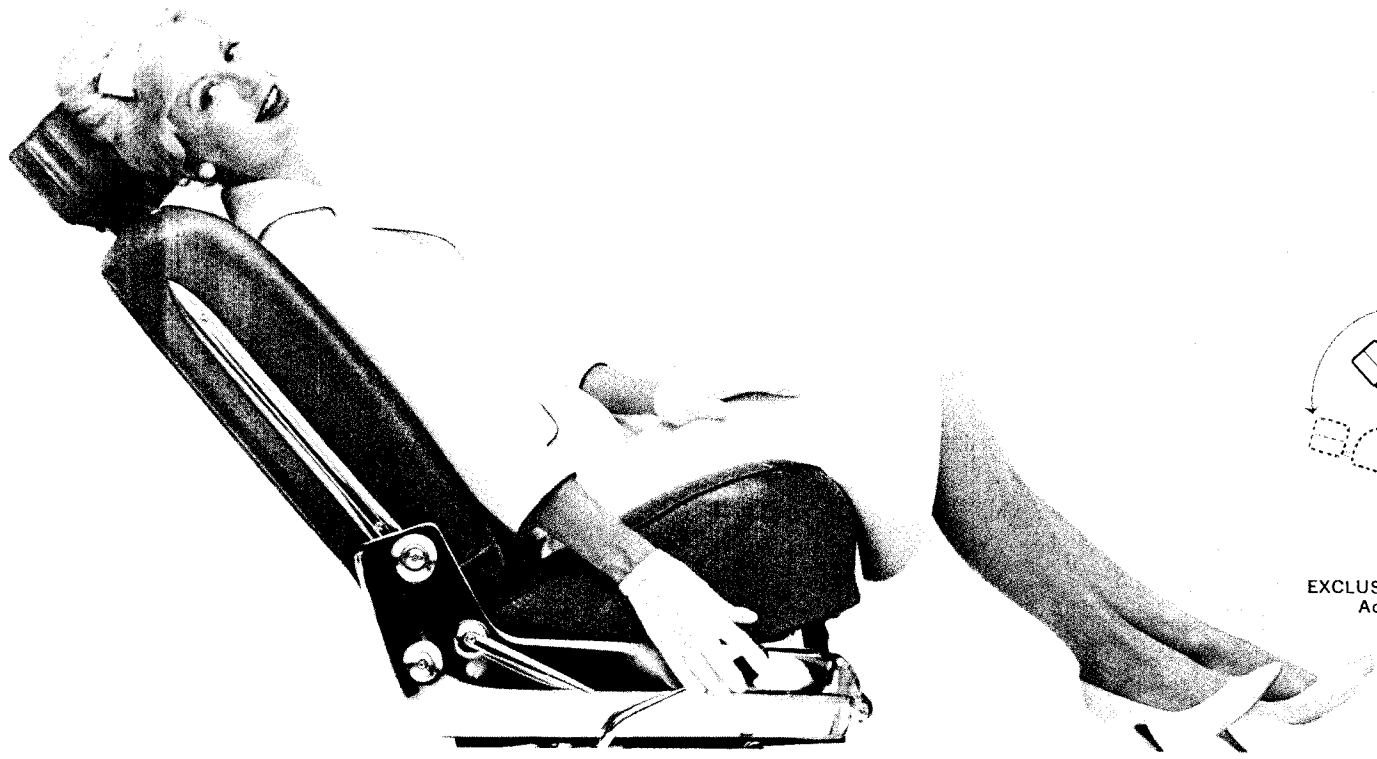

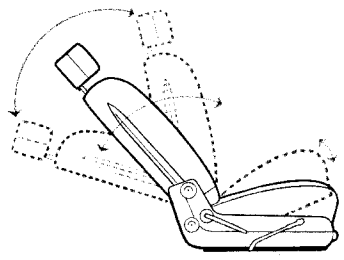

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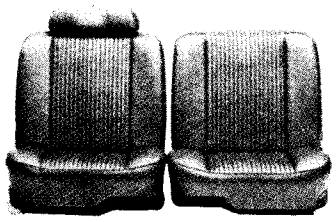

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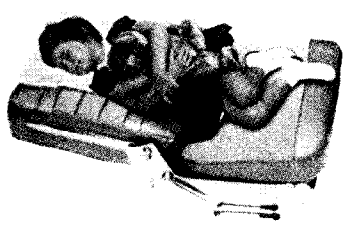

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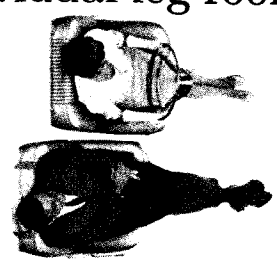

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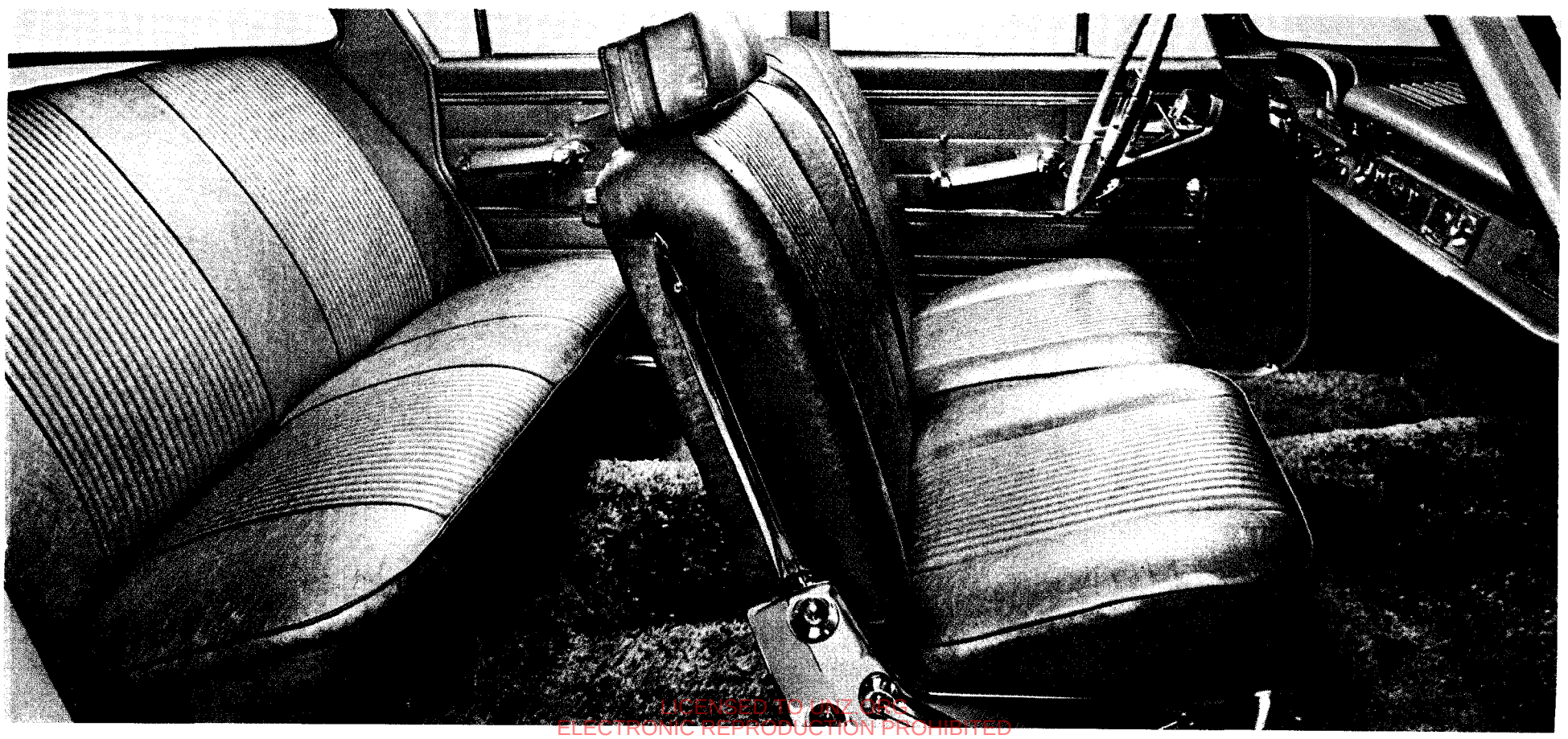

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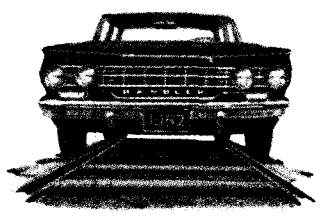

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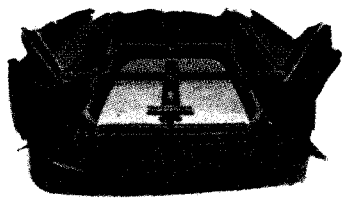
Rambler Classic and Ambassador models have the widest tra of any compact car.



BEST RUSTPROOFING

The only cars with Deep-Dip rustproofing up to the roof now armor-clad the below-door body panels with rustproof zinc.

27% MORE ROAD CLEARANCE

27% more road clearance in 1962 Rambler Classic and Ambassador V-8. 19% more in Rambler Americans. You can take steep city ramps or backwoods roads with far less chance of scraping or "bottoming."

NEW E-STICK NO-CLUTCH-PEDAL TRANSMISSION

Now, no-clutch driving at a fraction of the usual cost. Stick-shift economy. Rambler American.

4,000-MILE OIL CHANGE

Now go twice as long betwe normal oil change—every 4,0 miles! Oil filters are standard every 1962 Rambler. Vot "most trouble-free" by owne in independent surveys, ye after year, Rambler is now ev more service-free.

102 WAYS NEW AND BETTER-TAKE THE RAMBLER DISCOVERY

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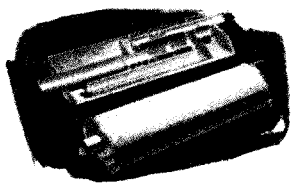
FOR 1962!

BATTERY GUARANTEE DOUBLED

No pro-rated charges as with ordinary battery guarantees where you pay part. If battery fails within two years, or 24,000 miles, it will be replaced without charge by a Rambler dealer.*

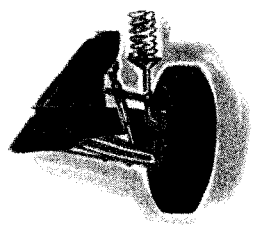


WE'LL PAY THE COST IF THE MUFFLER RUSTS OUT

If Ceramic-Armored muffler or tailpipe rusts out (collision damage excepted), a Rambler dealer will replace free for original buyer.

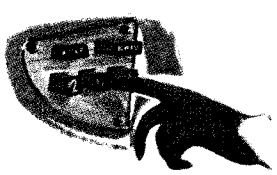
2-YEAR RADIATOR COOLANT

Radiators of all '62 Ramblers protected with Dowgard Full-Fill Coolant—won't freeze at 40°F below—won't boil in desert heat. Warranted for 24 months or 24,000 miles.*



NEW SUSPENSION

Road-Command Suspension gives smoother ride, better turns, easier steering. New springs, new control arms, new outer ball suspension. Most models.



NEW GAS-SAVING AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION

New, improved Flash-O-Matic approaches economy of standard shift. Optional on Sixes.

MORE HEADROOM, LEG ROOM

Six-footers can stretch out in rear seats as well as front in '62 Classics and Ambassadors, with inches more foot room. More front headroom, too, thanks to deeper coil seat springs and new double-thick foam cushioning.

New style! New savings! New safety!

RAMBLER

WORLD STANDARD OF COMPACT CAR EXCELLENCE

DRIVE TODAY!

*NOTE: Warranties apply to new 1962 Ramblers purchased from an authorized Rambler dealer. If battery fails or coolant leaks during first 2 years or 24,000 miles, whichever occurs first, misuse, negligence or accident excepted, either will be replaced without charge by going to a Rambler dealer.

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MY OWN STORY

be for the following year or where they'd be playing, as it looked like this season was going to be a failure. I gave them as good a jacking up as I could, and it may have helped to keep them bearing down hard the rest of the season.

That was the year when Billy Martin saved the 1952 World Series for the Yankees by running all the way in from second base almost to home plate to catch Jackie Robinson's high pop fly with the bases full in the seventh game. Everybody else was standing around saying, "I don't want it, you take it." And the next year Martin was a World Series hero again with twelve hits in twenty-four times at bat.

Later on, of course, he got traded away in 1957. This was after some sort of fight broke out at the Copacabana night club when several players and their wives were at a party to celebrate Martin's birthday. I don't know anything about the fight. I wasn't there.

Now here's the situation with Martin. I first had him out at Oakland. He was a young man that came out of a neighborhood, which we have in every city, which they try to watch. Martin was a small man. He thought he could whip anybody, and when anybody tells you Martin can't fight, that's a big joke.

He gave me a lot of spirit and everything else. Sometimes you have to have a noisy man on the team. But he was not popular with some of the men that were up in the front office. He was a man that was better for the players or better for the manager—if you could handle him. I could handle Billy Martin.

Did I approve of trading him? Well, the office had been after me several times to get rid of him. But I gave in only because they arranged to get me Harry Simpson, a left-handed hitter I thought would help us in Yankee Stadium. And we had Richardson coming along as a second baseman to replace Martin. As it turned out, Simpson didn't have much luck with us. Anyway, I will have to say that there were very rare occasions on that ball club that they could slip around and trade off a player if I didn't approve of the deal.

But getting back to the earlier years, after we won our fifth straight world championship in 1953 we no doubt got a little careless. Everybody was saying, "Why would you change now?" Well, we didn't win the pennant in 1954, and this was a very big shock to the manager and the players. But we didn't really get off the beam. We won 103 games that season, which was the most we won while I was managing the Yankees. But Cleveland won 111 games for a new American League record.

The Cleveland managing under Lopez was very good. His coaching was good. And they had pitchers that had ability and were daring—Wynn and Lemon and Garcia. Those three men would say, "Well, you're not going to knock us apart." And we only did on a few occasions.

But that season did not break our team, as was proved the next year when we came back to win out over Cleveland. We started out as though we were very easily going to win the '55 World Series, too, because we went out ahead of Brooklyn by two games. They then put in a very good left-handed pitcher, Podres, and he came up with a pitch that shocked my hitters. He took some of the speed off the ball, which you'd call a change-up, and we couldn't detect it because he had it down in great style.

We thought he couldn't go nine innings—he hadn't pitched a complete game since July. So we kept waiting him out, but he would pull the string on the ball and get it over. And that made him last more innings, because he didn't really have to extend himself. So he beat us twice, and Brooklyn took the Series from the Yankees in seven games.

But we won the pennant and the World Series in 1956, and in 1957 we won the pennant again, although we lost a seven-game World Series to Milwaukee. We thought we were going along in fairly good shape, because we'd kept developing new men from our farm system and our instructional school, like Kubek and Richardson that came up that year.

When you can stay on top like that while you're rebuilding, a club is being run all right on the ball field. It's being run all right in the office. But although I didn't know it yet, things in the office were about to change.

Toward the end of the 1958 season there was a lot of talk that I was through with the Yankees. It was being said that

Stengel with part of his trophy collection. Casey admits that he's delighted over his 10-pennant record with the Yankees, but says, "I'm just as proud of some of the jobs I held with second-division clubs."

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What do you want in a smoke? Mildness? Flavor? Relaxation? You get all 3 from Kaywoodie—*without inhaling.*

Kaywoodie is like no other smoke. Its briar is unique; rare, aged, and cured the Kaywoodie way. That's why it always smokes mild, cool and sweet. And to further insure mildness, the exclusive Drinkless Fitment screens tars and irritants.

You've never really tried a pipe—until you smoke Kaywoodie.

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White Briar Billiard $6.00

Send 25¢ for 44-page catalog. Tells how to smoke a pipe. Shows pipes and sets from $4.95 to $2,500. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., N.Y. 22, N.Y., Dept. P27

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Northern Towels with Built-in Sturdiness

Here they are . . . Northern's new "All American" Boys!

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Please send me the following sets of 3 different prints of Northern's "All American" Boys, each in full color, on fine white vellum, without advertising. (Offer limited to U.S.)

.....sets of unframed 11" x 14" prints at 25¢ per set. (Total $.....)
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NEW YORK LIFE PRESENTS *the 48th in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*

Should your child be an Actuary?

by M. Albert Linton *former President, Society of Actuaries*
as told to Donald Robinson

A LOT OF life's drama is wrapped up in an equation like the one above. To an actuary it whispers the probabilities of your being alive after any given number of years.

It is a deeply interesting career, an actuary's. You deal with the biggest, most meaningful occurrences in the lives of millions of people—their births, education, accidents, sicknesses, marriages, children, retirement, and, in the end, their deaths.

The dictionary says that an actuary is "someone whose business or profession it is to calculate insurance risks and premiums." That's true, but it merely touches a fraction of the many important things an actuary does, as a specialized businessman, in the insurance world.

For example . . .

A huge manufacturing company and a trade union want to build a welfare fund to provide retirement benefits for thousands of employees. How much must each worker pay in, and how much should the company contribute if the fund is to be adequate? How large a benefit can be given a man as he reaches the pensionable age? How much money should be laid aside for emergencies? Fifty years from now, this fund must still be strong and safe.

It's an actuary who studies the situation and delivers the answers.

Death has been lenient, and a great life insurance company sees that it has paid out less in benefits during the year than was anticipated. How much of the extra money can it return to policyholders without jeopardizing its financial position for the future?

An actuary sets the sum.

A young man has had a case of tuberculosis, but he seems to be recovered now. Can he obtain the life insurance he wants so desperately for his family's sake?

In conjunction with the medical department, an actuary rules on his application and determines the appropriate premium to be paid.

You can see for yourself—the security and happiness of millions of people and the safety of billions of dollars ride on the actuary's judgment.

A Unique Career

Actuaries are rare individuals—unique combinations of mathematicians and businessmen. With their knowledge of mathematics, they analyze past events and determine from them what is likely to occur in the future. You can call it applying the mathematical formula of probability to human experiences.

What varied duties they have! Among other matters, they help decide the benefits that should be included in insurance policies, and carefully compute the premium rates to be charged. They help draft the policies, too, review earnings, fix the dividends, and figure out the financial reserves that their company must keep from year to year if it is to pay the benefits it has pledged. They ascertain the extra mortality of physical impairments, dangerous occupations and other unusual risks.

When it comes to casualty insurance, they do as much for fires, thefts, automobile accidents and the like.

In addition to being mathematicians, they have to be part lawyers, part doctors, part financiers, part accountants, part public relations men, and part merchandisers. They are even part electronic engineers. Actuaries helped pioneer in the use of giant electronic computers—"the electronic brains"—and employ them continually.

It is no exaggeration to say that actuaries belong to one of the elite professions. This is so if for no other reason than that there are so few actuaries, and it is difficult to become one.

At the last tally, the Society of Actuaries, the professional body in the United States and Canada for all actuaries in life insurance, had merely 1,140 Fellows and 864 Associate Members. The Casualty Actuarial Society, the professional group in casualty insurance, had 199 Full and 163 Associate Members.

Rigorous Requirements

To be recognized as an accredited actuary in life insurance, you must put in long years of study and pass a series of eight examinations given by the Society of Actuaries. It takes the average person from five to eight years of study after graduation from college to get through them. However, if the student chooses proper courses, and takes some of his actuarial examinations while still in college, it is possible for him to become an accredited actuary within three or four years after college. During this period, most companies will offer him on-the-job training at a good salary.

The requirements for actuaries in casualty insurance are also high. However, I should say here that one doesn't have to be some sort of genius to qualify in either field. Any boy (or girl) who stands fairly high in mathematics in his college class can do it.

For the person who does qualify, jobs galore are waiting. Splendid jobs. Actuaries are in enormous demand today. We can use twice as many actuaries as the 1,140 Fellows who are available, and more. In life insurance alone there are 1,500 companies. Some of them have need for scores of actuaries.

Recently, a friend of mine visited the office of a smaller insurance company and saw a vacant desk. The head of the company pointed to it and said,

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"We've tried and we've tried, but we can't get an actuary all for ourselves. We have to share one with two other companies."

Actuaries are also employed in private industry, by labor unions, and on college faculties. The federal government hires them for the Social Security Administration, the Veterans Administration, and the National Office of Vital Statistics. State governments need many for their insurance departments, unemployment compensation and other bureaus.

Numbers of actuaries are setting up as private consultants and doing well. They advise insurance companies that are too small to afford an actuarial staff, give counsel to supervisors of labor-management pension plans and similar groups.

Salaries and Benefits

Pay for actuaries is fine. A college graduate can expect about $6,000 a year to start in large companies in big cities (a little less in the smaller towns). By the time he has completed his examinations, he should be getting about $12,000 a year. With steady advancement, he can expect ultimately to be earning $25,000 or more.

Opportunities for promotion are excellent. A highly qualified man can become chief actuary for a noted insurance company and earn $50,000 or more a year. He may rise to be president of the company itself and earn more yet.

All along the way come handsome "fringe benefits." Pension programs, health insurance and generous vacations are some of them. Working conditions are most pleasant.

Consulting actuaries and government actuaries also do well. Government actuaries don't make as much but they have civil service status. For all actuaries, there is the satisfaction of doing stimulating work that contributes appreciably to human welfare.

Disadvantages exist, of course: in the early years the long, hard hours of study after work, in order to pass the actuarial examinations; the fact that this is never a nine-to-five job.

College Training Essential

Getting to be an actuary calls for thorough preparation. A good college education is essential. The wise student will take as much mathematics as he can. Economics, some accounting, and business administration will help. And plenty of the humanities, English in particular.

Sixty years ago, the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain made the statement, "An Actuary should be a man of general culture with a knowledge of both books and men and the more he has of both the better."

It is as valid today.

College is merely the beginning. The main elements of actuarial work must be learned from practical experience.

Here is where aspiring actuaries are fortunate. The insurance industry goes all out to help young men and women pass their actuarial examinations. And at the same time it pays its students a good salary. I know of no other industry that does as much for young people.

Many insurance companies offer well-paying summer jobs to college students who are potential actuaries. Several companies award scholarships to promising students to help them pay their college tuition.

College graduates are hired as actuarial trainees and taught on the job the specific skills they'll need to pass their examinations. Special seminars are held by company actuaries, and substantial time is granted during working hours for studying.

Can you tell whether a young person has the makings of a good actuary?

I think so. He (or she, for many girls do splendidly in the profession) must have a genuine love for mathematics and be getting high grades in it. He should show interest in business and economics. He should certainly have an analytical mind.

And this almost more than anything. He, or she, should be personable and friendly, with innate administrative ability. The actuary's life is not for any ivory-tower recluse. To succeed today, an actuary must have the qualities of a top executive who gets along easily with other people.

It's an inspiring career for the right boy—or girl.

Booklets Available on Many Careers

This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are similar articles on forty-seven other careers, which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just drop a postcard to:

New Educational Plans Can Provide Funds for College

As shown in the booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College" (free on request), the costs of a college education are now greater than ever. To help parents prepare in advance for this major expense, New York Life offers two special Educational Plans. They provide a systematic means to accumulate funds, and the added security of insurance on the life of the father. With either of these policies, you can be sure your child will have most or even all the money needed for college.

Your New York Life Agent is the man to see. As a full-time representative for New York Life, he has the training, the experience, and the interest to help you plan soundly and economically. You can talk to him with confidence about education, retirement, family protection—any of the many things life insurance helps make possible. Call him soon!

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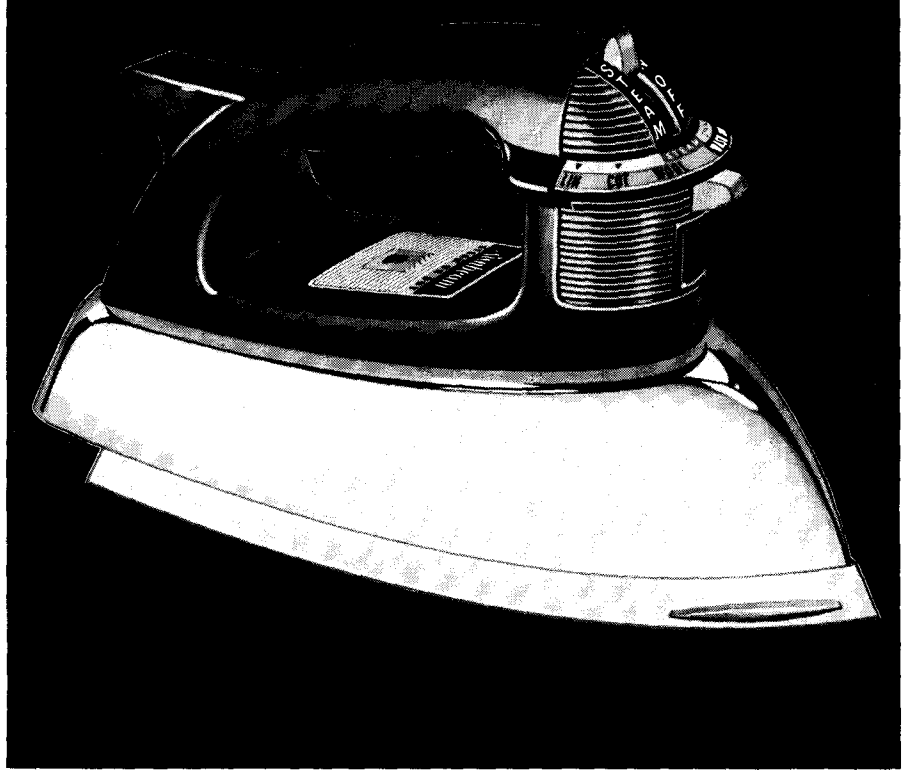
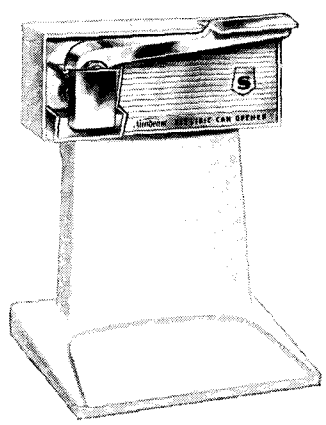
This iron glides on a cushion of steam



Sunbeam's New Steam or Dry Iron glides on a cushion of rolling steam that speeds all your ironing, lets you finish faster and feel fresher, because you actually take fewer strokes per ironing job. Sunbeam gently smooths all fabrics, whether natural or wash-n-wear, because it holds the right temperature under all conditions. Stainless steel tank and Sunbeam quality assure you of years of trouble-free service. $17.95 (recommended retail price).



Sunbeam's Automatic Electric Can Opener means more kitchen convenience. So simple—just one lever is all you need to open cans in seconds. So compact—saves valuable counter space. Flip-up magnet holds lid neatly out of the way while can is removed. Stainless steel cutting wheel is easier to clean, leaves smooth edges. Available for wall mounting or with stand in four colors, from $23.95 (recommended retail price).

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STENGEL

either I wouldn't sign up again when my contract expired in October, or the club wouldn't sign me. I don't know where all that gossip started. It wasn't put out by me. It might have come from somebody in the office.

When we lost three of the first four games in the World Series that year to the Milwaukee team, which had beaten us the year before, numerous people were surer than ever that I would leave. Then when things turned around, with us sweeping the last three games to pull out the Series, people naturally were in sympathy with the manager to stay on. And I signed another two-year contract.

Well, I didn't know we were headed for the only really bad season the players had, and possibly myself, in my twelve years with the Yankees. In 1959 we didn't win but seventy-nine games and we finished a bad third, fifteen games behind Al Lopez and the White Sox.

This was an emergency to the Yankee owners. They thought the manager was slipping. They thought the coaches were slipping. They thought the players were slipping.

But maybe those people in the front office didn't have such a good year themselves. They decided to do without my instructional school, which had been sending up young ballplayers almost every season—I notice they went back to it in 1961. And they also decided to get tough about salaries, even though we'd just won a world's championship.

Now when you start spring training with several men unsigned and several others who have signed contracts but are still dissatisfied, that can be a pretty hard thing for a manager. They changed that too in 1961.

Anyway, regardless of who was to blame—and maybe it was all of us—I can tell you what was wrong with that 1959 Yankee club on the field. First of all, the runs-batted-in were off, except for Hector Lopez, that we got in a trade with Kansas City, and Elston Howard, who had been a valuable man for me for several years. With Berra getting older, Howard could catch and throw. Or he could play left field or right field, and I also could put him in at first base if Bill Skowron got injured.

Mantle had seventy-five runs batted in and thirty-one home runs in 1959, which was just fair for him. Here's something about Mantle that not many people know. After his great 1956 and 1957 seasons, he tore a ligament in his right shoulder in the '57 World Series against Milwaukee when he was pulling out from under Schoendienst on an attempted pick-off play at second base. This bad shoulder hampered him in his throwing for the next couple of years, and it also handicapped him at the plate when he was batting left-handed, which he does most of the time. It made him too much of a lift hitter. His swing wasn't level enough.

Our defense also was somewhat off in 1959, mostly because of inexperience in the infield, and the pitching slipped some too. Whitey Ford had some arm trouble. He had what would be a good year for most men, but it wasn't up to his best. And then there was Bob Turley, that in 1958 won twenty-one and lost seven and did a great job in the World Series. I could call on him to go in as a starter, and I could also call on him to go in and stop them in relief. But in 1959 he dropped down to eight and eleven. There was nothing wrong with his arm or his willingness to work—he just couldn't win.

As far back as the end of 1958 the Yankee president, Dan Topping, would have liked to get rid of a lot of people, including the manager and most of the coaches. In 1959 the situation with the ownership got worse. But I was signed through 1960. In the end the only man to lose his job was Jim Turner, the pitching coach.

Now I didn't choose my own coaches when I first came to the Yankees in the fall of '48. Being a stranger to the American League, I more or less let Mr. Weiss, the general manager, pick them, with the understanding that if I wasn't satisfied with their work they wouldn't stay one full year.

STENGEL'S ALL-STAR YANKEE SQUAD
(1949–1960)

Starting Pitchers	Vic Raschi Allie Reynolds Whitey Ford Ed Lopat Bob Turley
Relief Pitchers	Joe Page Johnny Sain Sal Maglie Luis Arroyo
Catchers	Yogi Berra Elston Howard
Infielders	Bill Skowron Gerry Coleman Phil Rizzuto Gil McDougald
Outfielders	Joe DiMaggio Mickey Mantle Roger Maris
Utility Infielders	Bobby Richardson Billy Martin
Utility Infielder-Outfielder	Tony Kubek
Utility First Base-Outfielder	Tommy Henrich
Utility Outfielders	Gene Woodling Hank Bauer Charley Keller

We only hired three coaches—Turner, Bill Dickey and Frank Crosetti. We'd use an extra catcher, like Charley Silvera or Ralph Houk, as an assistant coach in the bullpen. Well, I must have been satisfied with the way the coaches instructed the players and handled their other duties, because look at how long they stayed. Crosetti is still there. Dickey lasted until 1958, when his doctors made him quit for his health. Then Houk, who had gone to Denver to manage in the meantime, came back to replace him.

Turner lasted until after that bad 1959 season. As I said, the pitching dropped off, and the biggest disappointment was Turley. Sometimes he'd have control trouble, and he wouldn't always throw as hard as he can. It got to where he looked like he was experimenting on all the hitters with slow stuff and junk.

So everybody commenced saying, "He's being taught wrong by that pitching coach." And they blamed the manager considerably too. Of course, we got

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Turley to go back to his fast ball and he kept on losing anyway, but that was overlooked. So Mr. Turner lost his job, but evidently not his reputation, as he was hired as the Cincinnati pitching coach this year after running the Nashville ball club in 1960.

Well, the question in 1960 was: Are the Yankees through? In early September that young Baltimore team that Paul Richards had been building was in first place. But in our last fifteen games of the season we beat Baltimore and everybody else we played, and we finished ahead by eight games.

The biggest difference over 1959 was made by four men. Roger Maris had the greatest first half of the season you ever saw. He ended up leading the league in runs batted in for the year, in spite of getting hurt during the second half, and in home runs Mantle just barely caught him. And Maris could throw and make sensational catches in right field.

Cletis Boyer did an amazing job at third-base fielding. He didn't miss grounders, had an accurate arm and would sometimes hit home runs. In the pitching department we had to add two men the last part of the season. One was Luis Arroyo, the kind of experienced older pitcher I like to have in a pennant race. The other was a young man, Bill Stafford.

Boyer and Stafford came out of our own farm system—if we'd had an instructional school that year, I'm sure I'd have brought Stafford up at the very start. Maris was a man that Mr. Weiss got for us by working out a deal with Kansas City. And Weiss got Arroyo for me from the International League.

Let's talk a minute about George Weiss, a man I've known in baseball since 1925. When I first came to the Yankees he was my boss. The owners gave him full authority. I'd say he held it until the last two or three years. Then I could see that factions were developing in the office. The owners felt that they knew the baseball business now, after being in it a number of years. One of them, Mr. Topping, now wanted to *be* the president of the club, and not just have the title. So Mr. Weiss was on the way out—along with myself.

The last month and a half of the 1960 season, I could tell it was coming. It wouldn't have made any difference if we'd been a little luckier and won the 1960 World Series against Pittsburgh, instead of losing to them in seven games.

Back in New York after the Series, Mr. Webb phoned me and said he wanted to see me, as he had to leave for a meeting on the West Coast. So I went down from my apartment in the Essex House to his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Topping was there too.

There wasn't any big conversation. There was no contract out on the table for me to sign, the way there had been all the other times. So I told them they didn't have to tell me what the score was. They would have liked to announce right afterward that I was through, but I insisted that it be done at a meeting of the writers and broadcasters, which was set up for Tuesday, October eighteenth.

Mr. Topping told the press that I was leaving the Yankees because of my age, which was seventy. A couple of weeks later the age program also caught up to Mr. Weiss, who is several years younger than I am. Now he's back in baseball running the new National League club that's being organized back in New York for the 1962 season.

Another thing Mr. Topping announced was that they were giving me a check for $160,000. He made it sound like it was some special gift from the owners. Actually, this was money that had been set aside for me over the twelve years as my share in the Yankees' profit-sharing pension plan. All full-time Yankee employees are in on this except for the ballplayers, who naturally have their own pension plan.

It was the success of our teams on the field that made this plan possible, not to mention the big profits that were earned by the owners themselves. The exact amount my share came to in the time I worked there was $158,747.25.

The ownership was always fair with me on salary. I started off at $35,000 a year and worked up in six years to $75,000. On top of that was the money that was credited to me in the profit-sharing pension plan, and there also was usually a World Series share. And I often got a bonus for a winning season. So the last half a dozen years it generally all added up to around $100,000.

I have no grievance about being let out. The ownership should plan ahead, and it can run a club anyway it wants to. The only thing I'd say is that those owners got to be too much like fans—one of them especially. They'd second-guess me to people, and I'd eventually hear about it. You shouldn't gossip like that about a man that's worked for you so many years and had winning teams that made a lot of money for you.

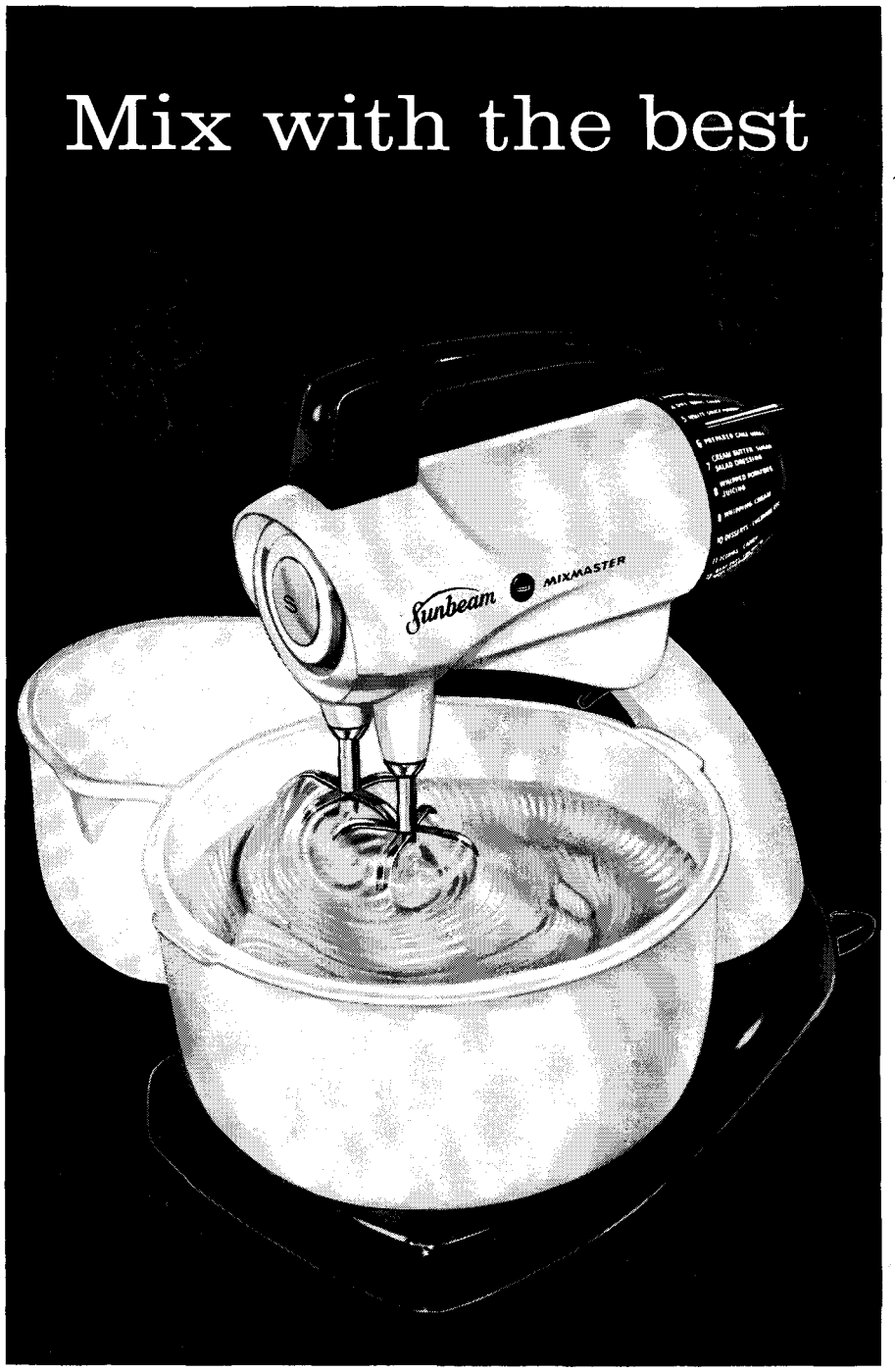
I left them a ball club that was on top, and I don't see any reason why the Yankees shouldn't go on and win more pennants. I wish them every success. I wish success to the new manager, Ralph Houk. He's a man that has had to work hard to stay in baseball, because his skill was limited as a ballplayer. He had to find something else, and he's been very serious about it. When the owners were talking about firing coaches in 1959, he was the one man they'd have kept. When I was out sick for a week or so early in the 1960 season, Houk ran the ball club, and it was my recommendation that he should run it.

Now I'd like to talk about some of the Yankee ballplayers. With this article you'll find boxes that list the outstanding players I saw during my fifty years in baseball. I've gone in for men that could hit the ball. That's the first thing I've looked for. I've picked an all-time National League squad and an all-time American League squad, and also an all-star squad of the Yankees who played under me. Now I want to go a step further and get down to the top nine Yankees I had in my twelve years there.

I would have to say that DiMaggio, by all means, was the leading light. He could do everything in the outfield, do everything at the plate, execute any play you ever wanted.

I have Berra picked as No. 2. He can catch, and he's also played left field and right field. He's a man that looks funny in a uniform, and maybe looks awkward and so forth. But he's actually quick, he's a terrific hitter and he's very hard for the other pitchers to fool.

Mantle is third, but he's a man that could still wind up being outstanding in more things than anybody else. Mantle has more ability than any other player I ever had on the club. Look what he's already done, despite being crippled up a lot of the time. Look what he may do in the future. He's still a young man. He's just turning thirty this fall.



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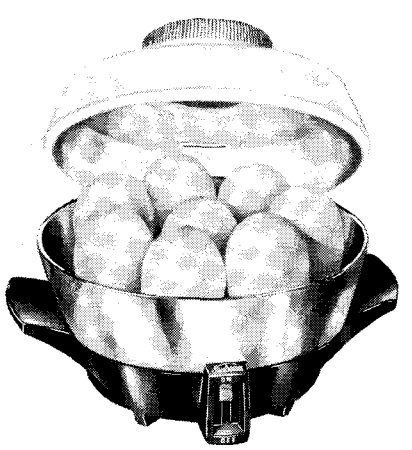
Sunbeam's Automatic Electric Egg Cooker cooks your breakfast eggs exactly the way you want them every time, from hard boiled to very soft, or anywhere in between—and it's all done automatically! The snap action signal switch turns off the heat and tells you when they're done. A special puncturing needle in the lid prevents eggs from cracking. New, larger capacity cooks one to eight eggs. $17.95 (recommended retail price).



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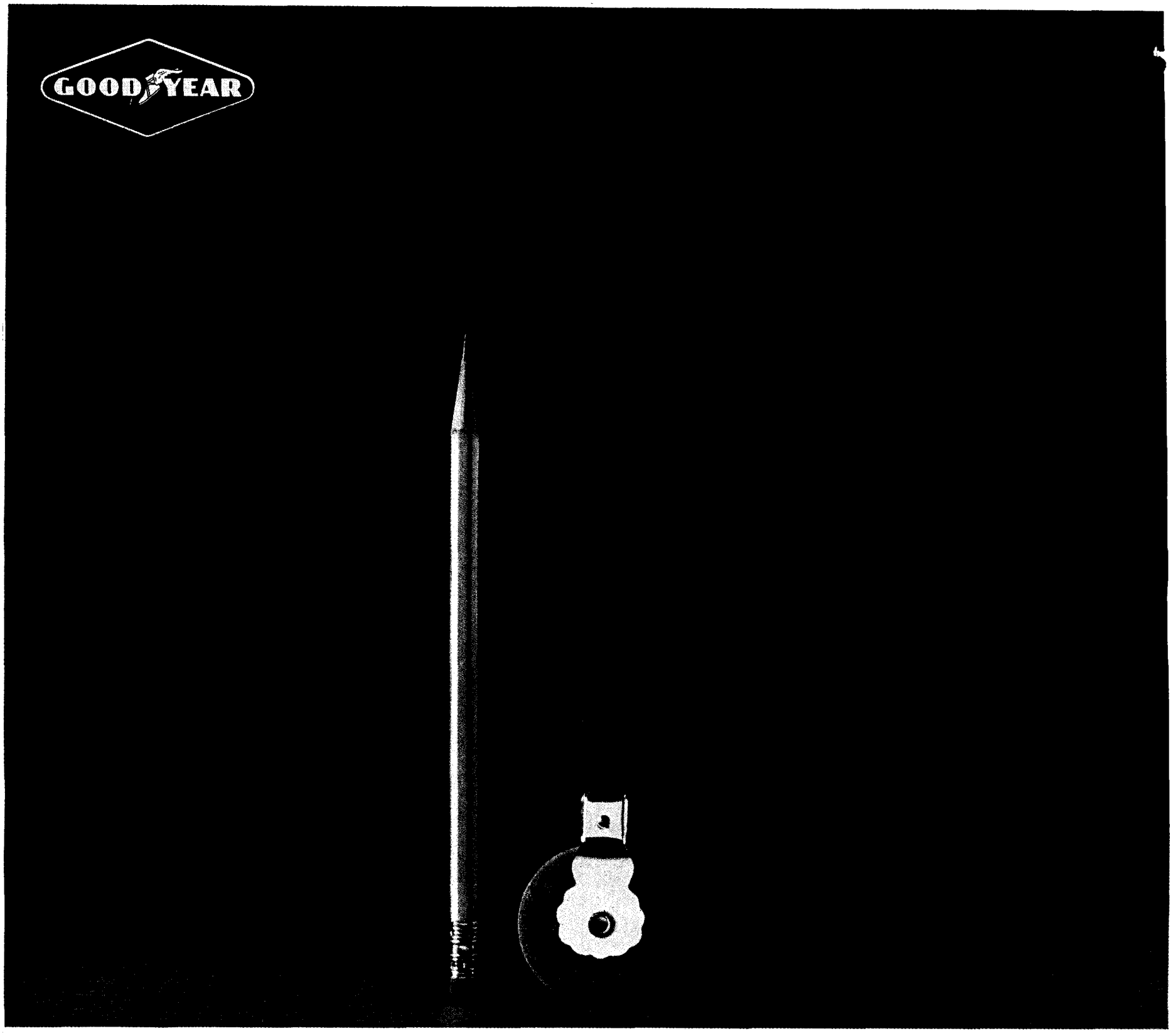
GOODYEAR



This simple principle has led to . . .

Which eraser would you use to flip through a sheaf of papers—soft-rubber, or hard?

You'd find the soft-rubber pencil eraser has more "grab." And more "grab" is the whole principle behind Goodyear's new Butyl Super-Cushion tire.

It's why butyl rubber—a new, "softer" rubber compound—gives you the greatest grip yet developed for tires. You stop faster, take turns more sure-footedly.

Goodyear puts more of this remarkable new rubber to work for you by giving you a *denser* tread design. You ride with greater confidence, because there's more rubber where it counts—*on the road.*

Smoother, too. This "softer" compound "gives" more easily against

NEW BUTYL SUPER-CUSHION

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a softer, safer, more sure-footed tire

bumps. It actually absorbs more of the shock before it reaches you. So you ride softer.

You also ride quieter. You can take corners and sharp turns without a squeal. Or high-tail it down a highway without a hum.

And, of course, it's Turnpike-Proved, just like all Goodyear tires. Ask about the new Butyl Super-Cushion at your Goodyear dealer's!

Guaranteed for 2½ years against road hazards. The new Goodyear Butyl Super-Cushion is guaranteed for 2½ years—in writing—against normal road hazards such as blowouts, fabric breaks, and cuts, except repairable punctures. Limited to original owner. This is in addition to Lifetime Guarantee against any defects in workmanship and material. Any Goodyear dealer (over 60,000 in all 50 states) will repair your tire without charge, or make allowance toward purchase of new tire based on original tread depth remaining and current "Goodyear Price."

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

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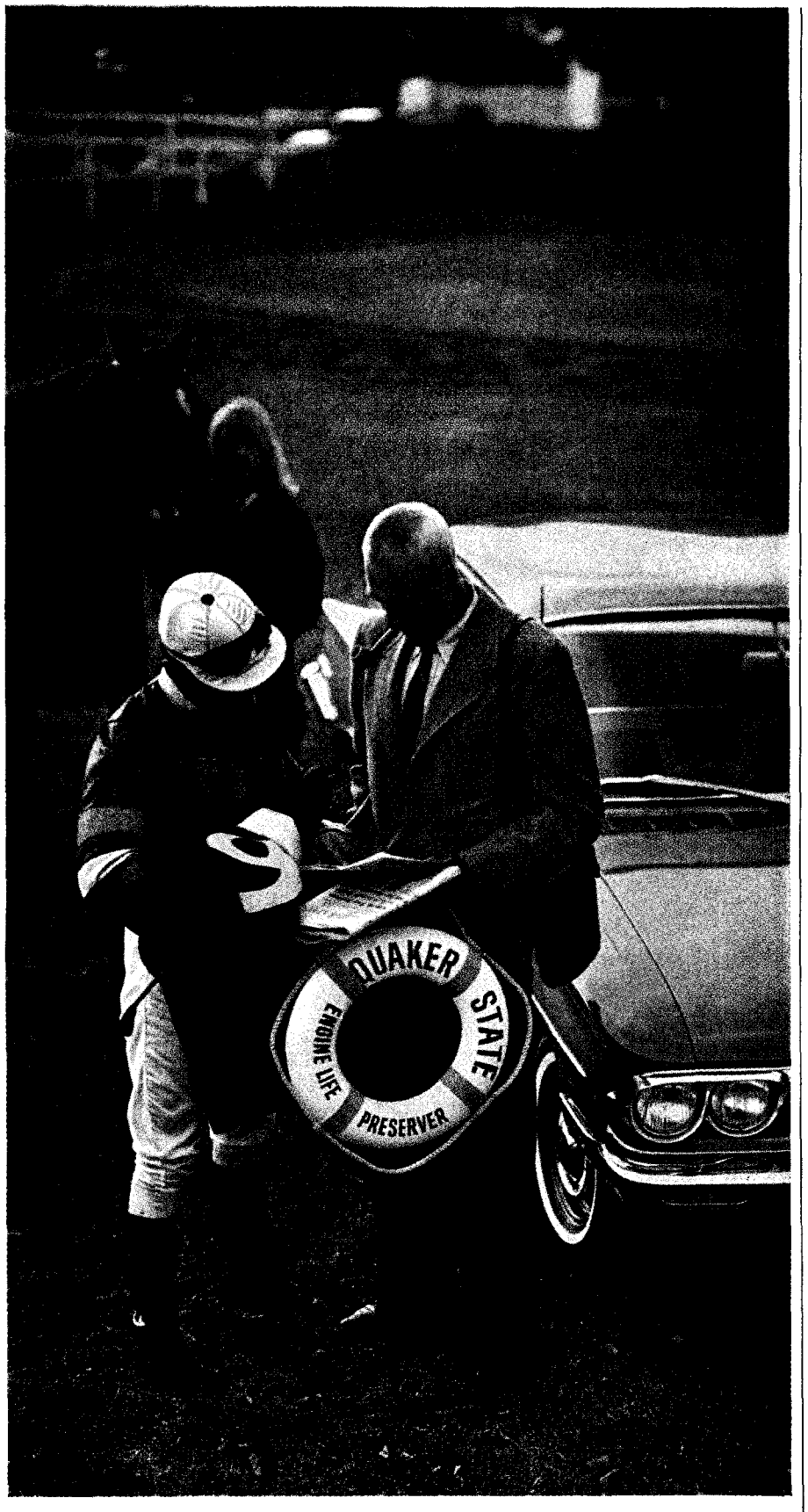

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You really pick a winner when you choose Quaker State Super Blend Motor Oil! This all-weather 10W-30HD pure Pennsylvania oil assures easy starting and complete protection in all kinds of weather. It keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop—saves you money! Insist on Quaker State—the best engine life preserver. Available most everywhere.

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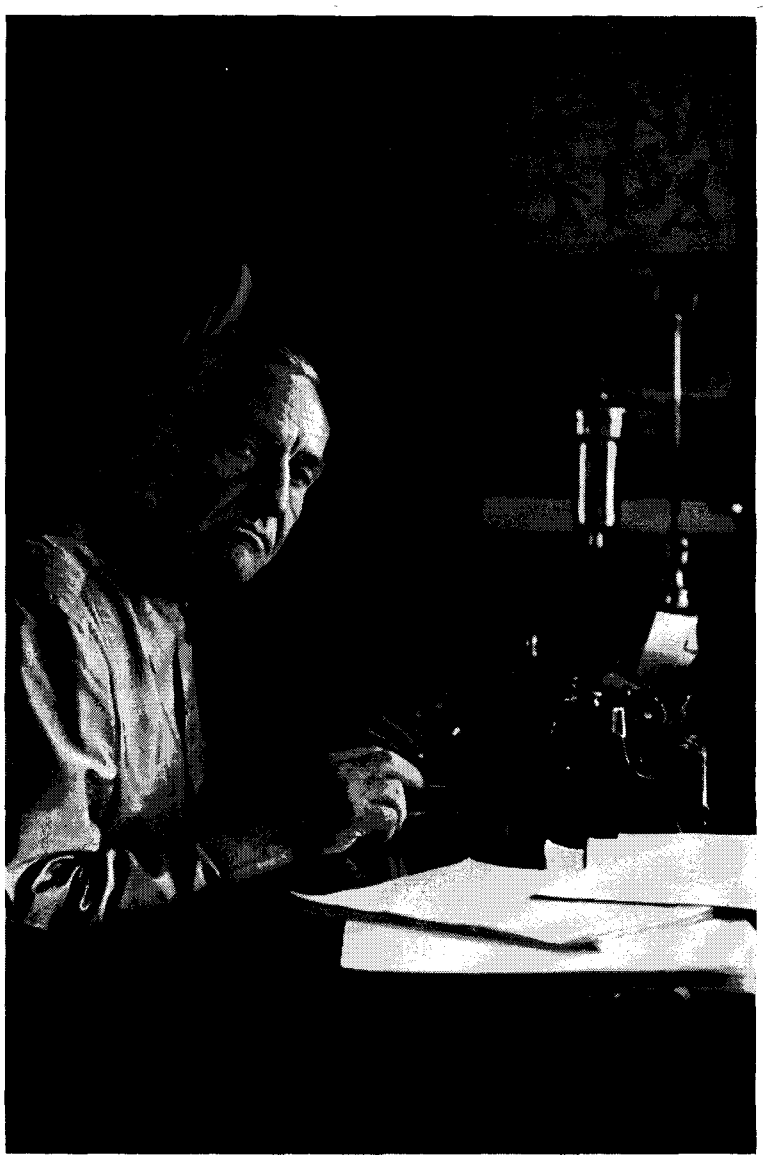

"I've had trouble with writers," says Casey. "But four fifths of them will try to write what's good about a manager if they can."

STENGEL

My fourth man is Allie Reynolds. He was a great starting pitcher and a great relief pitcher. He could throw lightning. I never worried about him against the big slugger hitters—the only ones that gave him much trouble were the pesky little hitters like Nelson Fox.

The next man is Vic Raschi. He was the surest pitcher I ever had to start and win. He wasn't graceful—he put so much on the ball—but even on days when his stuff was ordinary he just would not give in to the hitters. And the team always seemed to play its best when he was pitching. Those two men, Reynolds and Raschi, could befuddle the hitters more than anybody I ever had pitch for me.

Then I come to Whitey Ford. Ford is a young man who has pitched when the Yankees possibly had inferior line-ups, yet has had a terrific earned-run average. He has been able to go in there and stop any class of ball club. He's a left-hander with several different pitches. He can hold the runners on base or pick them off, and he has a lot of nerve.

The seventh man is another pitcher, Ed Lopat. He was a left-handed pitcher who could fool the right-handed hitters. He had five or six different changes of pace and a good screwball.

For No. 8, I'd have to take Phil Rizzuto out of all the infielders I had. He could run, he could bunt, he could go to his right or go to his left for a ground ball, and he was tremendous at going back over his head for fly balls. The left fielders sometimes have trouble at Yankee Stadium, with the sun and shadows coming down there. Rizzuto made it much easier for them, the way he could race out from shortstop and haul down the short fly balls. They could play deep and he would protect them on the short ones.

For my ninth man, I'll take Gil McDougald, because he could do such a good job all around the infield—short, second or third. Then there were some great players I had past their primes, like Charley Keller and Tommy Henrich and Johnny Mize. And Roger Maris started in very strong for me in 1960, but I only had him the one year. The next manager will see more of him—Maris has been greater than ever this year.

Along with all those amazing ballplayers we had, I'll have to admit that some very good ones got away from us. Of course, they went in trades, which means that we got something in return. And most of our trades worked out fairly well. But we did let go of some men who proved that they were good enough to play for any team in baseball, like Lew Burdette, Jackie Jensen, Vic Power, Billy Virdon, Gene Woodling, Gus Triandos and Woody Held.

The one that came back to haunt us the most was probably Burdette. He used to be our property in the minor leagues, but we had to throw him in on a deal in August, 1951, to get an experienced pitcher, Johnny Sain, from the Braves. We were out to win pennants, and when you're in a pennant race, you don't wait till next year. You see what you can trade for right then. And Sain did help us win that pennant.

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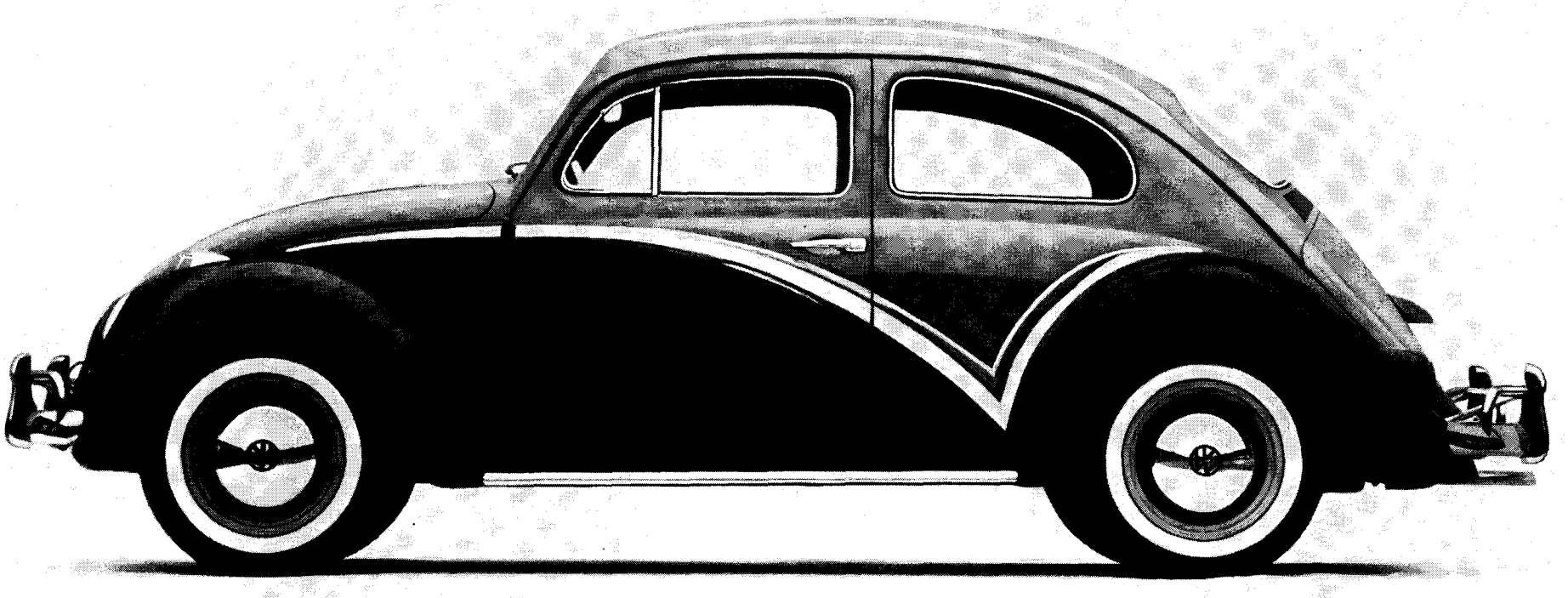

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Never.

We'd no sooner make an over-chromed, two-toned Volkswagen than we'd change the classic beetle shape.

It's not that the chromed version looks so bad; it just doesn't make the car work any better.

That's the rule of thumb we go by: we change the VW only to improve it, not to make last year's model look obsolete.

In 1961, for example, we were able to get more horsepower from our air-cooled engine without making it any bigger or less economical.

(One thing did get bigger this year: the tail lights.)

Everything on the VW happens for a reason; nothing is for show.

We don't even have a chrome piece that spells out our name.

We do have a little round emblem with our initials on it, though.

After all, we can't let 600,000 Americans go riding around in unidentified cars.

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STENGEL

But six years later, in the '57 World Series, Burdette came along and murdered us. He beat us three games to make the difference for Milwaukee. Of course, we were kicking and crying that he was throwing spitters. But I actually didn't kick too much myself. If a man can pull anything like that in a World Series, with six umpires around, then he's really doing a job. I don't say that he did throw the spitter. I don't say that he didn't.

Now I'm gone from the Yankees myself. When I left last year a lot of people said I wouldn't know what to do with myself outside of baseball. I don't have any real hobbies. So I seemed to put most all my time in on baseball. I'd stay up nights thinking or talking about it, and then I'd always get out to the ball park early the next day.

There were several reasons why I went out early. One was that I could lay out my plans for the day. Another was that I could go to the trainer's room and get up to date on the physical condition of the men. And also, by seeing which players came to the park before they had to, I could tell the ones that were most interested in baseball.

But after the game I liked to see players get dressed and get out as quick as they could, before they commenced to second-guess each other and themselves. Of course, some of the big stars that were bothered by the autograph hunters would rather sit around for an hour than go out and fight the crowd. And if a man doesn't like to stop and sign his name, he's better off if he doesn't go out, because it will only cause embarrassment for everybody.

Before baseball got as well regulated as it is today, you'd sometimes have fights in the clubhouse between your own players. Well, if you're in a pennant race you don't want those fights, because I've seen men get crippled up and handicap their play. So after a game with the Yankees—especially a losing game—I'd always walk around the clubhouse to make sure that none of my players were about to get mad at each other. If they were, I'd just stop a moment and give them a sharp look. That would be enough.

That's why I liked to keep the writers out for a few minutes if I could—to give the players a chance to settle down. Some of the sports columnists today, and some of the people that write for magazines, aren't interested in what happens during the game. They'd rather get a scandal about how one player is mad at another, and is it going to hold back the team?

I've had trouble with sports writers, photographers and broadcasters myself once in a while. They've done some things I didn't like. The writers have been enthusiastic. They wrote what they thought was right. Maybe it was right.

Anyway, for the most part I've had splendid treatment from the baseball writers. Four fifths of them will write what is good about a manager or a ballplayer if they can. I gave the writers a lot of time while I was in baseball, and the time wasn't wasted.

I started out a little while back to go into the question of what would I do when I left baseball. Well, Mrs. Stengel and I have always had a wonderful home life out here in Glendale, California. We've been very active with Edna's family, and not having children ourselves, we've taken a special interest in seeing her nieces and nephews grow up. There'd be family get-togethers over the weekends—at our place we could put the kids to play in the tennis court, which is completely enclosed by a metal fence. Now a new generation of kids is coming along, and the family is still very close.

In 1957 my brother-in-law, Jack Lawson, organized the Valley National Bank in Glendale. I became a stockholder and a director, with the idea that I might spend more time with the bank later on. This year we built a new branch bank in Toluca Lake. I'm a vice president. I have a nice office there in which I spend considerable time, although I'm still not a full-time banker. I tell people my job is to stand in front of the vault.

Then I've gone in with several other people on a new golf driving range on National Broadcasting Company property in Burbank. And I've also been putting time in on this story. So the way things have gone, Edna and I haven't been able to take any long trips yet, which we thought we might do when I retired.

Two or three days after I left the Yankees my phone started ringing with different propositions, and it hasn't stopped yet. I turned down offers to go on the stage and in the movies. I also turned down an opportunity to be on television during the baseball season, but I did make guest appearances on a couple of TV programs.

And I had many opportunities to go back in baseball. I don't mean to embarrass any of the capable men that later took the jobs. But I had some amazing offers.

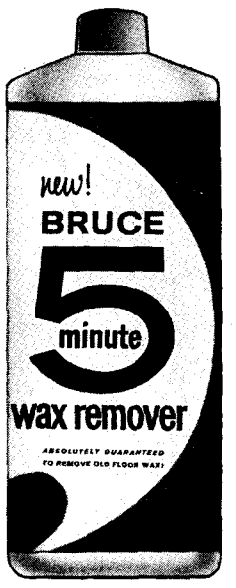
STENGEL'S ALL-TIME ALL-STAR SQUADS
(1912–1960)

National League	*American League*
First Base	
Bill Terry	Lou Gehrig
Johnny Mize	George Sisler
Second Base	
Rogers Hornsby	Eddie Collins
Jackie Robinson	Charley Gehringer
	Napoleon Lajoie
Shortstop	
Hans Wagner	Joe Cronin
Ernie Banks	Luke Appling
Glenn Wright	Phil Rizzuto
Third Base	
Frank Frisch	Buck Weaver
Pie Traynor	
Left Field	
Stan Musial	Ted Williams
Zach Wheat	
Center Field	
Willie Mays	Ty Cobb
Edd Roush	Joe DiMaggio
Duke Snider	Tris Speaker
Right Field	
Paul Waner	Babe Ruth
	Joe Jackson
Catcher	
Gabby Hartnett	Mickey Cochrane
Roy Campanella	Bill Dickey
Ernie Lombardi	Yogi Berra
Pitcher	
Grover Alexander	Walter Johnson
Christy Mathewson	Bob Feller
Carl Hubbell	Lefty Grove
Dizzy Dean	Ed Walsh
Warren Spahn	Allie Reynolds
Ed Reulbach	Vic Raschi
Dazzy Vance	Chief Bender

"Who says my kitchen floor isn't clean?"

Temper, Temper! Of course you put in a lot of time cleaning your kitchen floor. But no matter how hard you work, your floor can't be really clean unless you remove the old, soiled wax. And no amount of floor washing can do it! As you keep putting new wax over the old, your floor gradually darkens and discolors.

Skeptical? Just take a close look at any kitchen floor area you don't walk on very much. Chances are it has taken on a yellowish tinge. Now use our new Bruce 5-Minute Wax Remover and see the difference. If you aren't simply amazed with the results, we'll give you every penny back. Works wonders on linoleum, tile or any other non-wood floor. Try it, and next time you'll give us a big smile.



Made by E. L. Bruce Co., Memphis, Tennessee, makers of famous Bruce Cleaning Wax and Bruce Floor Cleaner for wood floors.

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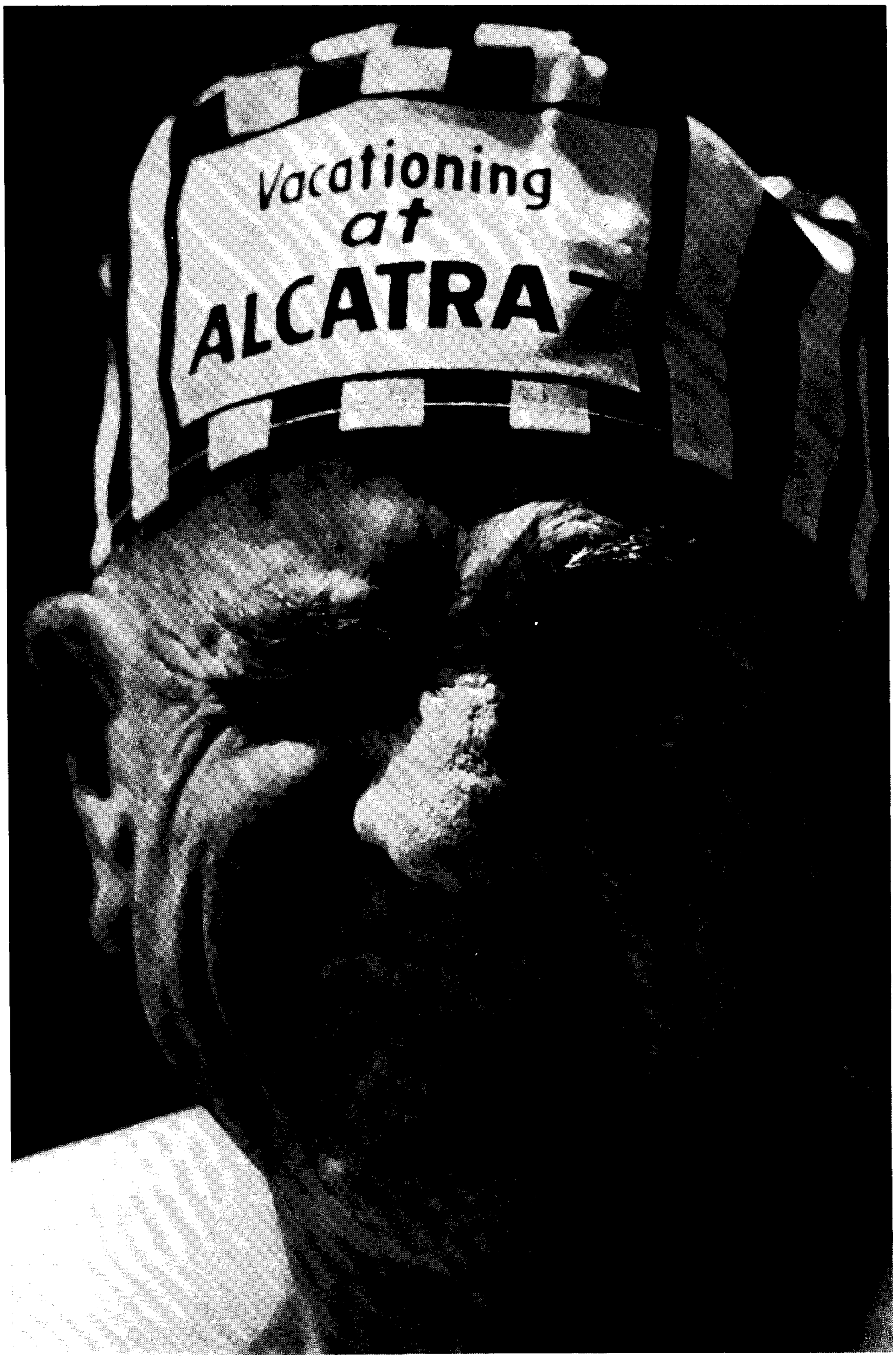

Shy as a youth, Casey says he later became "a big smart-aleck." Here he attempts to prove his point in a hat salvaged from a party.

Some of them involved more than just managing. I was to get a piece of the ball club, and maybe a piece of an outside business, and possibly end up making more money than I ever did before.

Actually, the baseball propositions started even before I left the Yankees last summer. A group that hoped to acquire the ownership of the Kansas City club—but didn't succeed in getting it—asked if I'd be interested in going in with them. Then I was approached about the new league Branch Rickey was trying to start, which included a club in New York City. And with the friction that was developing on the Yankees I might have been interested if they'd been ready to start playing in 1961. As it turned out, the new league fell through.

After the Yankees announced that they were letting me go, there were numerous other propositions. Mr. Veeck of the White Sox—who had to sell out his holdings in June because of his health—was interested in hiring me in some capacity. Mr. Fetzer of Detroit and some of his associates talked to me about coming there. Mr. Charles Finley said he was out to buy a ball club and would like to have me with him—I thought it would be the Los Angeles Angels, but he got Kansas City instead. Then I heard from the people who did get the Angels—Mr. Autry and Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Firestone. And I also was sounded out about the new American League franchise in Washington.

I was tempted several times. But all these people wanted to get somebody as soon as possible, and I wasn't ready to commit myself to a new baseball job just then. I finally decided I'd sit out a year and then see how I felt about it. But I'm very grateful to every ball club and official that gave me a chance to get right back in the business.

There are so many people I'm thankful to in baseball—the owners I've worked for, the business managers, the league presidents and the other high officials of the game. I had arguments with some of them at times, but it never lasted over a year or so.

I've enjoyed the friends I've made among the fans—the ones that are bankers, and the ones that are cab drivers. The public was very good to me. And I appreciate the fact that I was able to work for the Yankees—I know that's what gave me my biggest reputation.

Now the situation is—what's wrong with me staying out if I feel like it? Or what's wrong with me coming back? When this story went to press in September I was still undecided. But I don't have to have a baseball job because I'm going to go frantic or nutty without it.

Anyhow, it's a great game. I still feel the same way I did in 1958 when I was asked to go down to Washington to testify before Senator Kefauver's committee, which was investigating professional sports. When I got up before that committee, I evidently went into more aspects of the baseball business than they'd expected, because there was considerable comment about it afterward.

But what I said just came down to this. They wanted to know what I thought of baseball. I told them that I was satisfied with it, or else I would long ago have become a dentist.

This is the final "inning" of Casey Stengel's story. A book-length version will be published by Random House next spring.
—The Editors

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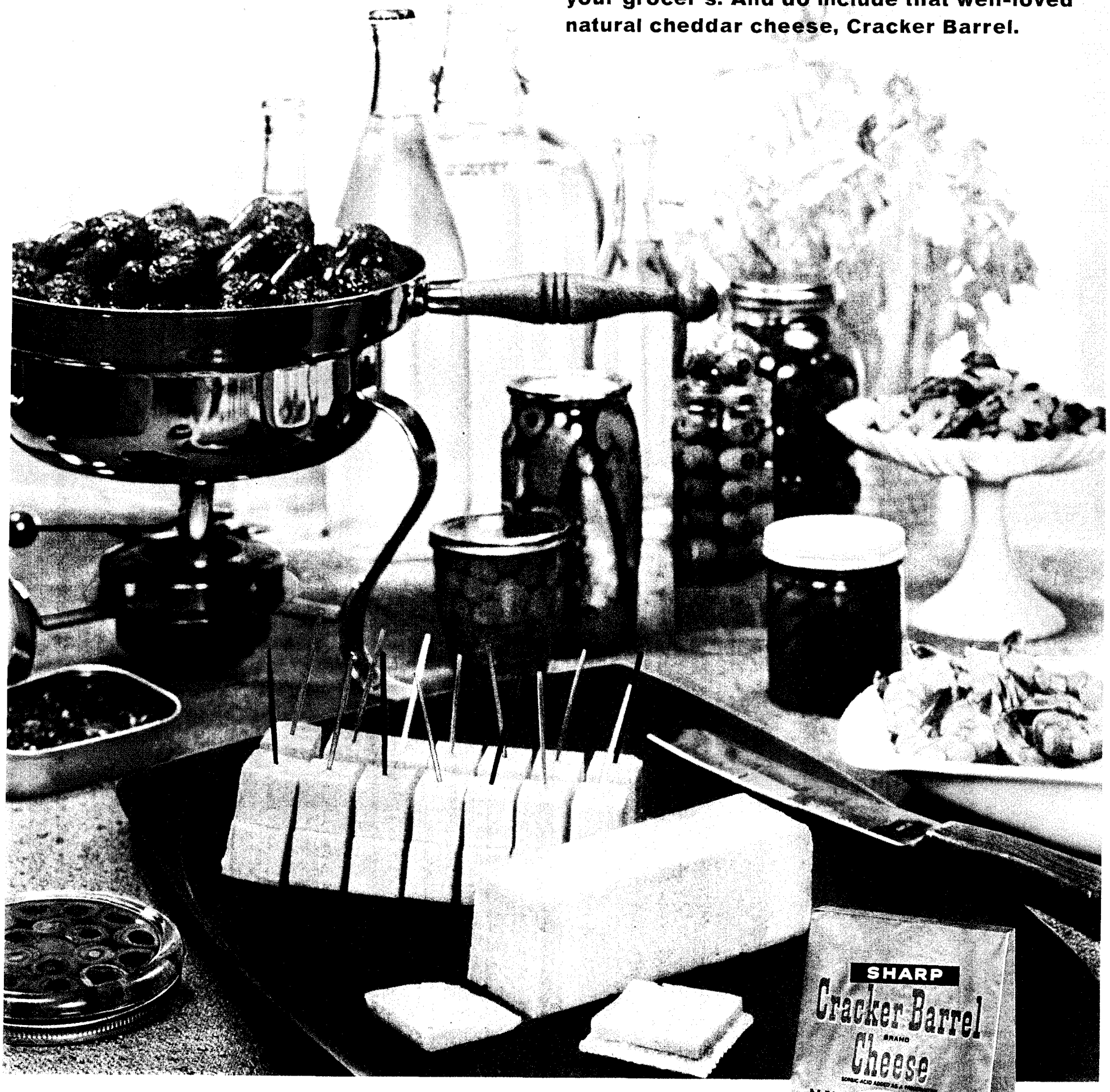
Beautiful beginning for a party...so easy with all the wonderful appetizer foods at your grocer's. And do include that well-loved natural cheddar cheese, Cracker Barrel.



Always great cheddar–no guessing!–when you get Cracker Barrel brand. Wrapped in aluminum foil, it comes to you as fresh as though it were cut before your very eyes. And every wedge and stick is marked for flavor: Sharp–Extra Sharp–or Mellow. It's more than good cheese: it's a real pleasure. It's Cracker Barrel brand by Kraft.

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You'll Find Your Choice

JET-SMOOTH
'62 Chevrolet

Lovers of Good Cars...What More Could You Want? This one's specialty is pleasing people who used to spend a lot more for a car. There's a ***new choice of V8 vigor.*** There's rich ***new styling*** that has a knack of keeping its looks (for instance, new steel front fender underskirts to fend off rust). Even a sassy ***new sport coupe*** that couldn't look more like a convertible unless it were one. For '62, you've got more than ever to like from America's ***best liked*** car.

You don't need to live on easy street to ride in the lap of luxury. Take Chevrolet's new Jet-smooth ride, for instance. You could pay a bushel more and still not equal its velvety feel. Take that new choice of six-cylinder savings and V8 scamper (all the way up to a new 409-hp powerhouse,* if you wish). Who needs more? Take a look at that clean-etched styling and the plushy way Chevrolet surrounds you with Body by Fisher craftsmanship and comfort and roominess. That takes a second seat to nobody. (Even a high-capacity heater and defroster come as standard equipment this year.) Now, take a tip and take a drive at your Chevrolet dealer's.

**Optional at extra cost*

The Impala Convertible—don't you wish there was one at home just like it?

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at Your Chevrolet Dealer's

The Chevy II 300 4-Door Sedan—sensibility at its Sunday best

Gay blade on a budget

THE NEW *Chevy II*

Here's a totally new line of cars that brings you all the solid virtues you know you can count on from ***all*** the Chevrolet family—plus some surprises you've never seen on any car before. Purse-pleasing surprises like a thrifty four- or spunky six-cylinder engine with a canary appetite for gas. Room for you and your lanky friends. Plus luggage space galore. And the best surprise of all—a pint-sized price tag.

See if this doesn't whet your new-car urge: A car that's easy to park, pack and pay for. A car especially designed to be easy to service, easy to maintain, and very, very easy on gas. A car that comes in nine new-size models, including station wagons and the soon-to-be-available hardtop . . . and convertible, no less. If this is music to your ears, you're a Chevy II candidate. Read on.

Sensibly sized and easy handling as this new Chevy II is, it's got some big ideas about comfort. Stretch out inside and you'll find wide open spaces that have many more pretentious cars wondering how we do it. (That's Body by Fisher finesse.) Take a peek in the trunk and you'll see a whopping 13.3 cu. ft. of usable luggage space. Take a cruise and you'll experience a downright down-soft ride because Chevy II's unique Mono-Plate rear springs do away with the friction and harshness of old-style leaf springs.

Chevy II's are built with a sturdy, stylish simplicity. Vital body areas are protected against corrosion. If a front fender gets seriously damaged, fixing can be simple because it bolts on. The frugal 4- or 6-cylinder engines are available in most models. They'll delight you because they're built to need servicing so seldom. More savings: The heater and defroster are standard equipment.

If you've read enough to give you even a mild yen to know more, see your Chevrolet dealer. *This could be exactly the car you've been waiting for.* . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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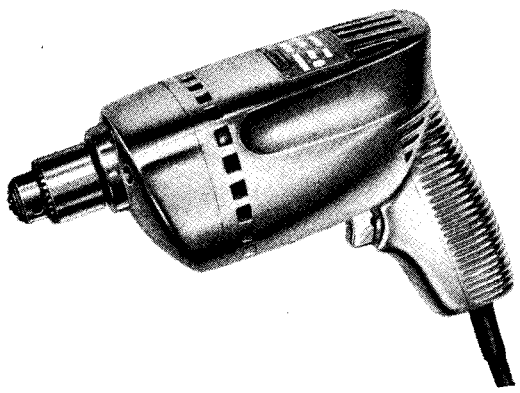

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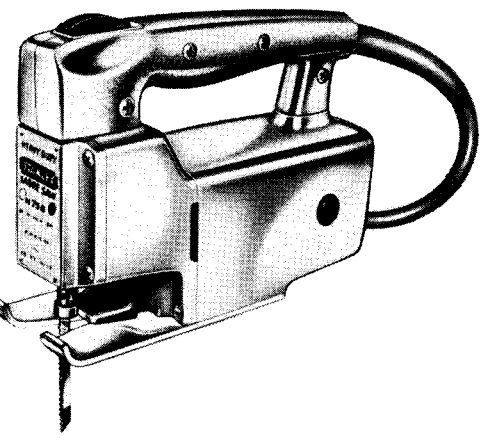

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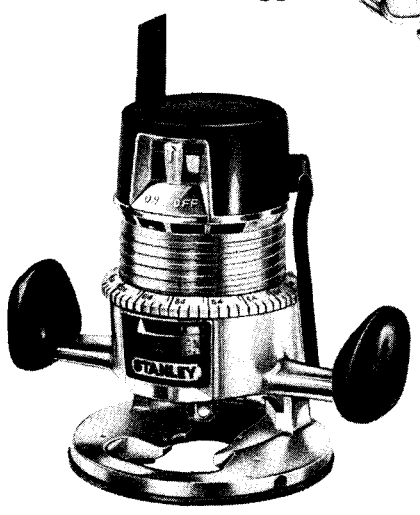

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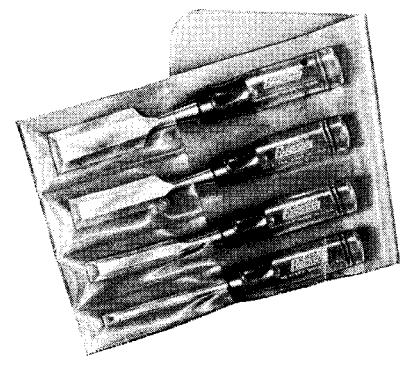
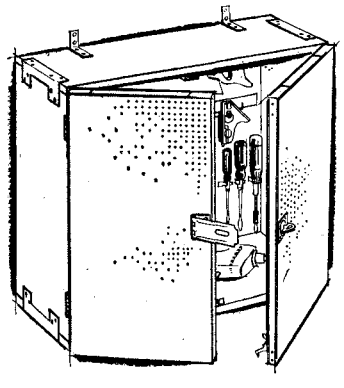


Prices slightly higher in Canada.



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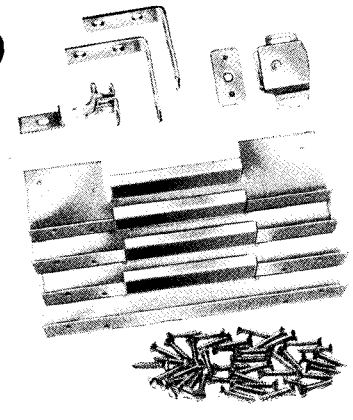

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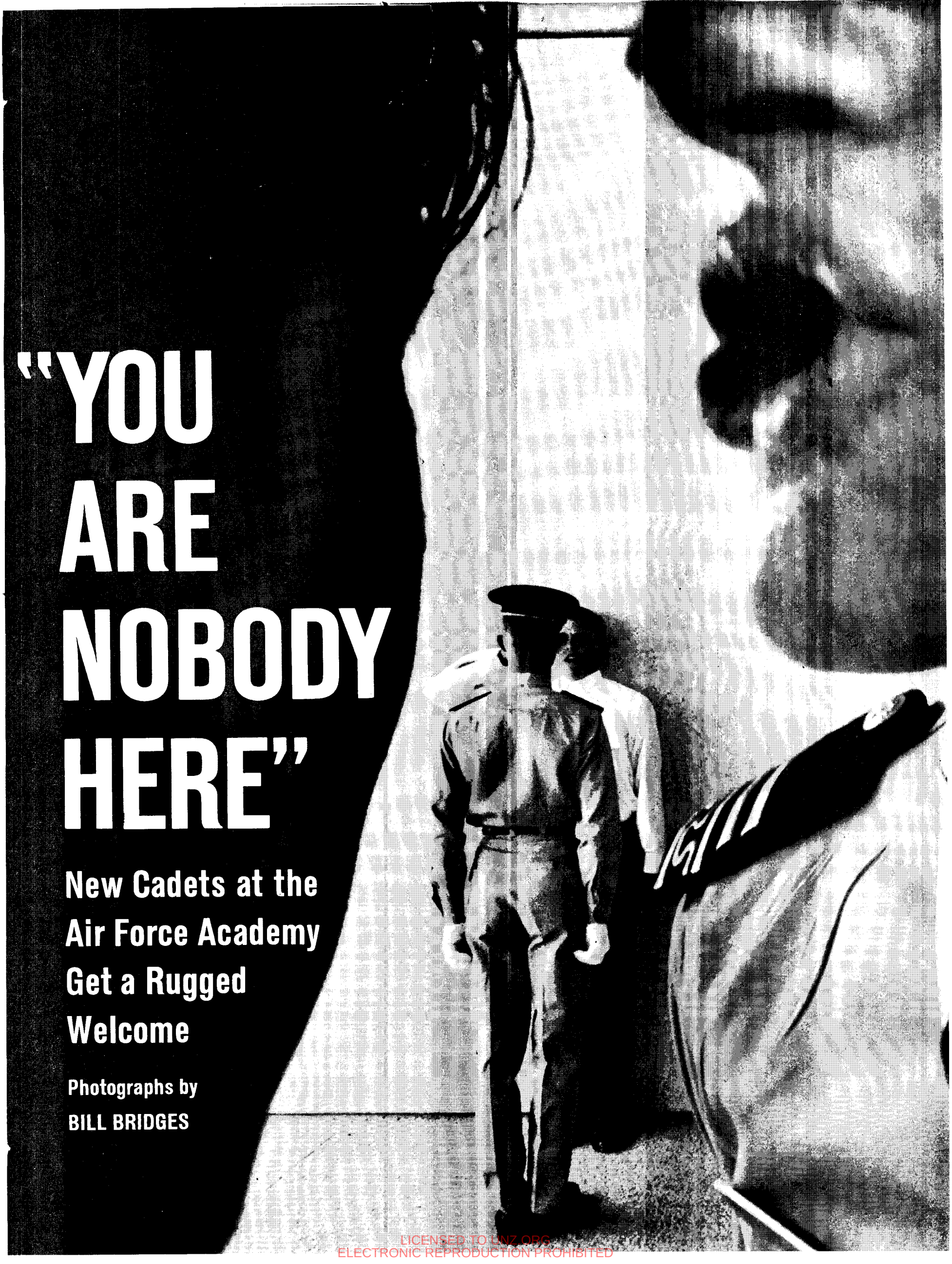
"YOU ARE NOBODY HERE"

New Cadets at the Air Force Academy Get a Rugged Welcome

Photographs by
BILL BRIDGES



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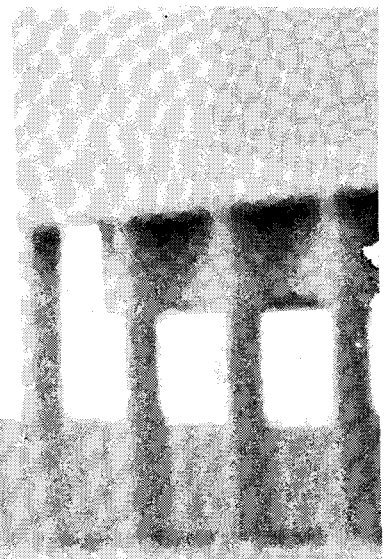
Guided by the sergeant, a new boy leaves his mother and faces his future.

He kisses mom good-by and then all hell breaks loose—a "doolie's" first day at the U. S. Air Force Academy

"You are nobody here," an upperclassman barks at the new arrivals. It's rude shock. They come to the academy's manly, modern campus in Colorado Springs feeling big. Most were high-school heroes; each beat out a dozen or more men for his appointment. But a moment after they take the oath of allegiance the buzz saw of military life starts cutting them down to size. "On the double!" yells an upperclassman. "That means *run!*" "Say 'sir' when you speak to me," snaps another. "Do twenty pushups to help you remember." And so it goes, down a gantlet of harsh upperclassmen each new boy must confront.

For the "doolie" (first-year man) this is a brutal baptism, a day which keeps him on the edge of exhaustion, even tears. This is his crash introduction to the relentless concept of total obedience. "Chin down, mister—chin *down!* Let us see some wrinkles in that chin. On the double to the wall and back, and then we will try for some wrinkles. Move!" During meals the doolie takes more rat-a-tat. "Eat slowly," says the table commandant. "Small bites. Don't look bored. This is the military; it is *not possible* that you can be bored."

There are briefings, drill and, at nine-o'clock shower formation, more pushups. "Sir," the doolie says to the upperclassman in charge, "Basic Cadet Smith, J.J., serial number 3822 K, reporting as ordered. I have had a shower. I have dried myself. I have had a bowel movement within the last twenty-four hours. . . ." At 10:30 the cast-down, bone-sore doolie collapses into bed. "Lord, I ask true humility," reads the *Cadet Prayer* each doolie eventually learns. By the end of his first day the prayer has been answered.



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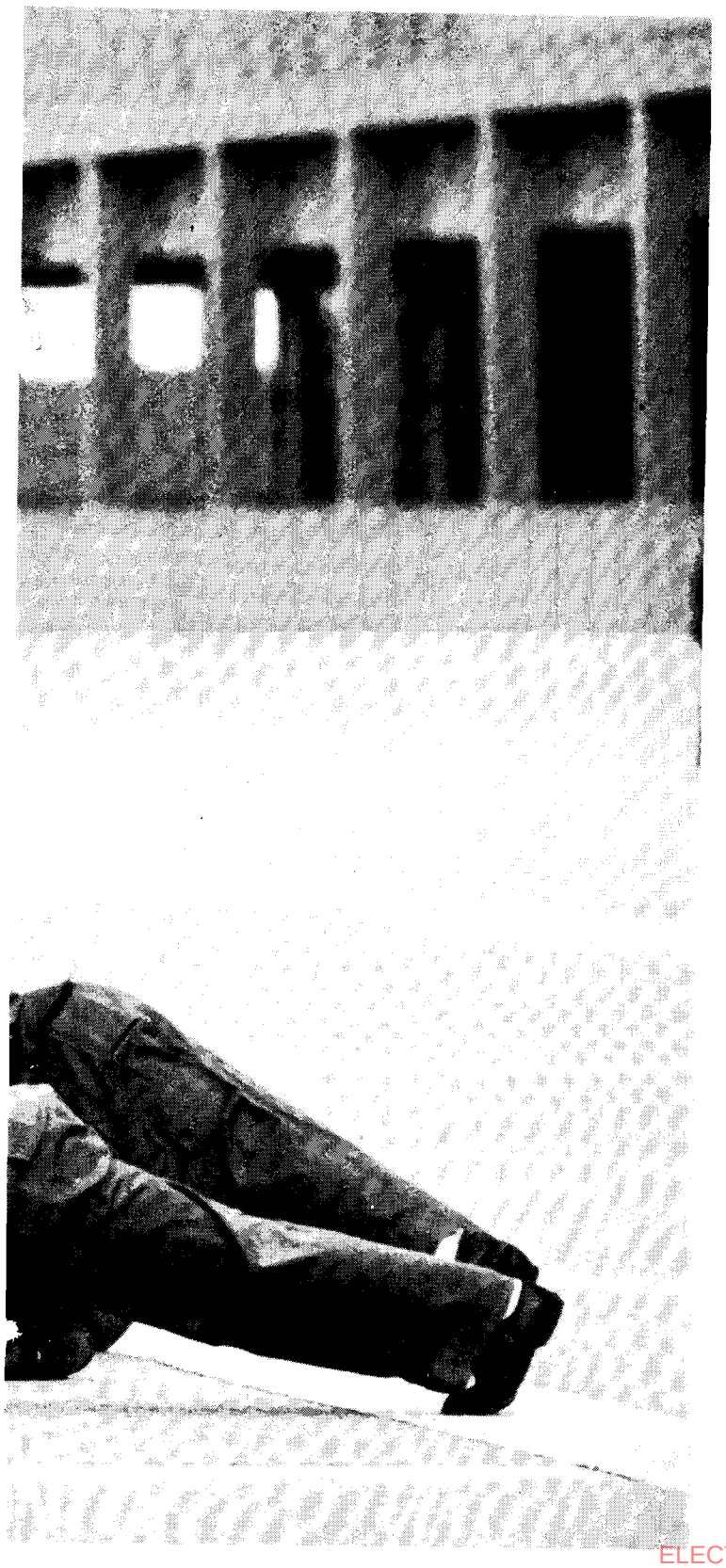
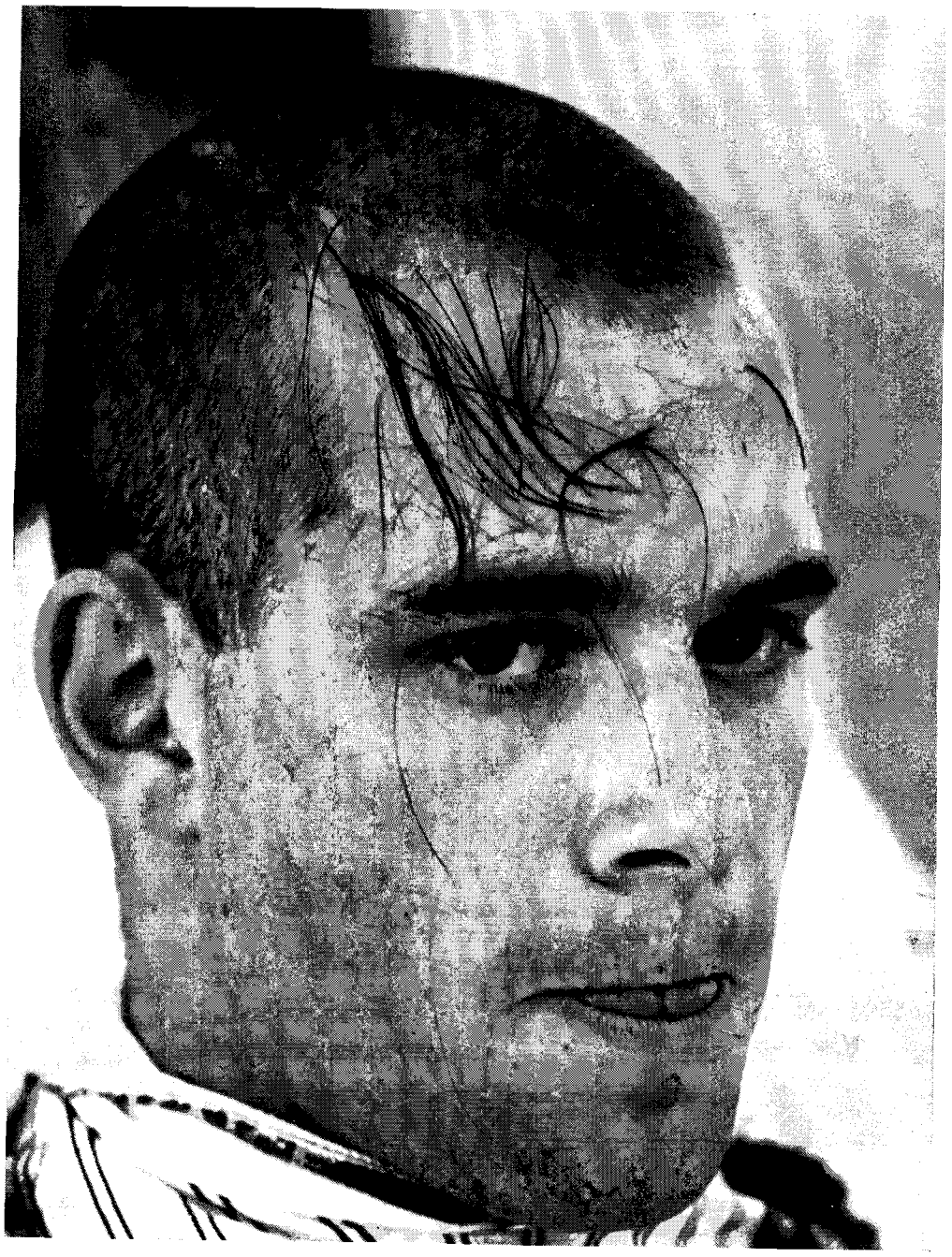
Doolies head for the supply house to get their uniforms—as usual, on the double. At right, the new academy chapel.





Hurt pride smolders in the eyes of the doolie above, just scalped by an Air Force barber. The new men at left, doing pushups under the eye of a cadet noncom, got out of step during drill and are paying for their military sins.

continued

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Air Force Academy

Some upperclassmen working over Gary Corbin, a sailor who won an appointment to the Air Force Academy, for showing up in his "fish suit." Cadets were affronted. "I see a whisker!" said one. "Don't they teach you to shave in the Navy?" Corbin's ordeal lasted an hour. ***continued***

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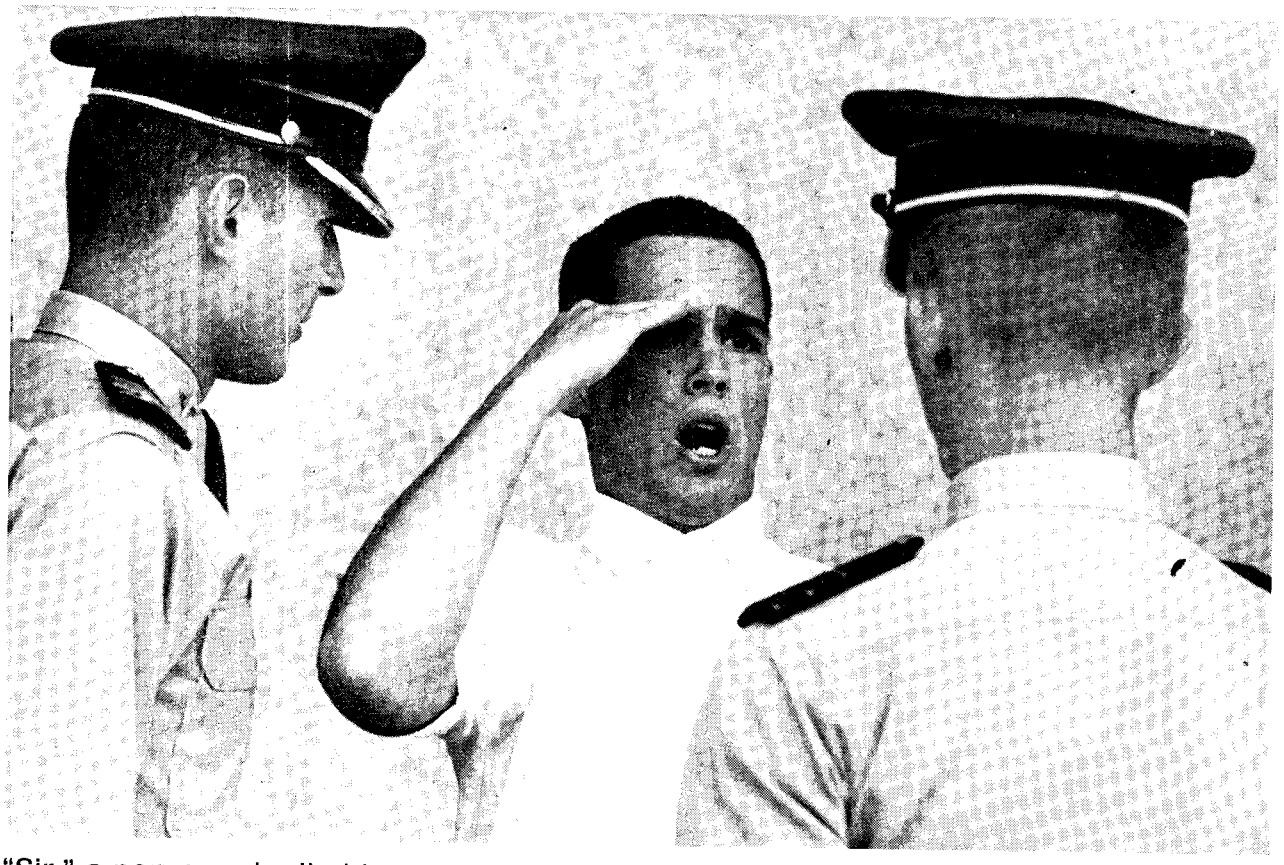
Air Force Academy



"Sir," a nervous doolie blurts out, "Basic Cadet Jones, serial number 3859 K, reporting in as ordered." Said one well-rattled doolie, "I am ordering in as you report it, sir!"

At their first academy meal doolies get a lesson in military manners. They must sit erect on the edge of their chairs, eyes down, stomach "a fist away" from the table.

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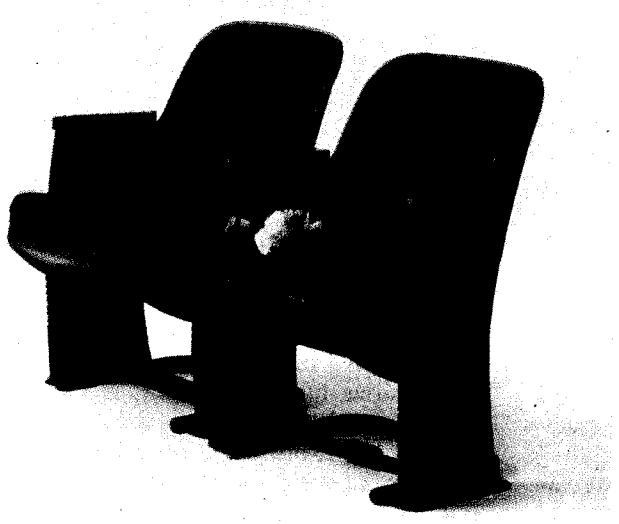

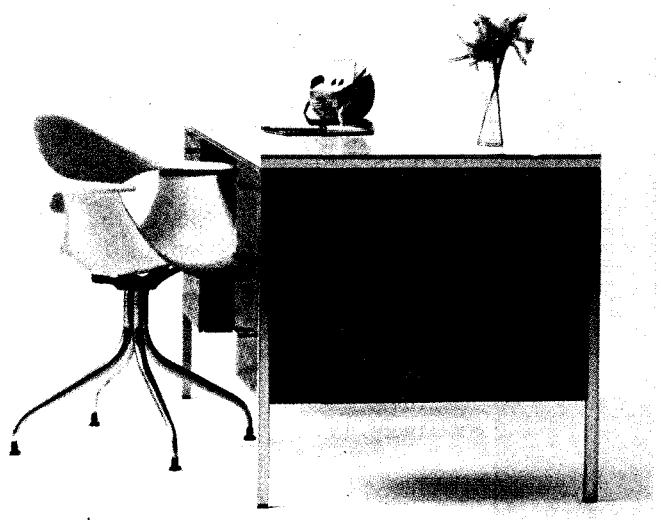

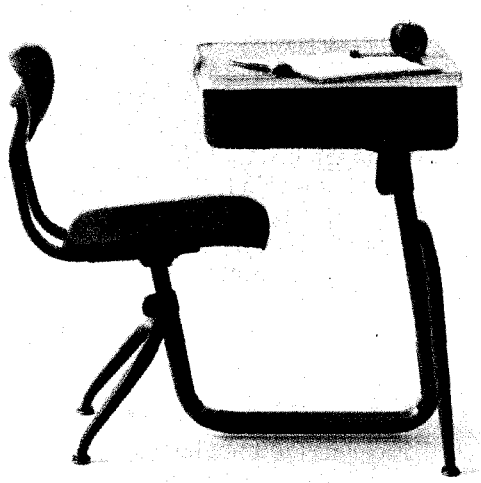

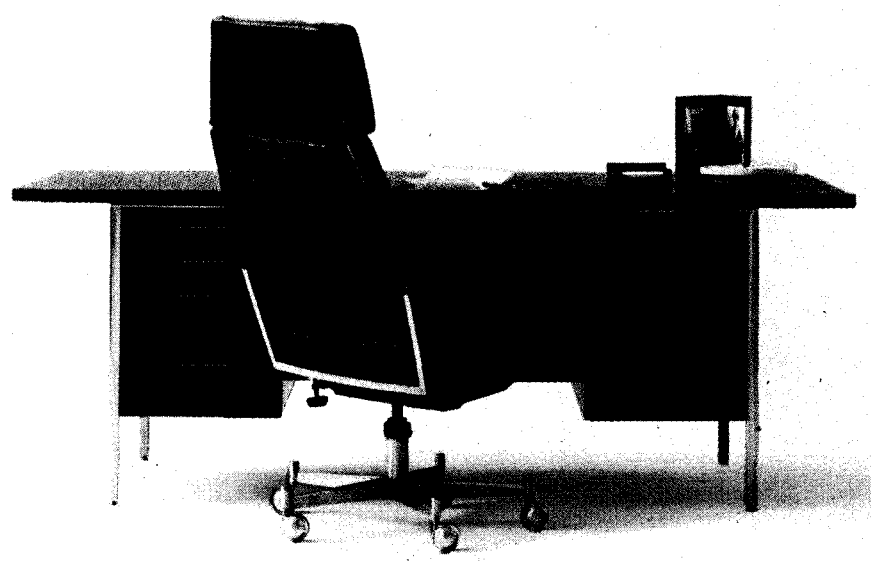

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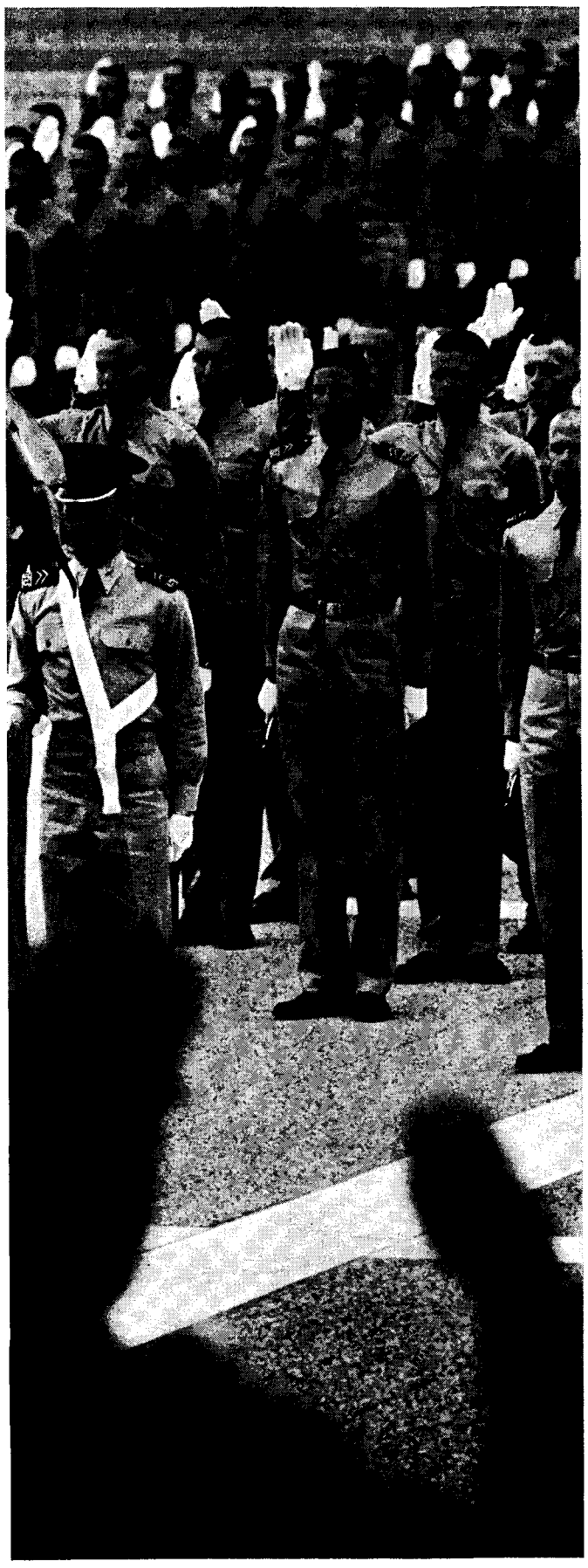
There is only one way a doolie can survive—he must want to badly.



In formation, the new men (hands raised) repeat the oath of allegiance they took during their first hour at the Air Academy. Leading them is the Commandant of Cadets (foreground).

Like novices in a monastery, Air Force Academy doolies either take to the discipline or remain miserable. The miserable drop out. Of the 803 fourth-classmen ("doolies") who reported for basic training in July, thirty-one have already left. By next June an estimated fifty-five others will leave. Academy officers flinch at each departure, do their best to dissuade the faltering. (No argument with bad health, scholastic failure, rule breaking or sudden matrimonial obligation.) But many who qualify can't wait to get away. "From the first day," one dropout said, "I realized I'd made a great mistake. I wish I'd been briefed about how tough it is here."

Why is it so tough? The answer lies in the academy's formula for leadership, a training philosophy any Prussian or Spartan soldier would have found familiar. Take an able boy, the theory goes, strip away the slothful habits and twisted attitudes of civilian life, and rebuild him the Air Force way. Snarl at him, scorn him, make him feel so unworthy that he burns for the chance to succeed by Air Force standards. Shoot commands at him incessantly until he is incapable of making an excuse, until "instant obedience," as one manual puts it, "is a fact."

New men at the older service academies, West Point and Annapolis, get a rough initiation too, but the ordeal of the Air Force Academy doolies is extraordinary. Outdoors they run; indoors they walk at attention. Superiors constantly inspect them, correct them and prescribe punishment. From the first day—an agony of calisthenics and sprinting, climaxed by a climb at top speed to the fifth floor of the dormitory with a fifty-pound duffel bag in each hand—they undergo a physical-education program which becomes steadily more arduous. Their academic burden is heavy too. Telephone and visitor privileges are tightly restricted. Upperclassmen, except those on the training detail, may not speak to them. From July to the following June they are treated as a breed apart—a lowly, contemptible breed.

Consolation for harassed doolies is the knowledge that the road grows progressively smoother. Through the upper-class years, rules are relaxed and privileges extended. By his second-class (junior) year, the former doolie may be breaking in doolies.

Superficially the fourth-class year resembles a fraternity "hell week" of hazing, spread over eleven long months. But to upperclassmen, training doolies is not a game—it is a holy mission to be performed with machinelike impersonality. Should a doolie apologize for "clanking up" (flubbing), the upperclassman tells him, "This is the military, mister. No one here feels *sorry*." If the naïve doolie thanks the upperclassman for setting him straight, the reply is, "Don't thank me—I am not your friend." "Don't sulk, mister," a pouting doolie is told. "Don't get personal, hear? This is no place to get personal." This is, in short, not torment for torment's sake, but the working of a system whose benefits the upperclassman has already begun to detect in himself—endurance, attention to detail, lightning response and unshakable self-mastery.

"The Eternal Man" is what the academy calls its product, the man who will stay in the Air Force for a thirty- or forty-year career. Training at the academy is designed to anticipate—and block—any circumstance which might someday drive a capable officer into civilian life. All too often, for example, unhappy wives have nagged men out of the Air Force into higher-paying civilian jobs. So the academy encourages upperclassmen to date girls from nearby Denver and Colorado Springs, girls who presumably have been exposed to the way of life and like it. To this end a Cadet Wing Hostess arranges blind dates on a vast scale.

"It's amazing to see the kind of home-town, farm-girl types who came to the academy balls that first Christmas," says one faculty member. "But as the years go by they come no more. The cadets switch over to slicker types from this area."

All second-classmen take a course called Psychology of Family Relations. Object: to help cadets avoid the marital mishaps which might later disrupt their military as well as personal lives. If all goes as planned, the cadet upon graduation takes his commission as a second lieutenant in one hand and a suitable wife in the other and settles into a stable career.

Academy training also teaches cadets a mild contempt for civilian employment. "We of the Air Force," says *Contrails*, the cadet handbook, "are not involved with the success or failure of a commercial-type business venture. We are dedicated to the security of our nation." The academy insists on an all-military faculty. "Students taught by civilians tend to gravitate toward civilian life, want to make money and so on," says Brig. Gen. Robert McDermott, dean of the faculty and, at forty-one, one of the youngest officers of his rank in the Armed Forces. "Our purpose is to train future military leaders with dedication and motivation."

At the academy, "motivation" is the magic word. Motivation—the jet-age successor to old-fashioned terms like "guts" and "stick-to-itiveness"—spells the difference between a doolie who drops out and one who lasts it out. The "motivated" career officer, the Air Force hopes, will bear up manfully during peacetime, when promotion is slow, bring zeal to tedious paperwork and training assignments, fight an enemy unstintingly and, if captured, withstand brainwashing. "The Eternal Man" must want military life and want it badly.

In exchange for his commitment to the Air Force the cadet gets an education which costs the taxpayers $13,000 a year. Half the curriculum is devoted to sciences; the other half, to humanities. "Military skill," says *Contrails*, "requires a background of general culture." Good students may sign up for the Enrichment Program—intensified study in certain fields. Dean McDermott's dream is that within two or three years the academy can offer master's degrees in astronautics and in public policy.

The doolie, however, doesn't bother much about enrichment or culture. He is too busy coping with the system. In many ways the system protects the doolie. Corporal punishment is out—upperclassmen must ask a doolie's permission to touch him, if only to adjust his salute. Dining-hall discipline must not interfere with the doolie's getting a full meal, nor may discipline ever get in the way of his studies.

Yet being a doolie takes stamina. "Fellows all around are flaking out under the strain," one doolie confessed. "During grace before each meal, I ask for strength to last just till the next meal. So far it has worked fine." THE END

"Chin down, Mister—chin down!" Still no let-up at day's end.

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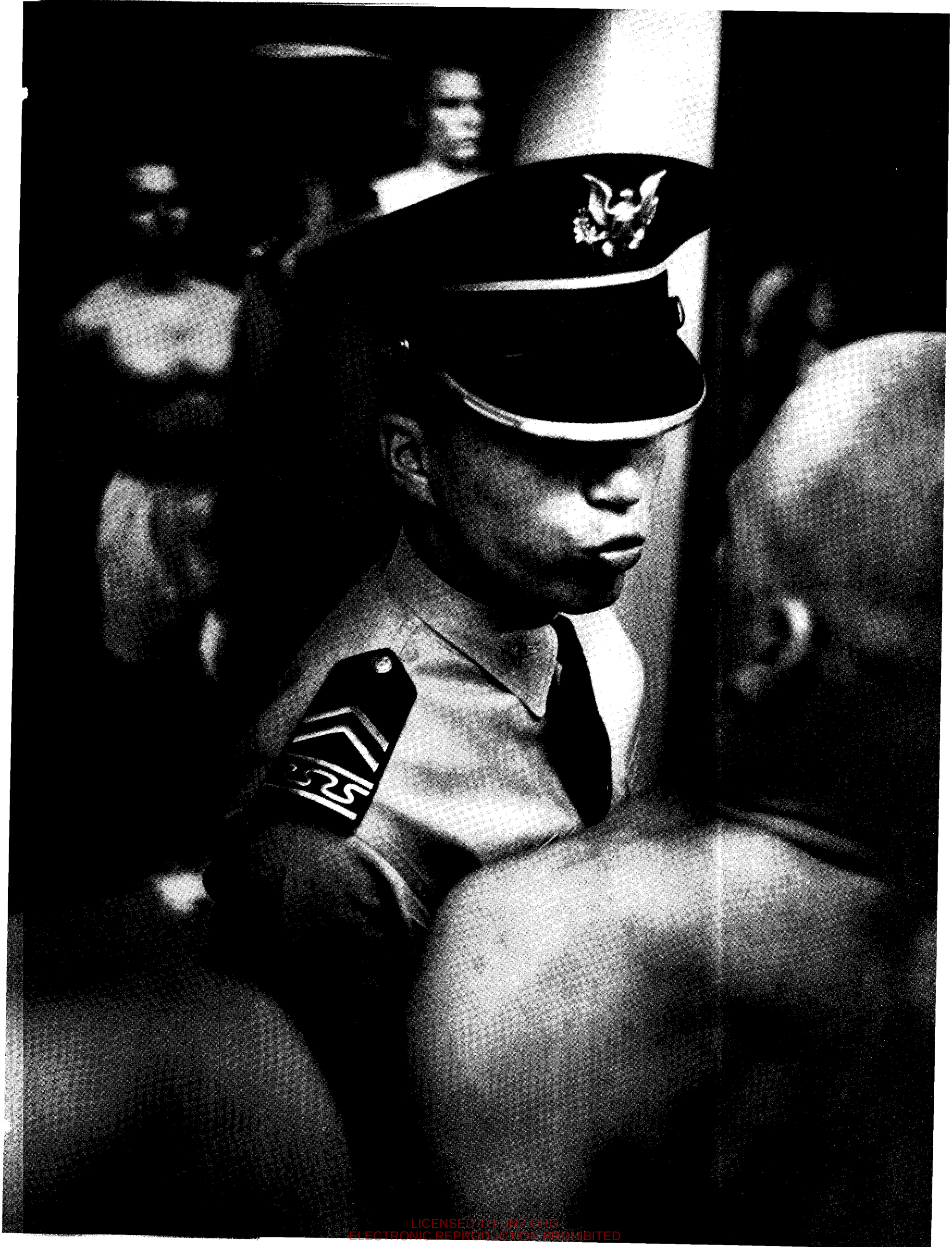

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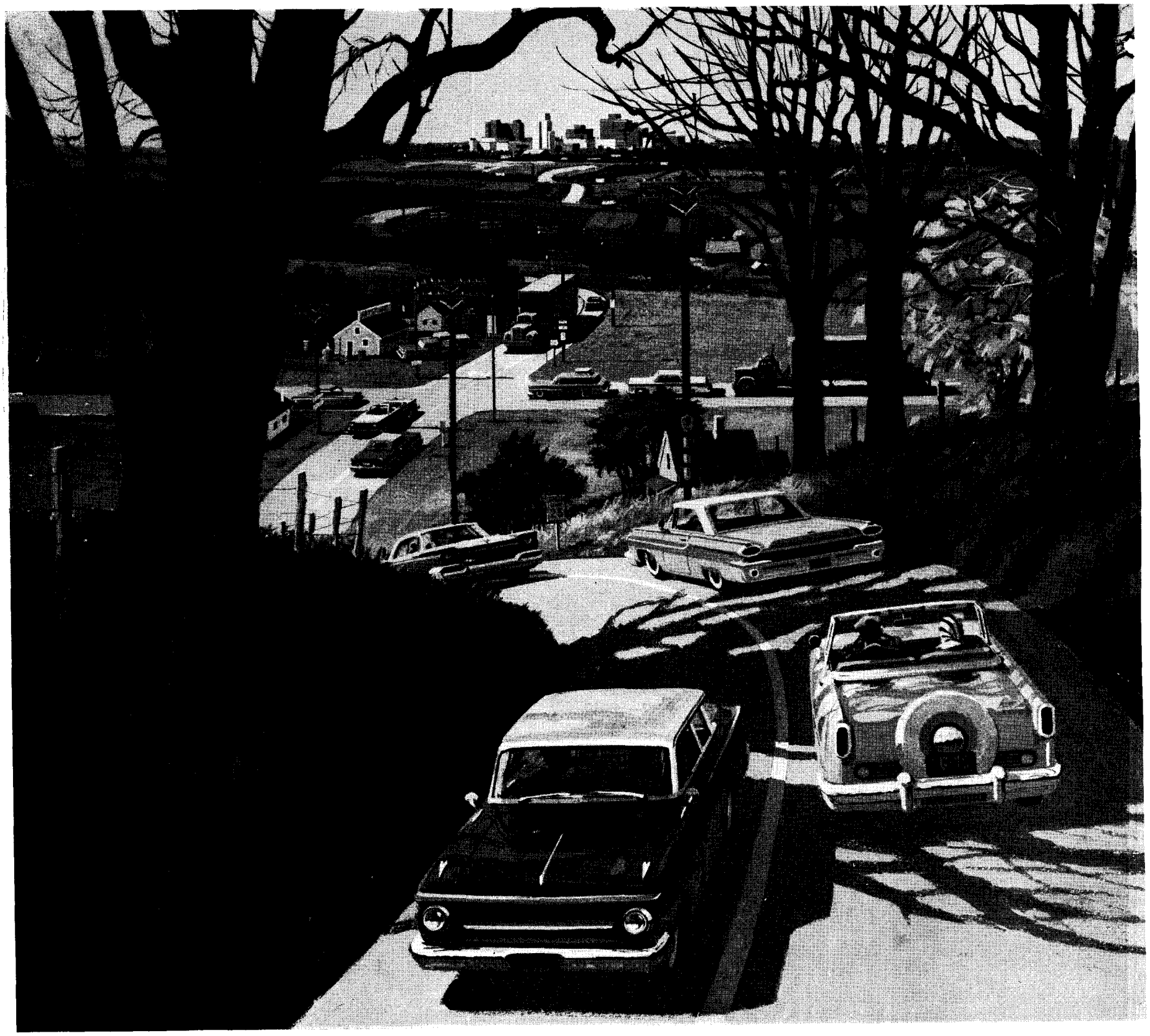

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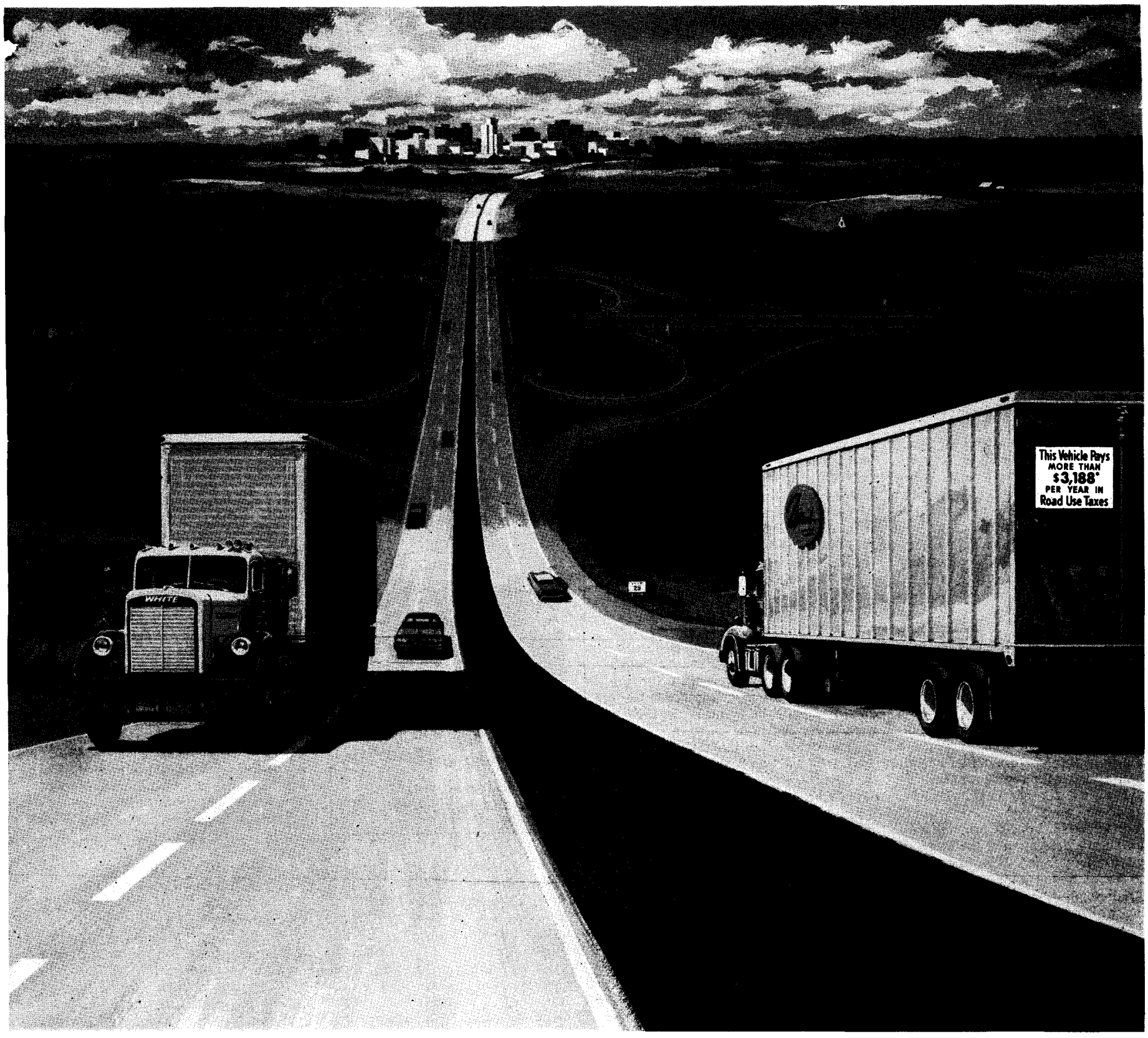

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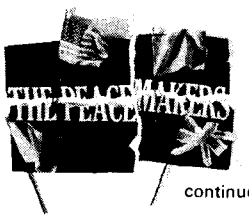


continued from page 29

to me about the horrors of this day, from hour to hour, almost from minute to minute, I might say."

"Yes, I know that we went over the schedule last evening. But there were two or three things about tomorrow."

"The world ends today, Tennell. I should have thought that even you would know that."

"I'm afraid it has a bad habit of coming to an end. I seem to remember several occasions in the past. . . ."

Transfixed, the Foreign Secretary came to a full pause as he was bringing a piece of toast to his mouth.

"There are the two Canadians," Tennell went on hurriedly, "who've been waiting for several days. They are the Canadian ambassador to Bonn, Williams, and the Canadian ambassador to Paris, La Rue. I talked with La Rue yesterday, and it seems that there is a great concern in the French Canadian population." He let his voice trail off hopefully.

"I dare say they are concerned. How very charming of them to be concerned. Very well. Tennell, if it gives you great happiness, put them down for Wednesday—say, eleven o'clock. Surely they know that today is out of the question, and doubtless Wednesday will be too."

"I shall, sir." Tennell made a notation in the engagement book. "Then there's been really a great deal of pressure from the Greek ambassador in Bern."

The Foreign Secretary laughed a hollow, theatrical laugh. "Tennell, you are in fine form today. Do put Mr. Papandropoulos down for twelve on Wednesday. Now what other delightful little titbits do you have?"

"You know, sir, I dislike bringing it up again, but the delegation of the Ban-the-Bomb Committee has been here for a week from London and, as you know, they represent ——"

The color mounted in Geoffrey Hawkes's face. Fortunately for Tennell, at this moment there was a knock at the door, and Sir Hugh Grimsby and young Morrison came into the room.

"Oh, it's you, Hugh. Tennell has been telling me some delightful bedtime stories."

Tennell surrendered the armchair to Sir Hugh, and he and Morrison arranged themselves in appropriate flanking positions. The superficial observer would have called Sir Hugh Grimsby colorless, the typically colorless, disciplined, schooled foreign-service officer who would advance in grade to a respectable and dull ambassadorship. But as Geoffrey Hawkes knew very well, there was beneath this disciplined exterior a superb intellect. For the past two years the Foreign Secretary had come to lean heavily on Sir Hugh Grimsby. Geoffrey had given Grimsby an Under Secretaryship over men many years his senior.

"I fear, Geoffrey, that my bedtime story is not of the kind to induce sleep," Grimsby said in his concise, crisp voice.

"I dare say not, after what we heard at midnight."

"I'm afraid it is rather worse today."

Having taken the papers from the dispatch box, he paused a moment, looking at the Foreign Secretary with his sharp, shrewd gaze. "I had thought at first of asking Colonel Wilkinson to come along. He has a rather detailed map showing ——"

"Thank God, you didn't do that. I'm in no mood for Colonel Wilkinson and his pretty maps. Do get on with it, Hugh."

Having explained that he had done a summary from the night's dispatches decoded in the early-morning hours, Sir Hugh Grimsby began to read. The French had made a further advance. They had come to the El Atarah Line. They were still proceeding apparently on the over-all plan to take Tunis itself. It was now established beyond any doubt that there were approximately 4000 to 5000 mercenaries (that was the convenient term, Sir Hugh explained; they were, of course, political mercenaries) in the center of the Tunisian defense line. The mercenaries were equipped with the latest tactical nuclear weapons, which they were thoroughly trained to use. They were "allies"—one put the word in quotation marks—of the Tunisians, and they had been brought in by ship and by plane during the course of a week quite legally at the invitation of Bourguiba. While they had come for the most part from Alexandria, with the convenient cloak of Moslem brotherhood wrapped around them, it was quite clear that they were very largely Russian mercenaries.

The last report, coming through some time after midnight, had the two lines separated by about forty-five kilometers. But the distance was being rapidly narrowed, and an engagement could be expected in about twelve hours. Despite their greatly superior numbers the French were quite clearly no match for the mercenaries with their advanced weapons. And while the bombers the French were using had done some damage to civilian communities, and in fact to Tunis itself, they had had little or no effect on the advancing forces. Riots had broken out last night in Tripoli. The offices of the Standard Oil Company had been stoned, and the commanding general at Wheelus Air Force Base reported that he could not be responsible for the security of the base if the riots should spread. It was taken for granted that the French would be decimated despite their greatly superior numbers. The estimate of military intelligence was that with the enormous prestige of an Arab "victory"—one put the word in quotation marks—the consequences were simply unpredictable. No single point in the whole area of the Middle East could be considered secure. The situation was quite serious.

Sir Hugh finished reading from the notes he had carefully prepared. No one spoke. The Foreign Secretary, his hands thrust into the pockets of his dark-blue dressing gown, walked over to the window and stood looking out. Abruptly he turned back to face them, seeing the room suddenly as a rather inferior stage set.

"I should have added," Grimsby was speaking again, "that even Duhamel now agrees with this estimate. I talked to De Bouverie this morning. He's known the score all along. After all, his brother is an officer with one of the divisions in the line. I have the impression that he's been trying to tell Duhamel that while we were sitting here hoping to find some formula to prevent the disaster, the wretched Communists were all along preparing for just this and just this moment."

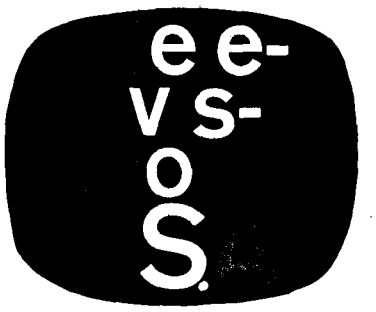
"Yes, yes. Very interesting." The Foreign Secretary was in this instant the eye of the storm, the center at which the winds stood still. "One can say, of course, as our American friends are saying, that it was wrong to bring the Russians into this conference at all, to invite the Bear into this singularly difficult congeries. But they are here and, if there is the smallest chance left to prevent the perdition that hangs over us, then it is well that they are here.

"I assume the Americans have the same intelligence that we have. I'm seeing Caleb Fulton at eleven, as you know. There is the report from the embassy in Washington of an American plan for intervention. How I shall manage at this moment I simply cannot say. Persuade Caleb, perhaps, to take an urgent and immediate appeal to the Security Council."

There was a tap on the door between the connecting bedrooms, and he looked up to see his wife in the doorway.

"Oh, I am so sorry," Anne Hawkes said, her brief smile of recognition taking them all in.

COMING
John Bartlow Martin reports on



a four-part series starts next week

"It's quite all right, my dear," he said. "We were just finishing. I'm afraid I shan't see very much of you today."

"But you will be back for tea. I promised you, you know, to Veronica Templeton."

"What are you saying? I should think it would be quite impossible to be here for tea."

"Geoffrey, please." Something close to reproach, to anger even, was in her voice. "You know we talked about this two days ago. Veronica has been phoning me for a week. After all, with those magazines she controls she is rather important in America."

"Oh, damnation! That absurd woman along with everything else."

Sir Hugh Grimsby, who at Anne Hawkes's entrance had risen with the other two men, muttered something about leaving.

"I find her amusing," Anne Hawkes said in her even voice, turning a little as though to go. "And you've surely not forgotten that she was extremely kind to us in America. I shall expect you for tea some time before six o'clock, short of learning that the Palais has been blown up."

"That is not impossible," he said as she went out. "There's nothing more to be said, I'm afraid." He turned to the others. "How beastly! Veronica Templeton is of the old Boston Templetons, by way of a robber-baron father out of Montana."

Blossom came to report that Cushing was waiting in the drawing room downstairs. This news the Foreign Secretary greeted with an exclamation of impatience. "What in the devil can he want!" Cushing had replaced Peter Welles as the Foreign Office spokesman, and Peter Welles had been so much more than a spokesman. Cushing stood up as the Foreign Secretary came into the room.

"And what do you have to add to the pleasures of my day?" he asked with heavy irony.

"You know you told me, sir, that if that American broadcasting commentator, Anker, could get over here about ten o'clock you would be able to see him for a few minutes."

"Oh, no! I said nothing of the kind."

"I'm sorry, sir," Cushing said stubbornly, "but you did tell me that."

"What shall I tell this monstrous man? I shall leave that to you, Cushing. You have read the intelligence reports. Shall I tell him that this is doomsday?"

"Yes, I know. It's very bad."

"Oh, you think it is, do you?"

Cushing was saved by the entrance of Blossom, who announced that Mr. Anker, Mr. Mike Anker, and another gentleman had just arrived.

The script always began: music, up, up, up . . . Announcer: "and HERE is that Anker man . . . MIKE ANKER. . . ." He had been listened to by millions on the radio. What was more extraordinary, he had made the transition to television. He looked like a Black Angus bull; a bull not of the best breeding, but belligerent and powerful, thick, square, solid. Dour, scowling, he bulled himself into 10,000,000, 15,000,000, 20,000,000 living rooms at the appointed hour. And it was just in this fashion that he entered the drawing room of the Villa Rousseau with his rolling, surprisingly quick gait. Following behind was his assistant, young Bradlee Horton, who was everything that Mike was not—tall, lean, a sensitive face, Harvard, growing up in the right places at the right time.

"Mike, old boy!" The Foreign Secretary came forward wearing his most affable manner. "It's been a very long time, you know."

"Yeah, long!" Mike grunted. "I've been trying to see you for three days. I suppose you know that."

"Oh, I say, Bradlee." In the Foreign Secretary's greeting to the young man there was a special warmth. "I knew you were with Mike. How very nice for you." He shed the radiance of his smile on them both.

"Well, now maybe we can get down to business." Mike Anker's words smoldered with the wrath that lay conveniently close to the surface.

"Oh, yes," the Foreign Secretary said. "Do sit here with me, Mike."

Mike Anker seated himself distrustfully at one end of the sofa.

"Things have been very difficult, Mike," the Foreign Secretary's voice went on. "We have had some rather serious differences. Differences, that is to say, with the Bear, with our dear Muscovite friends. We do have rather a long way to go and, if I am to be perfectly frank with you, Mike, we haven't too much time to get there. The talks are going on. I don't think that any of us ——"

Mike broke in abruptly. "Listen, Geoff, who the hell do you think you're talking to? Parliament? Or Walter Lippmann?"

Abruptly the Foreign Secretary threw his head back in helpless laughter. Cushing smiled a smile of sad and somber

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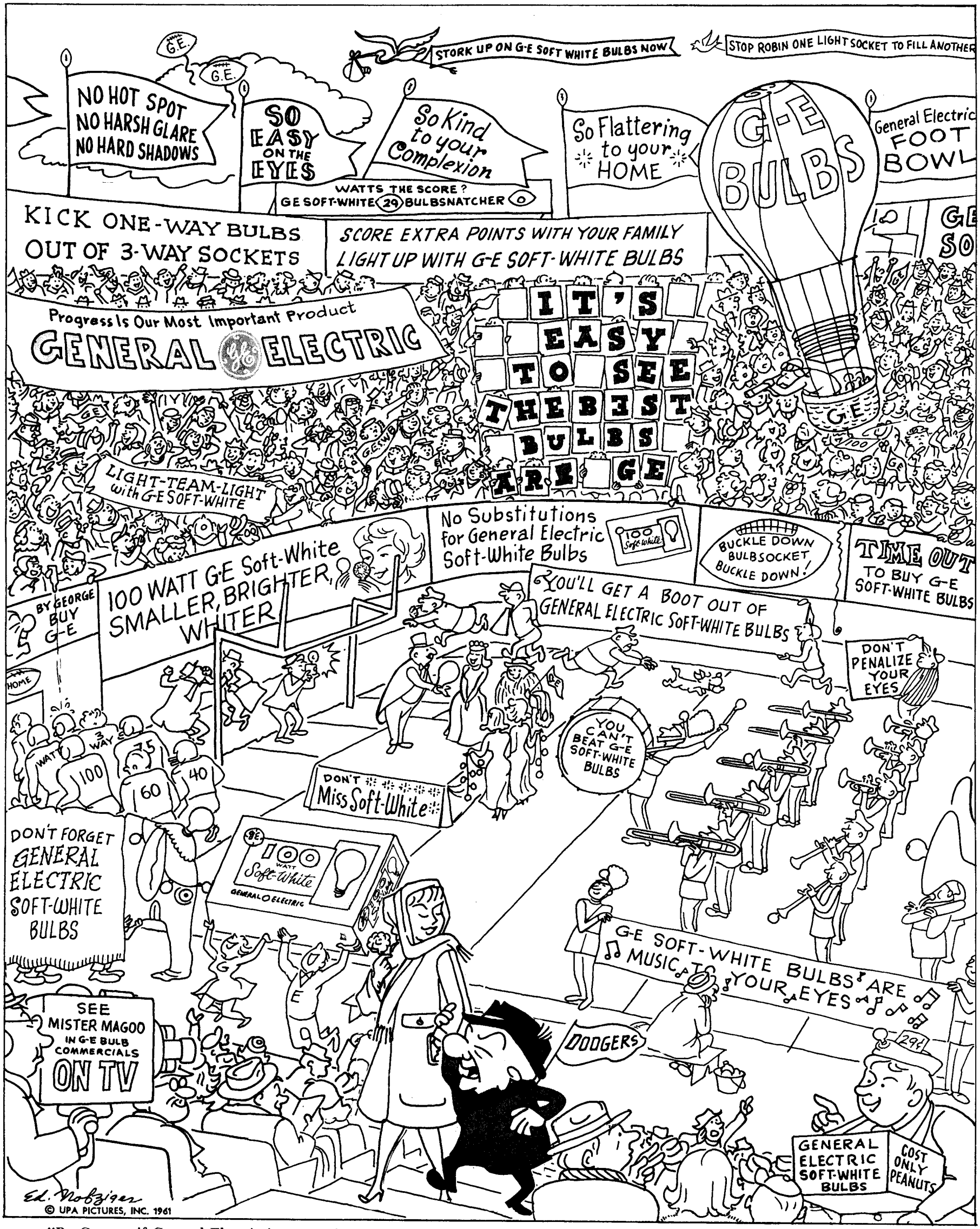
The nearsighted MISTER MAGOO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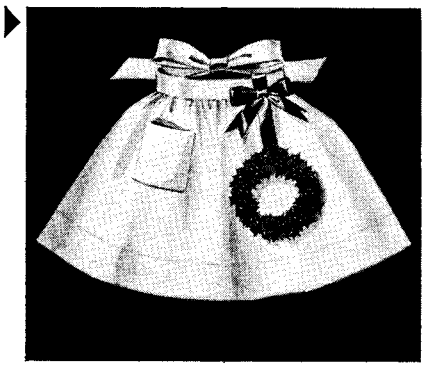

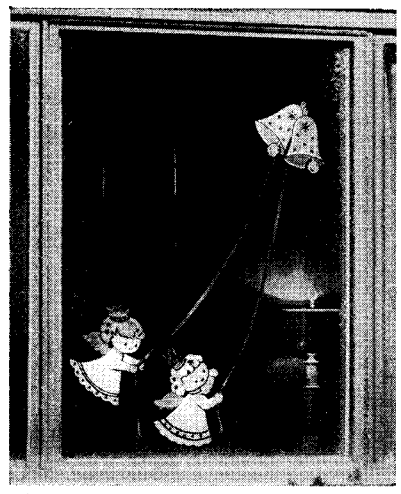

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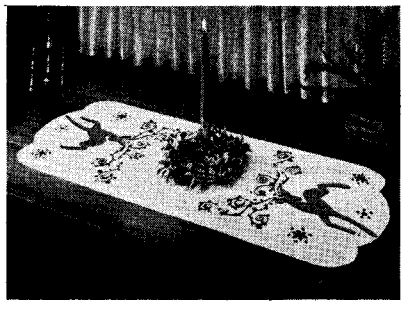

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PEACEMAKERS relief. Bradlee Horton looked pleased. Only Mike Anker's face kept its mask of dour disdain.

"Oh, Mike, you are so wonderful," the Foreign Secretary said. "Look, may I talk to you—not off the record, but not for attribution, I believe it is." Mike nodded his head as though he had been a savage Buddha. "We are very close to catastrophe," the Foreign Secretary said, managing to be both grave and casual. "We must find some kind of answer in twenty-four hours. All hell will break out in Tunisia unless we can stop it. And that, of course, is only the beginning. The end ——" He gestured in well-bred, and yet deeply felt, despair. "You won't put this on me, will you, Mike?"

"Nope, I won't," said Mike. "What're you going to do?"

"Perhaps you know what we might do? Or Bradlee? Or Cushing?"

"You know what the Commies have got, do you?" Mike asked.

"Yes, we know what they've got, and we know where they've put it. Massive nuclear striking power. All lawful, if you will. One of those small atomic wars that some of your people have been so fond of talking about. It just so happens that in this instance our noble allies, the French, do not have the equivalent weapons. And it becomes therefore, you see, a question of whether or not we are to furnish them these weapons, if we can furnish them."

Blossom had come into the room. He bent down toward the Foreign Secretary's ear. "Thank you, Blossom." He rose. "Mike, I'm terribly sorry. It's Caleb Fulton on the phone."

"You gotta give me six or seven minutes more," Mike said. "I've got a camera crew out there, and I want to get about four or five minutes of Q. and A. with you."

When Geoffrey Hawkes came back into the room, he found that Mike Anker, with the aid of Bradlee and Blossom, had set up his lights and camera in one end of the drawing room.

"I really am afraid I must go, Mike," he said. "Caleb has summoned me into the presence forthwith."

"Listen, you tell that psalm-singing old s.o.b. that I kept you here for nine minutes. See! . . . All right, Brad, you ready with the watch?"

"I suppose you know," the Foreign Secretary said discreetly, "that General Gahagan arrived this morning?"

"Yeah, I saw old Whiplash down at the airport about an hour ago. Couldn't find out what the hell he came over for." He turned with sudden, fierce accusation on the Foreign Secretary. "You know what he's over here for? You keeping something from me?"

"I'm afraid I don't know. Shall we get on with the film? I must go, you know. I must see Caleb."

As Geoffrey Hawkes stood waiting a little impatiently at the end of the drawing room for Mike Anker to set the scene, he was aware of the figure suddenly halted, as though momentarily undecided, in the broad entrance.

"My dear Cynthia," he called out. "How very nice to see you."

Lady Cynthia Grimsby came a little way into the room with the shyness that was not really shyness at all. "Oh, Geoffrey, I'm so sorry. I thought you would have gone long since. Anne and I are on an expedition to the Old Town this morning to look for treasures."

"Do come in for a moment, my dear." He advanced across the room and took her hands. "You're the first lovely and heart-warming thing I've seen today."

"Geoffrey, dear Talleyrand."

"Not quite as lecherous as that one," he said laughing, still gazing down at her with pleasure.

"Hugh is coming over in a few minutes," she said in a low voice. "He telephoned from the office just as I was leaving the hotel to say that he had some sort of message for you before you saw Caleb."

"Thank you, my dear." He turned and at last shared her with the others in the room. "You know everyone here, I'm sure."

"Oh, hello, Mr. Cushing. . . . And Bradlee. . . . How do you do, Mr. Anker."

Even Mike Anker grunted in her direction.

"Come on, Geoff," he said brusquely, "let's get rolling with this. I've got to get the film on a plane out of here at 12:15 so it'll be on the net tomorrow night."

He was immediately the composed public figure—composed under the hail of Mike Anker's questions that came with the almost savage Anker forthrightness. The Foreign Secretary played it for the American audience. It was Mike and Geoff, as cozy as you could want. It was a good show.

At last Bradlee, who had been holding the stop watch, called time, and the whirring of the camera ceased.

"Geoffrey, you were divine," Cynthia said, the smile on her face half in affection, half in derision.

Hugh Grimsby had come into the room.

They were all moving quickly now toward the climax

that the day must bring. Yet in this instant Geoffrey had seen the look that passed between Cynthia and Hugh; on her part a look of scorn, perhaps contempt even, and on his part it might have been hatred. It served to recall the reports he had heard about Cynthia and Michel, the brilliant young Frenchman who was such an indispensable aide to his chief, the French foreign minister. Or was it with Tom Brace of the American delegation? Or was it with both men? Cynthia and Hugh were so unhappy together.

They were in the Rolls now, and Hugh was talking in his sure, incisive way. General Gahagan was bringing a proposal for joint allied resistance to the mercenaries. Confirmation of this had just come from London. A nuclear division to be flown in at once. Estimated time of transport: twelve hours, with the aircraft immediately available. Had Washington given it full sanction? The President? That was not quite clear. Important elements in France, within the Army, had been pressing; those same elements had forced the invasion of Tunisia just when it appeared peace in Algeria might be a possibility. Gahagan was bound to try to carry the day.

"Oh, dear!" Geoffrey Hawkes sighed. "Must we go through this again?"

"Do you think the Prime Minister would consider anything of the sort?" Grimsby asked.

"Certainly not! It's sheer madness. We talked about it this morning. He ruled out anything of the kind. So much rests with Caleb. I wonder whether we shall find him friend or foe. I've heard that Gahagan is very persuasive."

"How the Americans cherish their childish little luxury of threatening a war every other day," Hugh said. It might have been bitterness beneath the measured Grimsby voice. The Foreign Secretary glanced covertly at the younger man beside him.

"Ah, yes, luxuries, luxuries," Geoffrey said. "And one of our luxuries is condemning the Americans every other day. I must say I thought Cynthia looked utterly charming," he added as though it had been an irrelevance that had suddenly occurred to him. "You know I ——" the Foreign Secretary continued. It seemed impossible to put their relationship on a personal plane. "You are such a very great help, you know," he began again. "It occurred to me that you might try to sound Volkonkov some time during the lunch. You are going to Stoneface's lunch. What is there to be lost?"

"I shall try, Geoffrey. It had crossed my mind. Volkonkov has been rather less glacial in the past week or so. At least it has seemed that he has been."

They were drawing up before the Hôtel Ville de Calvin, where the American delegation had its offices.

7:30 A.M.

The men who worked closely with Caleb Fulton never ceased to marvel that somewhere within him he had a precision instrument that regulated his sleep. He slept soundly for seven to seven and a half hours and then woke in full possession of his senses, running, as it were, in the race that had absorbed him all his life.

Waking with a clear, perceptive view of all that had gone before, it was not that he sprang out of bed and rushed into action. Often, as on this morning, he picked up the work he had put down just before closing his eyes. He was always painstakingly careful to try not to waken his wife Clarabelle, who lay peacefully sleeping in the other bed in their apartment in the Hôtel Ville de Calvin. The Secretary of State began to read for the third time the top-secret papers that had been teletyped from the Pentagon shortly before midnight. They gave in detail the Gahagan proposal for meeting force with force in Tunisia. Chief of Staff of the Army, nearing the date of his retirement, it seemed unlikely that Jerry Gahagan would ever be chairman of the Joint Chiefs. Yet by the very toughness of his drive he had tended to dominate the Chiefs. This clearly was his initiative—this plan to fly in forces with nuclear weapons to match the Communists. The premise was that a limited nuclear war could remain limited.

A brief note prefacing the staff document had come from the President. He read the President's words again, noting particularly the phrases he had underlined the night before. "You will, I hope, argue it out with Jerry. . . ." Why had it not been argued out with Jerry in the White House? "Remember Dien Bien Phu? You and I had no part in that, but it must have been just as hard for them as for us. I feel fortunate in having you. . . ." Hard for me or hard for you, the Secretary of State reflected with a certain acerbity, until he was brought up short with a sudden realization of his disloyalty to the man who had given him the opportunity he had so intensely desired; so long and so patiently desired when no one except Clarabelle knew the real aim of his ambition.

But as so many people had since begun to discover, he had planned it step by step, he and Clarabelle.

The background was so perfect—the family mills in Youngstown, which he had advanced to a small but important place in the steel industry; Youngstown in Ohio, a state that had once been isolationist, Taft's state, solid, safe. Against this background he was a friend of the United Nations, the Atlantic community, aid to India, head of the committee to remove trade barriers. The contrast was so perfect. It could not help but inspire trust, and trust and confidence were the first requisites of an American Secretary of State. In one of the innumerable biographical pieces written about him at the

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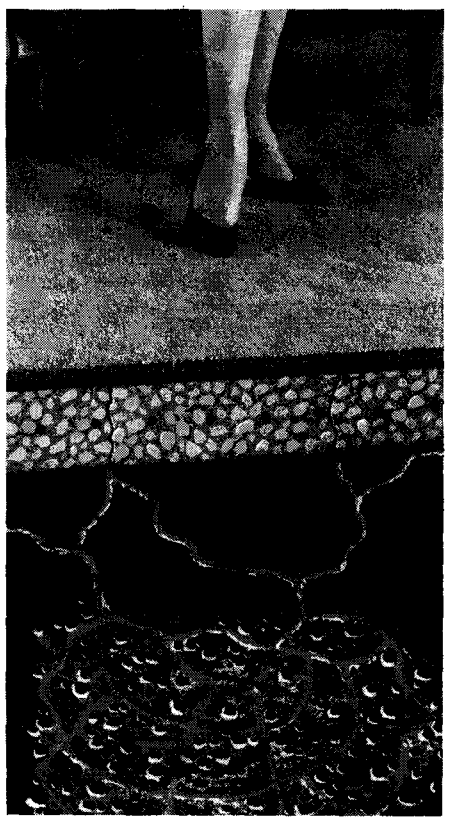

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PEACEMAKERS

time of his appointment, he had been described as Lincolnesque. He recalled that he had said long ago to Clarabelle that if you were to be Secretary of State, how you looked was almost as important as what you had in your head. Looks were important.

He looked across at his wife, who was just beginning to rouse herself from sleep. The plastic-and-gauze cap that she wore at night in the belief that it preserved the set of her hair gave her face more than ever the look of an ancient but very well preserved cherub. It delighted him, this look of a somewhat doubting cherub.

"Good morning, Annette," he said brightly.

This was an old joke between them. He had told her once that the plastic-and-gauze cap made her look like Annette Kellerman, and then he had added that they were probably the only two people alive who knew that Annette Kellerman was a bathing beauty out of the distant past.

"Oh, Caleb!" She smiled at him, reaching across the space between the beds to touch the hand that he held out to her. "I'm afraid I feel as old as Annette Kellerman this morning. As old as she would be if she were still alive."

"Well, you look twice as young and twice as beautiful as Annette Kellerman ever did."

She smiled broadly at this. "You haven't been awake long, Caleb?"

"No; half an hour or so. I've been going over those papers again."

"Oh, you poor thing! They'll be bringing in our breakfast in a few minutes."

Promptly at eight o'clock every morning the floor waiter brought their breakfast and served it in the small dining room of their apartment. The Americans were the only delegation without a villa, but Caleb didn't care. Some of the career officers grumbled about this. The arrangement suited Caleb, even though he agreed that it was absurd. In the Hôtel Ville de Calvin he came and went as an ordinary citizen. No pampering in a private villa for him. It was part of the picture he wanted to present.

"Another wonderful morning," Clarabelle said over breakfast, "and look at these raspberries, Caleb. Why is it we can't ever get any at home that are as nice as these?"

"I don't know," he said absent-mindedly.

"Are you terribly worried, Caleb?" she asked.

He looked across at her and grinned. "Yes, terribly, terribly worried," he said as though he had been found out in some guilty secret.

"Oh, Caleb, I worry about you. You carry such a burden. And now you've got to face that General Gahagan and Geoffrey Hawkes, and you know they'll get along like cats and dogs."

"Now, now, Clarabelle! This is the worst one yet, and I don't know how it's going to come out. But somehow —— We'll see."

They were still at breakfast when Duke Ziegler came in with the news summary, the intelligence digest and the latest dispatches from Tunisia. When Caleb had first brought Duke Ziegler to Washington from his offices in Youngstown, Tom Brace had summed it up for the inner circle in the department. He said that Duke looked like a man dressed up like a faithful sheep dog. He had been with Caleb in the mills almost from boyhood, and there was nothing that he would not do and do with the ready, bouncing alacrity of the devoted sheep dog. He had come to Washington as personal assistant to the Secretary of State.

"Well, Chief," he said in his slow, ruminative voice, "I guess it doesn't look so good. I talked with Merton Simms a few minutes, and he says it looks mighty bad."

"Yes, mighty bad," Caleb Fulton said, taking the documents from him and looking at them.

"Have a cup of coffee, Duke," Clarabelle said. She looked across at her husband, who was completely absorbed in scanning the documents.

"H'm!" he murmured, shaking his head, pursing his lips. "Don't see the way out of this one. Did you look through this intelligence digest, Duke?"

"Sure, I looked through it," said Duke, who took pride in his Q clearance, which permitted him to read even top-secret papers. "Got to fish or cut bait, no two ways about it."

Whether in the Department or on tour, Caleb Fulton liked to begin his staff meetings promptly at nine o'clock. A great deal of what went on in staff meeting was waste motion, and he knew it, and

he felt it was essential to sustain the loyalty,

the sense of team play that were part of the game.

They were already assembled as he came into the room and called out greetings first to one and then another. As he took his seat at the end of the long conference table, he noted that Tom Brace's chair was vacant.

"Where's Tom?" he asked.

Merton Simms, Under Secretary for Political Affairs, was about to speak when the marine guard opened the door and Tom Brace came into the room. He looked, as he almost always did, as though he had just heard a wonderful joke which he wanted to share with you. Caleb Fulton had found himself tempted to call it a sly look. Slyness? No, one could never call it slyness. There was too much good nature—call it that for want of a more adequate word—in Tom Brace's face.

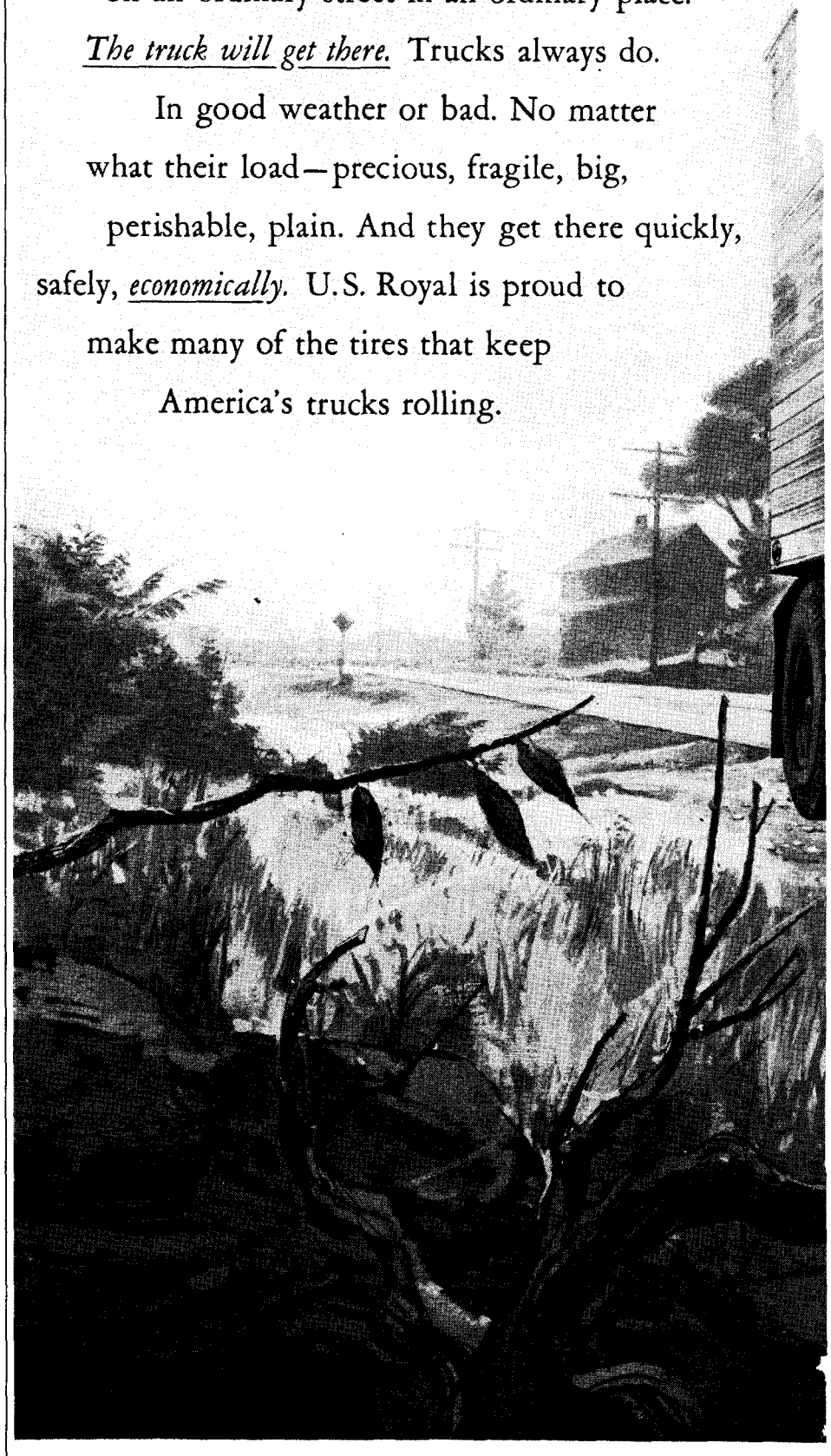
"I'm sorry to be late, Mr. Secretary," he said with the solemn smile that conveyed not so much an apology as a kind of conspiratorial challenge.

When he was in the proper mood—his Olympian mood, Clarabelle called it—the Secretary could acknowledge that Tom Brace was the most brilliant member of the inner circle.

"I asked Duke to go to meet General Gahagan and come here with him," the Secretary began. "His plane is due in about half an hour. Now, we all know what he's bringing, although we don't know how much authority he has for it. I'd like to go quickly around the table and get your reaction."

Merton Simms spoke with measured caution. This was once again a situation in which we found ourselves confronted with the most terrible choices. It was plainly, by Arab definition, a colonial war that the French were waging—an undeclared war, an act of cold-blooded aggression. And if we, the Americans and the British, were to become involved in it, then we, too, would become colonial oppressors. All the time that the Russians had been sitting here in this conference, which was intended to bring

"...'bout two miles down the road." It could be two hundred miles to the Jones' house—or two thousand. In the center of town or 47 miles from the nearest neighbor, on top of a hill or down by the river or just on an ordinary street in an ordinary place. *The truck will get there.* Trucks always do. In good weather or bad. No matter what their load—precious, fragile, big, perishable, plain. And they get there quickly, safely, *economically.* U.S. Royal is proud to make many of the tires that keep America's trucks rolling.



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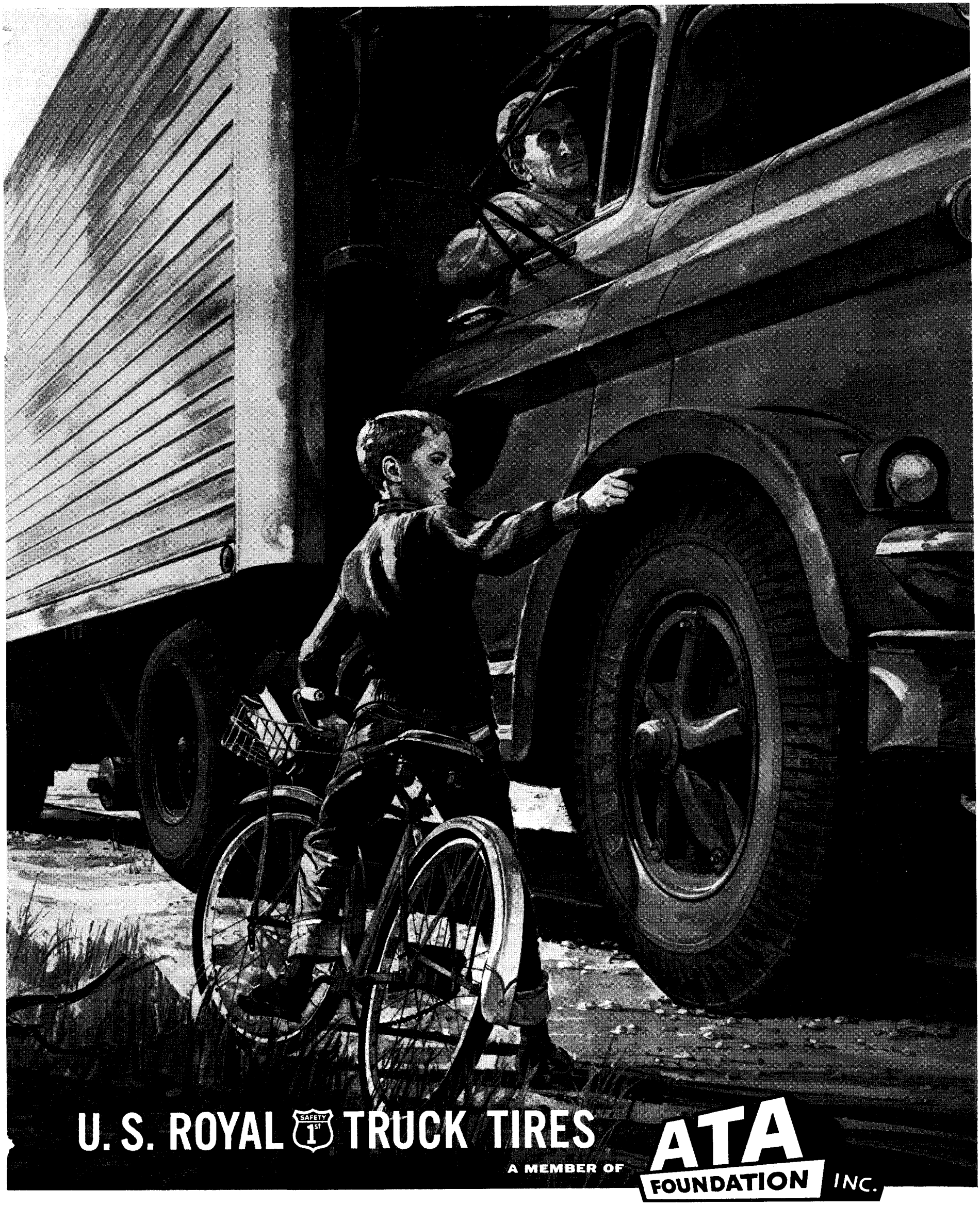

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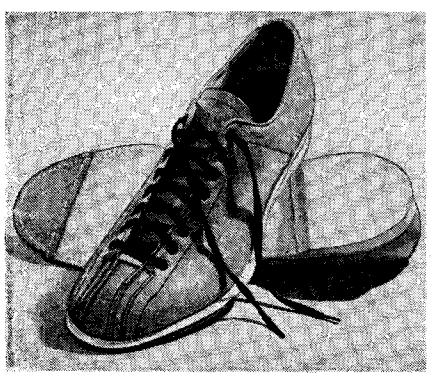

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PEACEMAKERS peace to the Middle East and restore stability to North Africa, they had been preparing a coup. That coup was now prepared, and lawfully, it might be said, since the legitimate government of Tunisia had invited in the troops of its ally, the United Arab Republic. Tunisia had the legal right to do this. Was it possible, before the true nature of General Gahagan's mission was known, to say anything constructive? Merton Simms believed not.

The others, as the opportunity to speak passed around the table, seemed to feel that Simms had said about all that could at the moment be said. Caleb Fulton began to have an increasing sense of his aloneness. Then it was Tom Brace's turn to speak.

"Mr. Secretary," Tom Brace began, "I would like to say that in the first instance there is just one thing to try, and that is to make an approach to the Russians. It's very late, as everyone knows, but perhaps not too late to find out whether they have a price for a settlement."

"I can see your point," the Secretary replied, "but we'll look kind of hat in hand, won't we? They always up the price when they see us coming hat in hand."

"Well, I'm afraid, even though we make no move at all, that's the way we look," Tom Brace observed.

"I don't think that is necessarily true," Merton Simms spoke up, mild reproof in his voice. "Or rather, it need not be true. Admitted that the situation looks extremely grave. Still, I am not in favor of giving them any cards they may not already hold in their own hand."

"If you can find any ——" Tom Brace began to say.

He was interrupted by the marine guard, who stood stiffly at attention as he announced, "General Gahagan, sir," holding the door open for the general.

It was an entrance that had everything but a flourish of trumpets. Behind the general were his aides, a lieutenant colonel, and an intense-looking captain who carried the map cases and the locked attaché cases. Swept along in this martial train and looking a little surprised to find himself there, as Caleb was to report on the incident later to Clarabelle, was Duke Ziegler. The general, who had left the Pentagon only a few hours before, was scrubbed, immaculate.

"Pardon me, Mr. Secretary, for interrupting, but Duke said you wanted it this way." His words came as though out of a machine. "I know your time is short, and so is mine."

"Yes, we were waiting for you," Caleb Fulton said, and he immediately realized that by contrast he sounded almost as though he were drawling. "We've been talking about your memorandum and what to do about it."

"If you will permit me to make my presentation, I think you will agree that there's only one thing to do." He was addressing them with the rapid-fire persuasiveness for which he was famous. "I was instructed by the President to give you the facts and then, sir"—he turned upon the Secretary—"to call upon you for your judgment."

Up went the map stand; out came the maps. The intense young captain thrust a pointer into General Gahagan's hand. The general's concentration was so great that the effect was of a master prestidigitator. The map showing the logistics of the airlift was a masterpiece. Caleb Fulton could imagine the terrible pressure that had gone into its preparation; the slaves under the crack of the whiplash. Snap, snap, snap went the general's pointer as it came down on Nouaseur in Morocco, Adana in Turkey and Wheelus in Libya. And all the arrows converging on Algiers. The map of the battle lines was equally well done. It was so clear and so simple. With this background out of the way, General Gahagan abruptly changed his tempo. It was more measured and deliberate. This was the drama of the estimated time of action: twelve hours for logistics, thirty-six hours for attack and mopping up. Estimates of casualties, both civilian and military, went up in a table of statistics on the easel. And then came a final map, areas of contamination, drawn in in various shadings indicating the degree of radioactivity and its degree of persistence. There it was: Q.E.D.

The Secretary of State stirred himself, cleared his throat and spoke gravely. "You've made a brilliant presentation, General Gahagan," he said solemnly. "I'm sure that we're all agreed on that. We thank you for it. I'm sure I don't need to say that we here in this room"—he looked at the members of the staff—"understand that if there were to be on the outside even the slightest intimation of what we have heard here, it could have very grave consequences. . . . As for you, Bill"—he turned to Bill Binkley—"the reporters will be waiting downstairs . . . and this goes for the rest of you too. I think you had better just say that General Gahagan came to make a personal report to me while visiting several of our bases. . . . All right with you, general?"

"Certainly! I don't see any reason to say anything more at this time. They got me at the airport—I don't know how they knew I was coming in—and

I took evasive action. Rather successfully, wouldn't you say, colonel?"

He turned to his aide, who gave approving assent to this opinion.

"I won't keep you any more." The Secretary turned to Simms, who stood waiting at his right. "I'll just stay behind for a few minutes to have a little talk with General Gahagan. I'll see you down in my office later, and we can plan about the lunch today."

Caleb Fulton realized as he waited for the room to clear, the general standing beside him, that he was afflicted with a sense of the unreality of what he had just heard. Did it have to do with flesh and blood, this "presentation"? What of that table of casualties? Were those so many thousands of corpses scattered over a ruined terrain? Or was this no more than one of the theoretical problems they were given to solve at the Point or at the Command and General Staff School? The meaning of the President's message had become clearer: ". . . argue it out with Jerry. . . ." The time had come for that.

"Sit down, Jerry," he said, motioning to the chair at his right. They were on an informal first-name basis now that the meeting was over. "But first"—he turned to Duke, who was hovering nearby—"I wonder if you would see if you can get Hawkes for me on that phone over there. . . . He was coming over at eleven, but I thought we could make it a little earlier so that he could join us," he explained to the general.

"You want him in this, do you?" General Gahagan asked.

"I don't think we've got much choice there. After all, the President believes—— We can hardly do the go-it-alone business, not at this late date."

Duke came to say that Geoffrey Hawkes was on the wire.

"He'll be over in about fifteen or twenty minutes," Caleb Fulton said, returning to face the general.

"I'd like to ask you just one thing, Caleb." The general leaned forward, giving each word its deliberate, ponderable weight. "Are you for me or against me? I'd like to know where I stand before that damned pussyfooter gets over here."

The Secretary hesitated a moment before replying, studying the square, concise lines of the Gahagan face. He was overcome again with the unreality of this exchange. "You know, it isn't as simple as that, Jerry," he said at last.

"And I say it is just as simple as that." The general's clenched fist was on the table. "It's as simple as turning tail and running again, or standing up at last."

"That was, as I said, a beautiful presentation, Jerry, masterful, one of the finest I've ever heard." The general accepted this tribute in silence. "But it left out all the political implications. You see ——"

"I'm damned tired of hearing about political implications," the general broke in, his anger undisguised. "What does it mean? It means one defeat, one retreat after another. That's what it means! We had the Eisenhower thaw. So all right, what did we get? If we don't stand now, this time, we're finished, and you know it."

"Now just a minute, just a minute. You see, you're just one side of the triangle, Jerry. The President and I are the other two sides. You can't ignore those other two sides."

"You're against me then, are you?" General Gahagan said coldly.

"I didn't say that. What I'm saying is that I don't know. If the President left it up to me ——" he hesitated.

"Up to you and our noble ally."

"Let me be sure I understand what you're saying. The President would never sanction our going it alone."

"I've just got one proviso to that. When I talked to him yesterday afternoon, I got the feeling that if you and I both took a strong stand, then we might be able to carry the day."

"In other words, if you and I were in complete agreement on your approach." The Secretary of State wanted to be sure there was no slightest intimation of disloyalty to the President in what he said, or in the way he said it. This was what Clarabelle called his lawyer's manner. It was a tricky business, dangerous, trying to handle Jerry Gahagan. "But that would mean that I would have to accept every one of your premises. Above all, the premise that this could be a quick, limited operation."

"Can't you see, Caleb, that we've got 'em? This time we've got them just where we want them."

Duke, who had gone out of the room, put his head in the door to say that Geoffrey Hawkes was on his way up. Would they see him here, or in the Secretary's private office? They would talk in the conference room, Caleb Fulton said.

"Now behave yourself, Jerry." He fixed the general with a look of mock sternness. "We've got to live with them, you know, whether we like it or not."

TO BE CONTINUED

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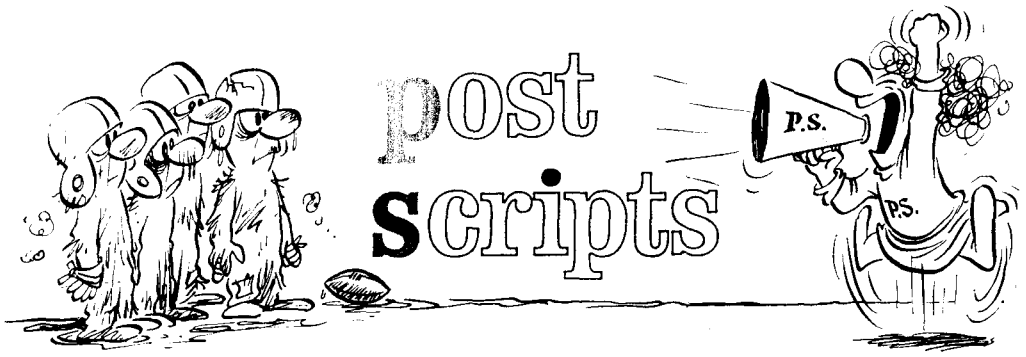

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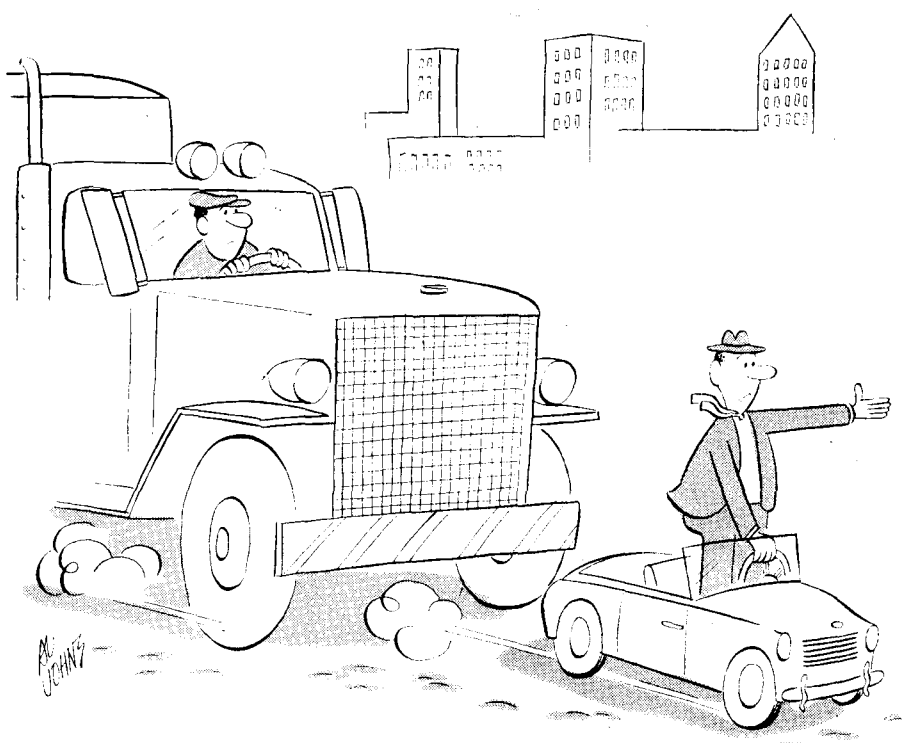
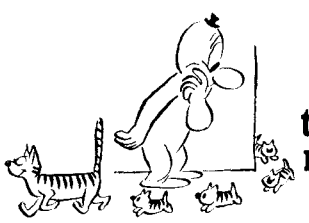


"You can relax, now, coach. The TV camera has swung elsewhere."

"Notice how it gives you that added height."

"A chocolate-fudge sundae—without the smirk!"



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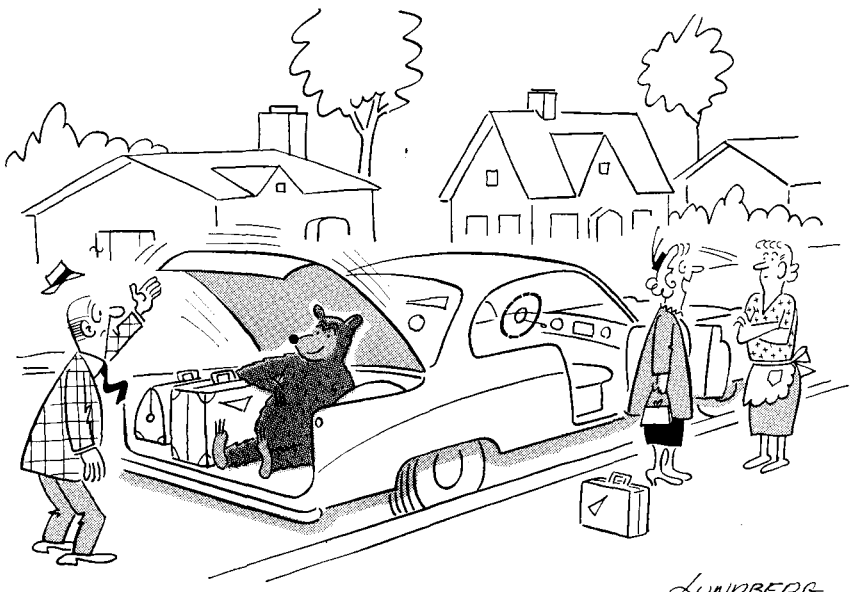

"It was a wonderful trip. We can't wait to get back to Yellowstone Park again!"

"Her father is certainly having a hard time adjusting to the marriage."

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I found African customs quite fascinating."

MEMO TO A SCHOOL SECRETARY

Prepare for each child another memo requesting parents to return to us their questionnaires regarding the value of home-school communications via question-and-answer sheets.

Advise Mrs. Brown that, in spite of what Willie has told her, we have not adopted a four-day week, and we would therefore appreciate his attendance on Mondays along with the rest of the students.

Please ask Mrs. Jones to instruct Robbie that he must conduct his bubble-gum business on his own time in the future.

Suggest to Miss Briggs that she give more explicit instructions next time she lectures the fourth-graders about cleaning worthless trash out of their desks. The janitor found six workbooks in the incinerator this morning.

Inform Mrs. Whipple that we can no longer allow Leslie to practice her judo holds on the first-grade boys.

Call Doctor White and tell him I am sorry the kindergarten children were given their graham crackers just before he arrived for our annual dental survey last Friday.

Erma Lea Chitty

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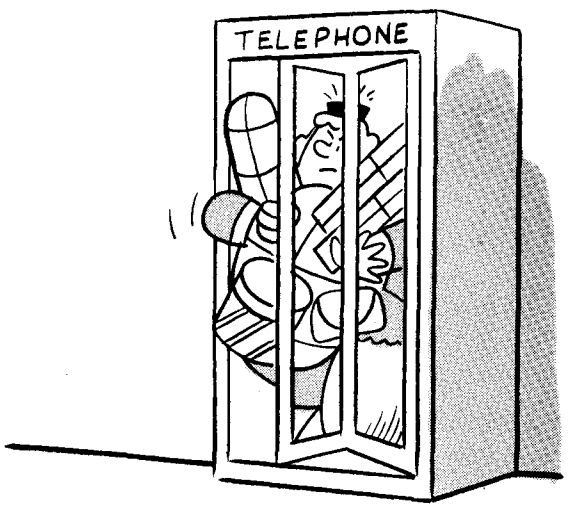

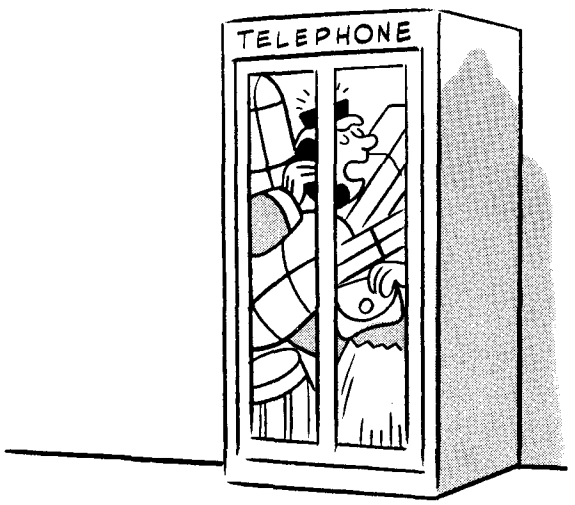

Songs Mein Grossmama Sang

To Grossmama's Haus

Ober der river to grossmama's haus,
Der kinfolkers sooner ben streamen.
Das horser ben pullen der jinglischer sleigh,
Mit der youngischers yellen und screamen.

Meinselfer ben worken mit fixen der fooden
Und ober der cooken ben slaven.
Der folkers ben stuffen mit gobblen der meal,
Und der kinders ist nicht ben behaven!

Ober der river und outen der sighten,
Der schtunkers ben finalisch faden;
Mitouten ein doubten, mit getten ein pfennig,
Das gang ich ben quickischer traden!

DAVE MORRAH

"Oh—this old status symbol?"

still more

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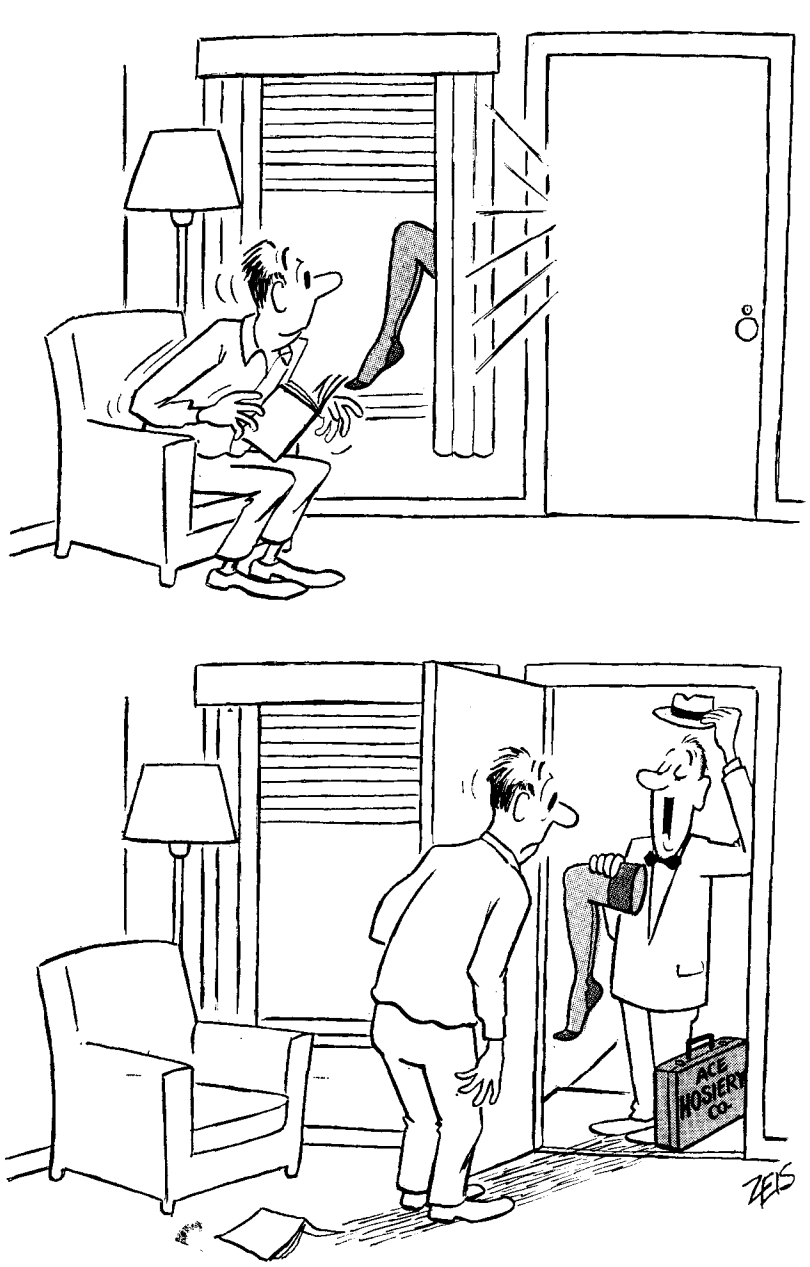
"What do you mean, it's very nice? What's wrong with it?"

"Yes . . . I guess it would be cheaper if you brought your leak in here."



"I represent . . ."

the end

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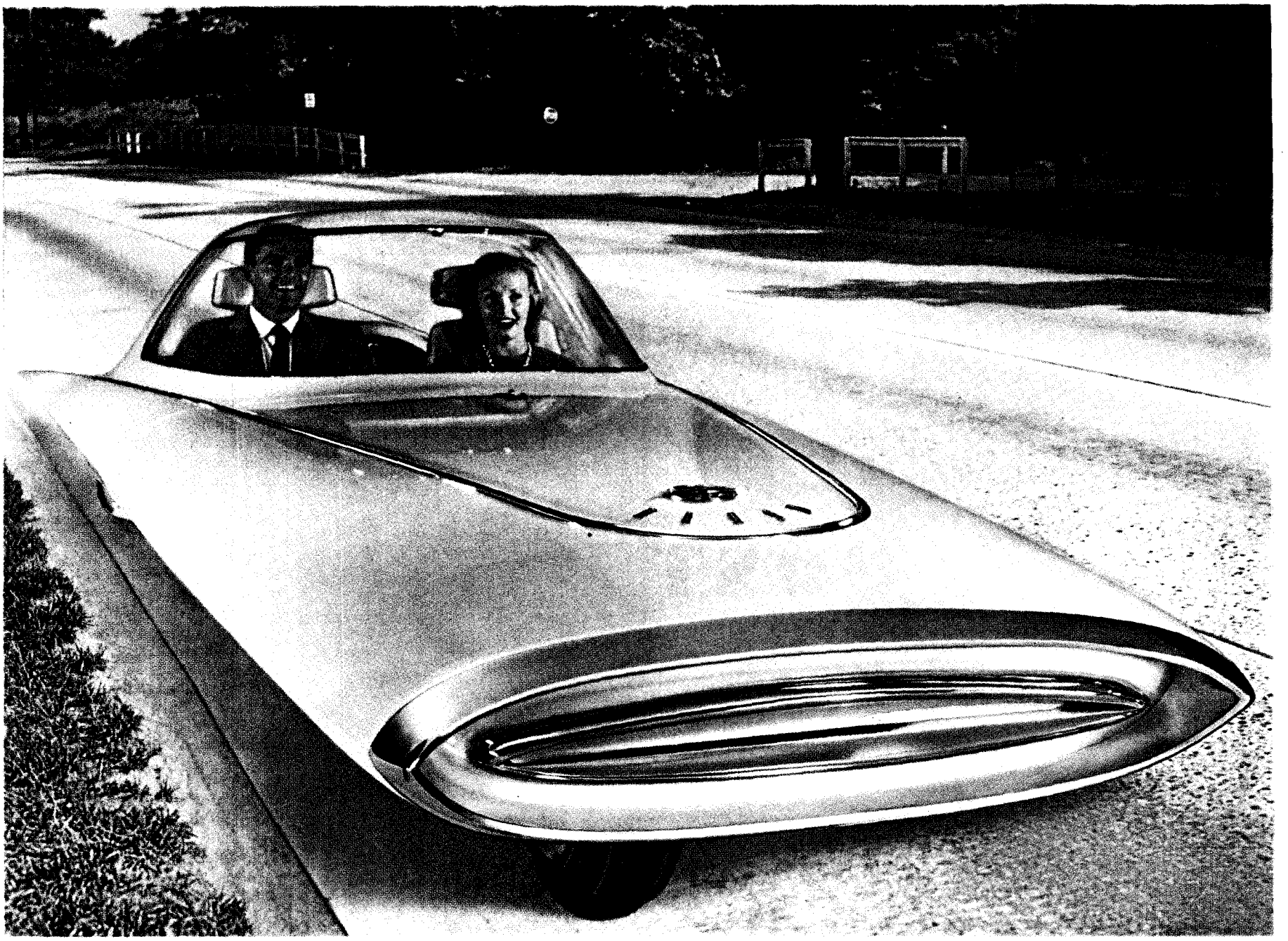

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The sleek, advanced lines of this gyroscopic dream car are set off with a grille-ring of bright, durable Nickel-Chrome Plating. Designers of this car-of-tomorrow specified top quality Nickel-Chrome Plating for two important reasons: It gives protection from the worst kind of wear. It keeps its eye-catching luster for years.

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PROBLEM CHILD

continued from page 35

eling. "You're goin' to be real sorry, ma."

"Thank you, dear," the old bear said. "No one knows that better than I do." She sighed and kept on walking.

They soon learned that his name was Rafe, which seemed suitable enough, for he was certainly an unreconstructed character with the manners of a hillbilly from the last hill. For a time it was impossible to fill him up. He gobbled his own food and everyone else's, if he could get away with it; he snarled and snatched things and threatened to fight the cubs for every ground squirrel the old bear could dig up. She dug and heaved and pushed rocks around until she almost dropped from weariness, to the accompaniment of a continual, rasping, "I'm hongry, I am." The day came, however, when his appetite seemed to be more or less under control. The old bear had lost forty pounds to get it there and heaved a great sigh of relief—a bit prematurely, as she soon discovered. Rafe's mind, like nature, abhorred a vacuum and, once it got off his alimentary tract, it went panting off in all directions in search of knowledge, argument, trouble or incipient disaster. It wasn't unusual for him to find all four of them at one time.

Wilbur and Vincent learned in an amiable, blundering way and often squalled for their mother when something puzzled them; they were usually saved from the ultimate disaster by being cuffed away from it, but Rafe had to find out for himself. He refused instruction. He learned to climb trees by falling out of them until gravity wearied of him and looked away; he challenged skunks and swaggered up to porcupines and, as soon as the old bear had dunked him in the nearest creek or held him down and pulled the quills out of him with her teeth, he was off again for another session of self-instruction.

"Why can't you just look at them," the old bear would say, "or come and ask me whether you should play with them?"

"Play with 'em?" Rafe would ask scornfully. "I ain't ——"

"I'm not."

"O.K., O.K. I'm not. I ain't—I'm not aimin' to play with 'em. You're stupid; maybe you think anybody can play with a porcupine?"

"Then why do you ——" the old bear would begin; then her voice would die away and she would shake her head.

As Rafe grew, the old bear strove heroically to smooth down the abrasive corners of his personality, but it was a bootless enterprise. He not only kept the ones he had but developed new ones. His temper was typically wolverine, which is to say villainous, and, if he had grown up with brothers and sisters, he would have been fighting all the time; but he was growing up with bears, more placid beasts, and, discovering that they hated scenes, he found he didn't have to fight if he just made an uproar. The disrespectful tone he had always taken toward his foster mother widened until it embraced all the bears he met. Then one day he encountered the Colonel, the patriarch of the territory, rolling rocks around and digging for mice on a hillside.

The Colonel looked up from his labors and gave a surprised start. "Hah!" he said, a bit flustered. "And what would you be creeping about here for?"

"I ain't creepin' now, I'm sittin'," Rafe pointed out.

"Indeed?"

"Yeah," Rafe said.

"Humph."

"Yeah," Rafe said. "I been thinkin', anybody big as a two-acre blowdown, like you are, sure looks goofy messin' around with mice."

Under his fur and the topsoil he had accumulated in his efforts, the Colonel turned an alarming shade of purple. His first impulse was to rush at this obscene little creature and annihilate it, but he realized in time that he probably couldn't catch it; he managed a measure of control and glared balefully instead.

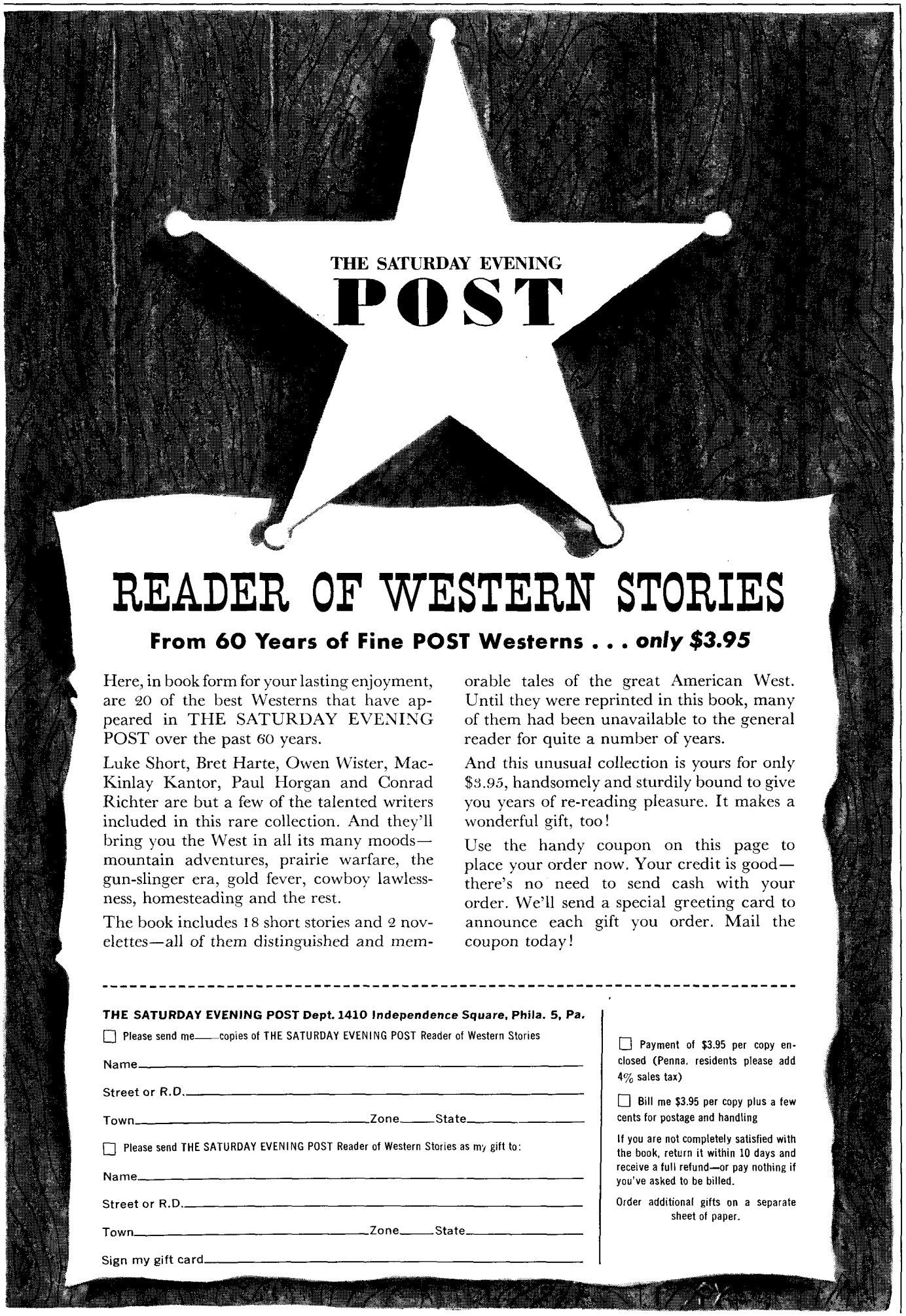
"Really?" he said finally, then added, "And what would you suggest that one mess about with?"

"Caribou," Rafe said. "You only got to catch one of 'em."

The Colonel stared at him and then laughed like a baritone in an opera. "Ha! Ha! A caribou!" he exclaimed. "Ha! Ha! Buzz off then, you nasty braggart, and catch one. Take your own advice."

It took a moment before Rafe realized that he'd walked into a left hook, and then his temper took hold of him; his eyes began to glow. "O.K.," he rasped. "O.K. So I'll catch one, bub. I'll let you know where it is, and you can get yourself a square meal for once."

He turned with dignity and cantered off, getting madder at every jump as the Colonel's mocking laughter followed him. Since his first fight with Wilbur and



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CHILD Vincent, he had been able to bluff them when they threatened to gang up on him, and his reputation as an *enfant terrible* among the other bears had been built up by sheer impudence, but the Colonel had been too fast for him. He realized that he would have to knock over a caribou before night or be the laughingstock of the countryside, and a caribou was a big beast; he was afraid of them.

The more he thought of it, the more afraid he got and, as his fear mounted, his rage at himself mounted with it, until presently the rage was as great as the fear. As he moved along, he saw a small caribou feeding toward a distant clump of spruces. When he got the clump of trees between himself and the caribou, he turned toward it. When he reached the trees he climbed one and, shaking with rage and fright, he waited until the caribou was beneath him and launched himself upon it.

The caribou snorted with terror and leaped into a wild gallop. If Rafe had got a calmer moment to think, he would have turned loose. He didn't get it, however; he was terrified, and he dug his claws in deeper and gnawed desperately on the heaving caribou's neck. They went flying wildly over the countryside, until Rafe's teeth finally got through the caribou's backbone, and it fell dead with a crash.

Rafe picked himself up and, after his eyes began to focus again, he stared at the great beast he had brought down. He could hardly believe that he had done it. He staggered up to the corpse and poked it gingerly, but it stayed dead; there was no doubt of it.

In the first few minutes beside the dead caribou Rafe grew up; he left childish things behind. He expanded his chest and growled; he looked off in the direction he had come from his encounter with the Colonel and sneered. He went to work on the caribou and stuffed himself with as much of it as he could hold, cut off a ham and laid it aside and scratched dirt over the rest to show his opinion of the Colonel. Then he laid hold of the ham and, puffing and swearing, half dragged and half carried it in the direction of home.

It was almost dark by the time he found the old bear and the cubs, and he was worn out, but he wasn't going to let them know it. "There," he said, dumping the ham in front of them as they stood gaping. "Like I said to that old fossil a while ago, quit messin' around with them mice and eat good for a change."

Vincent found his tongue first. "Ma! What's a fossil, ma?"

"Ma, is it good to eat? Is it a fossil, ma? Ma, why don't we eat it?"

"Yes," the old bear said, "it's good to ——" She looked at Rafe. "What do you mean, a fossil?" she asked. "Who did you call a ——"

"I'll tell you who he called a fossil!"

It was the Colonel's voice, and the Colonel himself followed it, marching in with ponderous, measured steps from the surrounding gloom. He reared up and towered over them like a thundercloud; his eyes were red with rage, and his expression was enough to send the two cubs scrambling up the nearest tree and Rafe after them. The old bear shrank back; the Colonel took a swipe at a sapling and knocked it flat.

"I won't have it!" he roared. "I'll—I'll ——" Words failed him. He rushed over to the tree in which Rafe and the cubs were roosting and tried to uproot it, but it was too big for him. He gave that up and clawed great chunks of bark out of it, then rushed about tearing up bushes and flailing the air. Presently he ran out of breath and had to sit down, heaving.

The old bear gingerly took a forward step or two. "Ozzie," she said in a wheedling tone. "Ozzie. Remember your heart. Please, Ozzie."

"Curse my heart," the Colonel snarled.

"Well, then, the neighbors, Ozzie. Your dignity, your position, your ——"

"Damn and blast the neighbors! In the old days it was always the neighbors, the children, some crazy thing or other every time I —— You're still the most irritating she-bear I was ever—um—engaged to."

"Please, Ozzie, the children."

"Ah, yes, the children," the Colonel said and gave up. He exhaled a huge, defeated sigh. "Amanda," he said after a moment. "That—that *thing* will have to go. Cast it forth, get rid of it. From now on, any bear who speaks to it will answer to me. I," he said, drawing himself up, "have spoken." With that, he marched off into the night.

Rafe, from high in the tree, gave him a parting salute. "Hey, daddy-O! You beat the foxes to that caribou, you won't have to dig up no four bushels of pack rats tomorrow."

The Colonel didn't answer.

Thus cast adrift, after tearful farewells from his foster mother and fascinated promises to sneak off and go camping with him from Wilbur and Vincent, Rafe was on his own. The widely held opinion, after the tale of his escapade with the Colonel got out, was that he would come to a sorry end. This was largely wishful thinking, for practically every bear in the vicinity had suffered some erosion of the ego in its dealings with him; they all longed to see him get his comeuppance.

As for the castaway himself, he seemed to flourish in his isolation. Just as killing the caribou had given him a new and inordinate confidence in himself, so did the fact that all avoided him confirm him in his opinion that everyone was afraid of him. He swaggered about, sneering at one and all, bedeviling the minks and foxes and daring the eagles to come down and try a fall with him. Presently he managed to ambush another small caribou.

He returned to it the next day. As he came over the crest of a hill above the little valley where it lay, he was just in time to see four wolves, strangers from over the ridge to the north, chase off a bear who had been dining upon it. For the bear to eat his kill was bad enough, but to have strangers move in on him was even worse. He began to growl; his eyes lit with greenish fire; he started down the hill.

Halfway down he met the bear, which was mad at being run off and grumbling to itself. It stopped and stared at him and, after a long look, decided to get out of his way. He marched on past it.

"You going down there?" the bear asked unbelievingly.

Rafe paused. "Yeah," he said. "Where did you think I was goin', dope? It's a good thing for you you ain't there with 'em."

"They're gangsters," the bear said, torn between a wish to see him demolished and an unwilling admiration. "They'll kill you."

"Stick around and see," Rafe said and marched on.

As he neared the kill, a young wolf looked up. "Hey, chief," he said, "get a load of this sawed-off runt comin'."

The leader raised his head. "Oh-oh," he said and dropped back a step.

"What's the matter, chief?"

"It's a wolverine."

It was a word new to the bright lexicon of the young wolf. "So it's a wolverine," he said. "Ain't we goin' to take him, chief?"

"I guess we could," the leader said, "but somebody would get hurt doin' it. Heads up, and give him the word."

Rafe was pretty close now; the wolves drew together, bared their gleaming teeth and growled a blood-chilling chorus. Rafe growled back and increased his pace.

"He means it," the leader said. "Fade."

They all fell back, and Rafe took a leap and landed on the dead caribou. He marched up and down on the carcass, snarling at them. "Cheap chiselers! Four-flushin' jerks! Go on, beat it back where you came from, chiselers."

The young wolf which had previously had so much to say spoke up. "Leave me cut him up a little before we blow, chief."

"We'd probably carry you home, junior. Come on, this skinny little caribou ain't worth it."

They turned and trotted off. Rafe watched them go. "And stay where you belong," he snarled after them. "You creeps sneak back in here, I'll cool you good."

The bear he had passed had watched all this from the top of the hill and, as the wolves moved off, he ran to find the other bears. He had news for them.

The end of summer came, and the nights grew frosty; the willows and maples scattered their crimson and gold through the dark stands of evergreens. The bears spent most of their time eating, to lay on fat for hibernation, but they weren't too busy to keep an eye on Rafe and assure one another that it wouldn't be long now before he got what was coming to him. He had grown a good deal and had had a vast amount of exercise; he was hard-muscled and tireless, and his conduct was more outrageous than ever. If the bears had suffered before in their encounters with him, they suffered doubly now. They were afraid to say anything to him unless they were sure that the Colonel wasn't lurking nearby, and he taunted them about it; besides, he refused to move aside when he met them on a trail, and they had to give way to him. It even began to be rumored, in whispers between stanch friends, that the Colonel somehow always managed to be somewhere else when Rafe was around.

The comforting thought that they would soon be hibernating and thus rid of him was rendered less comforting when a hyperthyroid type with an overactive imagination suggested that he might search them out in their dens and continue to bedevil them. This caused a flurry of alarm and some talk about a course of action; but the bears never took action about anything; they always muddled through somehow, and so the talk came to nothing. Something, they hoped, would turn up; and presently it did.

Rafe heard about it when he encountered an old bear named Hawtrey, a normally smooth type, who was hurrying up a hill with an alarmed expression on his face. Rafe planted himself in the trail and brought Hawtrey to a halt.

"What's the matter, grandpa?" he asked. "You sit on a bee?"

"There's a man," the bear said, jittering about. "He's building a den down there out of logs. He'll *trap* us. Oh, great manito, why did this have to happen? Let me by, please; I must warn the others."

"Relax, relax," Rafe said. "What's all this jazz about a man? What's a man?"

"Please, I must let everyone ——"

"Yeah, yeah," Rafe said. "In a minute. Make with the scoop, grandpa, and I'll let you go."

"Ah!" the bear said. "A—a man is one of the worst calamities that can possibly happen. He hides traps that catch you by the leg and has a stick that can kill half a mile away. Nobody can defeat a man. Now, if you don't ——"

"Nobody, huh? Well, well. Look, grandpa, you mooch along now and tell the boys to take it easy. I'll handle this character."

This statement penetrated Hawtrey's distress and preoccupation and calmed him considerably; he stared at Rafe with dawning hope. Of the two evils, the trapper seemed to be the lesser; the bear was quite sure he would be the one they'd be left with, and they'd soon hibernate anyhow. "You will?" he asked, with interest.

"Why, shore. He'll be glad to scram when I get through with him."

"Splendid!" the bear said, taking what he considered his last look at Rafe. "Do

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946 and June 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208)

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly—2 year-end issues combined—at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1961.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Editor, Ben Hibbs, Narberth, Pa.

Managing editor, Robert Sherrod, Philadelphia, Pa.

Business manager, None

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: *6,452,790.

*7/2/60 to 6/24/61

Ben Hibbs, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of August, 1961.

WILLIAM C. ZIMMERMAN, Notary Public, City and County of Philadelphia
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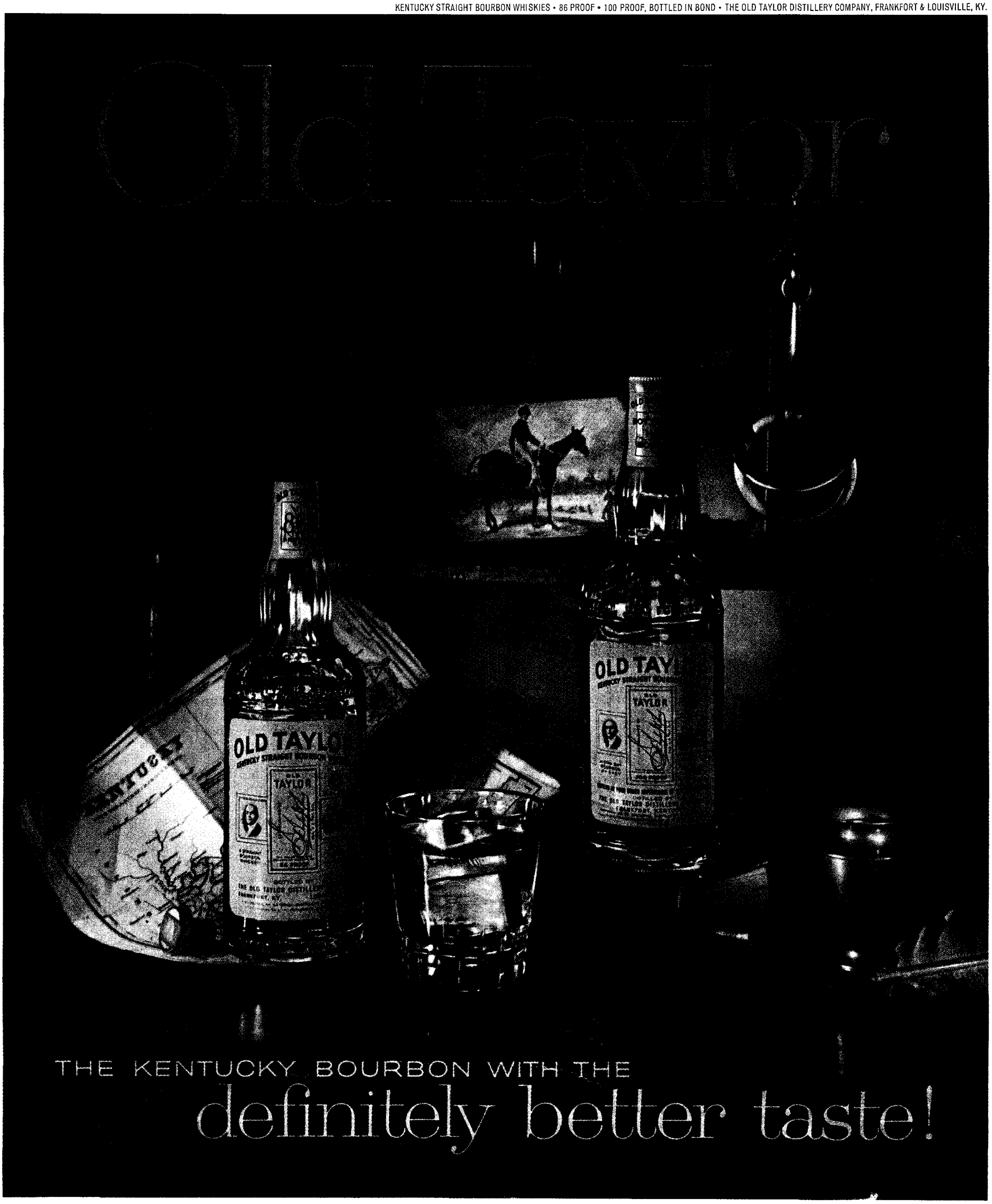

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CHILD your usual fine job, old boy. I'll be off then and spread the news."

He went on his way, smiling, and Rafe took off at his usual canter, but after a few yards he slowed down. Something bothered him; he stopped and thought about it, and presently recalled Hawtrey's unusual cordiality. It was the first time anyone had been cordial to him, and this cordiality had appeared after he had promised to take care of the man, who had been described earlier as a great calamity.

"Well, now," Rafe said to himself and started off again. But he went carefully this time; when he heard the sound of hammering, he moved more carefully still, and finally climbed a tree from which he could watch the proceedings. The man didn't look like much; he resembled somewhat a scrawny bear; but between the way he used his tools and the way he erected his den, he added up to a most interesting creature. While Rafe watched, a caribou appeared several hundred yards from the cabin. The man went inside, came out with a sticklike thing and leveled it. There was a crash that made Rafe jump and almost fall out of his tree, and the caribou rolled over and lay kicking. It was an impressive demonstration.

"Well, now," Rafe said again and congratulated himself that he had not been too precipitate.

He watched the rest of the day and for two days after that, growing more enthralled all the time. This man, he finally decided, would bear more investigation before he tried conclusions with him, for he was really worthy competition—infinitely more engaging than pushing stuffy bears and other stupid beasts around. In the light of what he was seeing, he began to feel a little ashamed of the way he'd been wasting his time.

On the fourth morning he got up his tree just in time to see the man emerge from the cabin with a bulging sack over his shoulder and decided to follow him. He had developed a consuming curiosity about the inside of the cabin for the further knowledge it might give him, but he didn't want to be caught in it; if he followed the man, he might learn what his habits were and how long he would be gone. He descended the tree and tagged along at a judicious distance. The man walked until he came to a stream, where he put down the sack, took something that clanked out of it, set the thing on the bank and carefully covered it with grass; then he shouldered the sack and went on.

Rafe carefully moved around the hidden thing and picked up a scent that was unfamiliar to him but somehow threatening, filed it for future reference and then followed. He followed for most of the day; the man didn't turn back until the sack was empty.

When the man came out with another sack the next morning, Rafe waited until he was long gone and moved in on the cabin. He couldn't find a way into it and finally went down the chimney. It was rather dark inside, but full of engaging smells, and Rafe was soon busily investigating them all. He pulled the sacks of flour down, ripped them open, rolled in the flour and scattered it all over the place. He ate the bacon, and what he couldn't eat he dragged up the chimney and hid in the underbrush far away. The cans puzzled him for a time but, after he found that his teeth would go through them, he punctured them all, sucked out what he wanted and let the remainder drip where it would. He tore up the blankets and whatever clothes he could find, knocked down everything else that would move and stirred it about in the flour, climbed up the chimney for the last time, shook himself and went off to sleep. He had had a big day; he had never had so much fun in his life or tasted so many new and interesting things, and the inside of the cabin was a wreck. No local hurricane coupled with a deluge could have made a more hopeless mess of it.

He slept late the next morning and awoke a bit bleary-eyed from his debauch, but after a long drink from a nearby spring he felt better and decided to have another look at the man. He climbed his usual tree and was amazed to see the cabin door open and two white bear cubs moving busily in and out. After a time he identified them as Wilbur and Vincent; and, gathering from this that the man wasn't about, he descended the tree and cautiously approached.

The cubs' bellies bulged and they were smeared liberally with the remnants of the cans' contents on a foundation of flour. They were having a fine time and greeted him with enthusiasm.

"It's Rafe!" one of them said. "You hungry, Rafe?"

"Come on in, Rafe. There are things in there you never ate before."

"Where's the man?" Rafe asked.

"Oh, he's gone," Wilbur said. "Everybody says

he got run out and won't be back any more.

What do they mean, run out, Rafe? Everybody was scared of him. Who would run him out?"

"The Colonel's gone into early hibernation," Vincent said, "and Uncle Hawtrey's got a headache. He said he tried, but it wasn't any use. What's he mean, Rafe?"

"He says he's quite depressed, Rafe."

Rafe stared at them and began to feel depressed himself. Apparently the man, like a pack rat, had counted on the contents of his den to carry him over the winter and, having lost it, had to go away. This had never entered Rafe's head while he was tearing the place up; he had never thought of it and was just having fun; but that was the way it had worked out, and the future without the man held nothing but bears and seemed empty, dreary and without savor.

"Shucks," he said and sighed. "Now there ain't anything here for me." He sighed again. "Damn it," he said, "I think I'll go away myself and see if I can find another man."

"My word," Vincent said. "Will you, Rafe? Rafe, we'll miss you. Everybody will."

"Aw, Rafe."

"Yeah," Rafe said. "Well, keep your noses clean. I'm gonna blow."

"Well," Vincent said.

"Rafe," Wilbur said. "Rafe, nobody's told us yet what's a ba—— Rafe, what's a ba——? You tell us, will you, Rafe?"

Rafe had half turned away, but he paused. "No, I ain't gonna tell you," he said. "Why don't you go find out for yourselfs? Go learn somethin'. You can't go around talkin' like dumb punk kids all your life."

He turned, for good this time, and took off for the horizon. THE END

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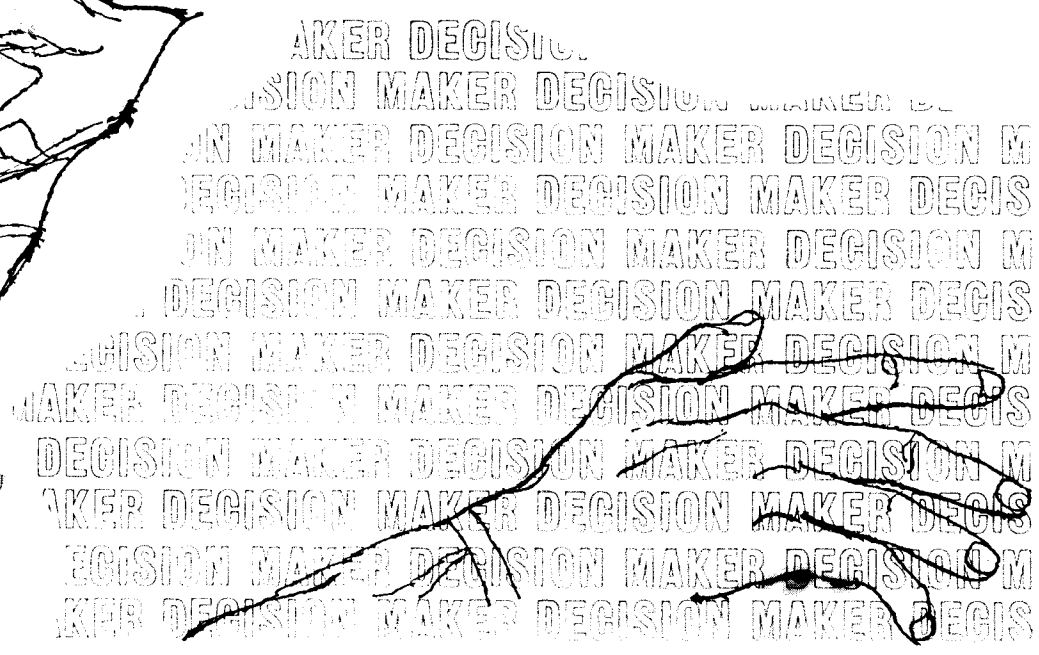

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Who discovers scientists in sneakers?

Somewhere among today's teenagers are tomorrow's scier tists. But how do we find them? How do we develop them

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But the fact is, we're growing them not only bigger bu smarter every year. And if many of our young people don' know how to use the brains they were born with, it's becaus we have failed to challenge and excite them.

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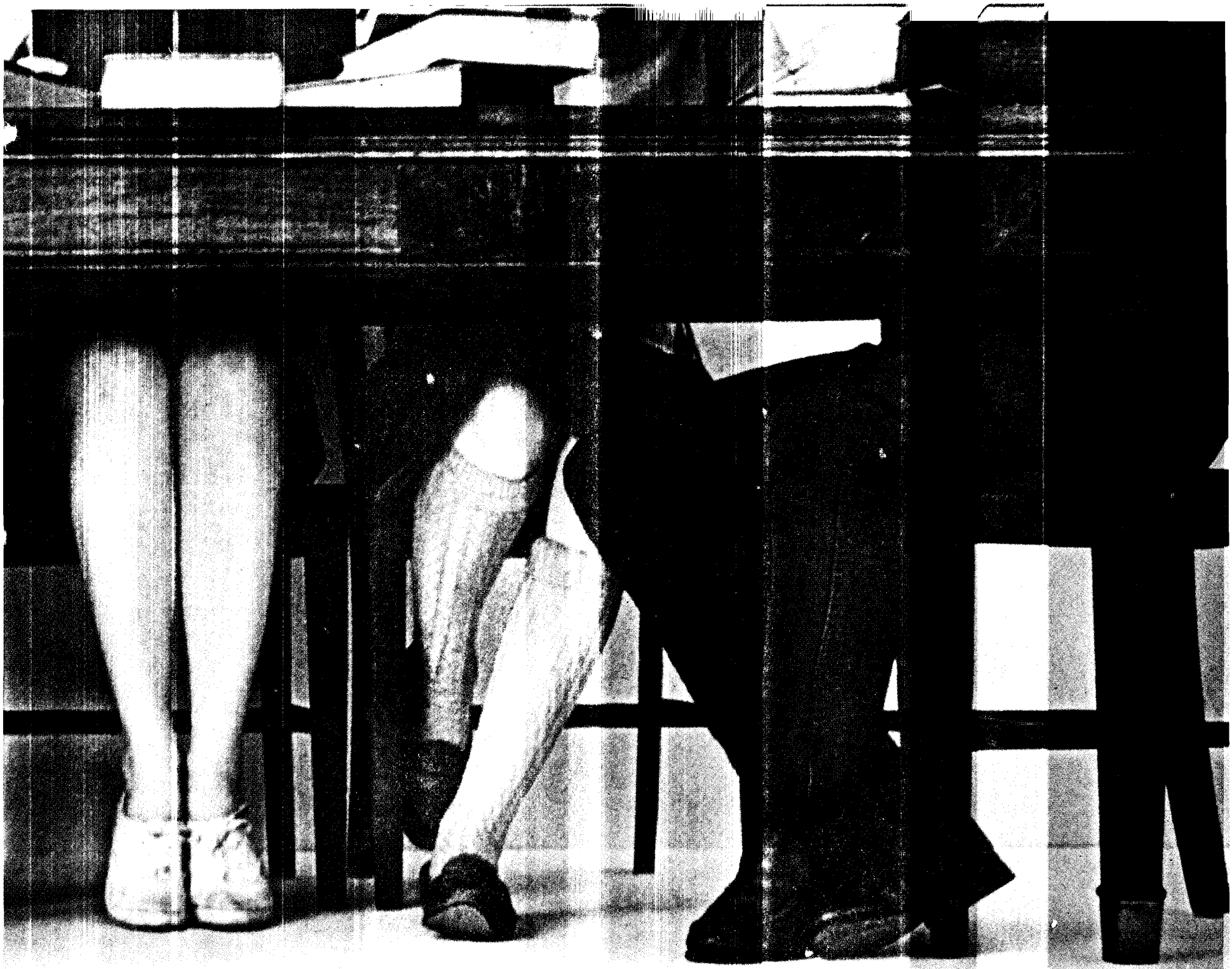

It was like watching the stars come out. One student lit
p, then another and another. John Stuart Mill once wrote,
The pupil who is never required to do what he cannot do,
ever does what he can do." Students slugged away at com-
lex Chemistry textbooks. They lost themselves in fascinat-
ıg laboratory experiments. They felt the excitement of
ıallenge, the thrill of growth. Even
oys and girls who had been top stu-
ents in the school said, "I've just begun
› learn how to study."

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ther teachers saw what could be done,
rted giving more to their students
ıd demanding more from them. Suddenly there was a new
ero on campus: The Brain. "We had been polishing our
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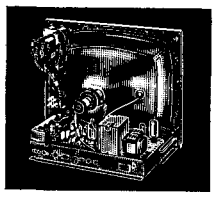

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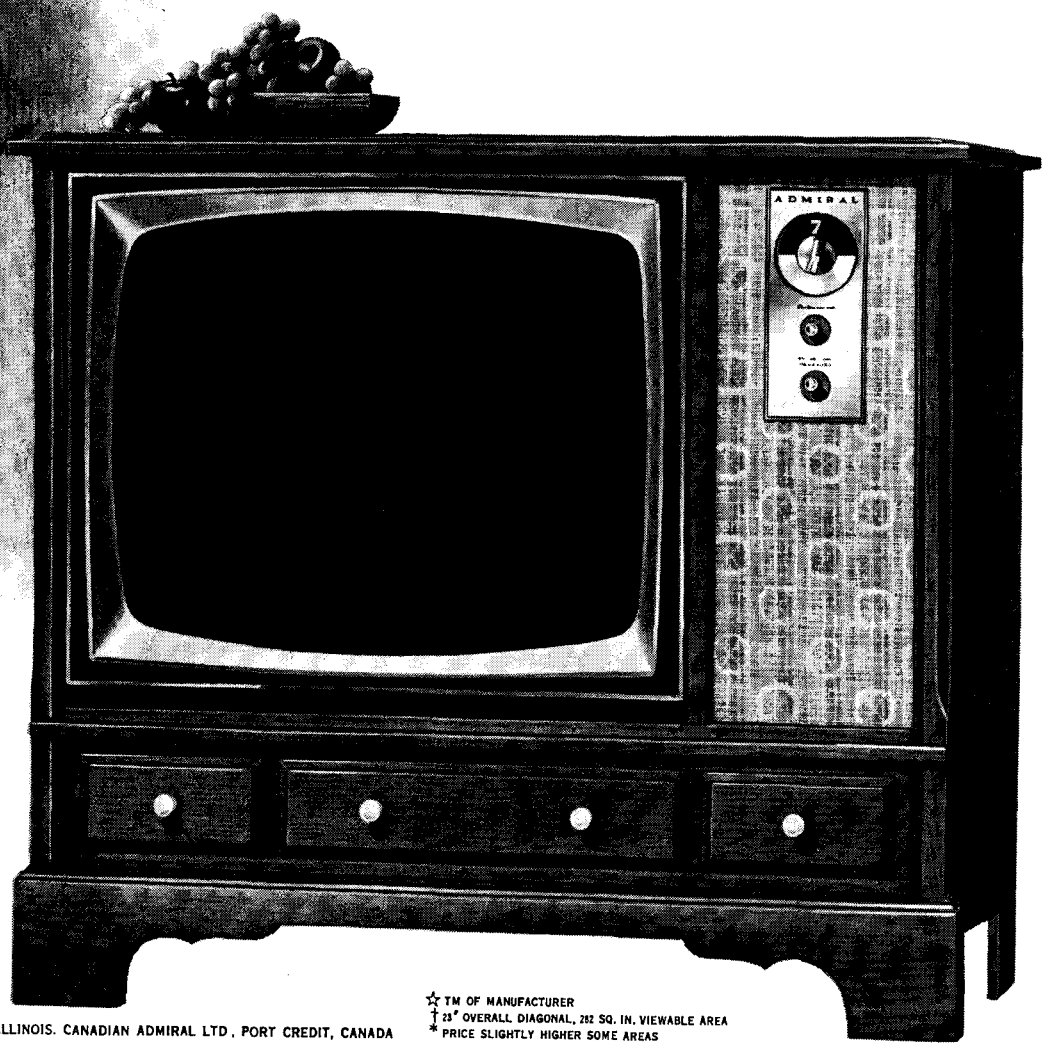

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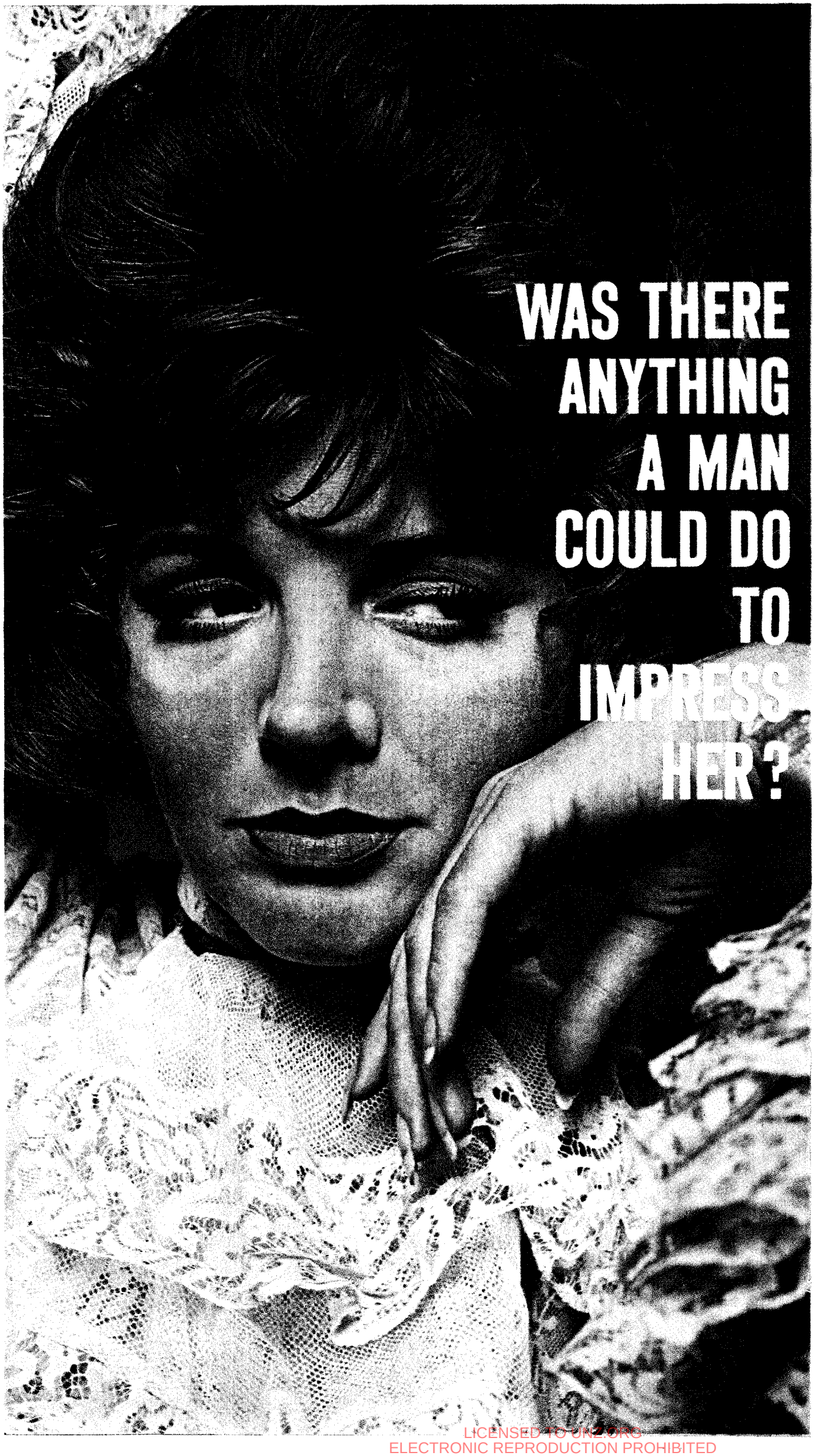

BORED WITH IT ALL

BY GERALD KERSH

Two days ago my valiant tiger-striped Staffordshire bull terrier suddenly started from the easy doze of pampered old age, sat up on his haunches, threw back his head and howled so forlornly with all that is left of his voice that, although I am not a superstitious man, my flesh crawled. I said to him, "You're dreaming, Buller. Who is there left for us to howl over?"

Then this morning in the Obituaries column of *The Times* I read that John Pargeter of Pentellow had "gone to his reward." Buller was John's dog fourteen years ago. The obituary says, "Deeply mourned by his sorrowing widow." It lies. Tabby Pargeter is as incapable of grief as of joy. Life, death—all's one to her. Some people admire this kind of outlook as "philosophical." But to me the detestable habit of taking everything for granted implies a cloddish, claylike quality of heart and mind. Man was made to wonder, to laugh and weep, to love and hate, to be sinned against and to sin, and to forgive as he hopes to be forgiven.

But not Tabby Pargeter. When, impotently hating the tax collectors as I do, I say that I hope they swallow poor John's estate lock and stock, perhaps I convey something of my distaste for that woman. It is not that she ever did—or even said—anything to my detriment. Perhaps this accounts for some part of the revulsion with which she always inspired me; but only a small part. I do not mind being ignored—I am used to it—but she set my teeth on edge. Her indifference to everything and everybody was all-embracing, and the neutrality of her spirit was so complete that it was something positive, something somehow blasphemous.

For example: one evening while John and I were sitting over coffee and brandy in his study, Tabby happened to walk in. As she passed, a stray fold of her dress knocked over a fragile and beautiful Sèvres coffeepot, which shattered in a hundred pieces on the floor. I leaped up with a cry, but she simply picked up a book she had come for, rang for a servant to sweep up the debris, and sauntered out of the room. John said to me, in admiration, "Did you see that? She heard the pot smash, so she didn't waste effort looking down! What a woman!"

You see, her emptiness tickled certain imaginations. Some men were drawn by Tabby as others are attracted to caves and deserts. *Surely*, they think, *there must be something beyond the wasteland or at the back of the dark*. So Tabby was a standing challenge to all mankind, defying

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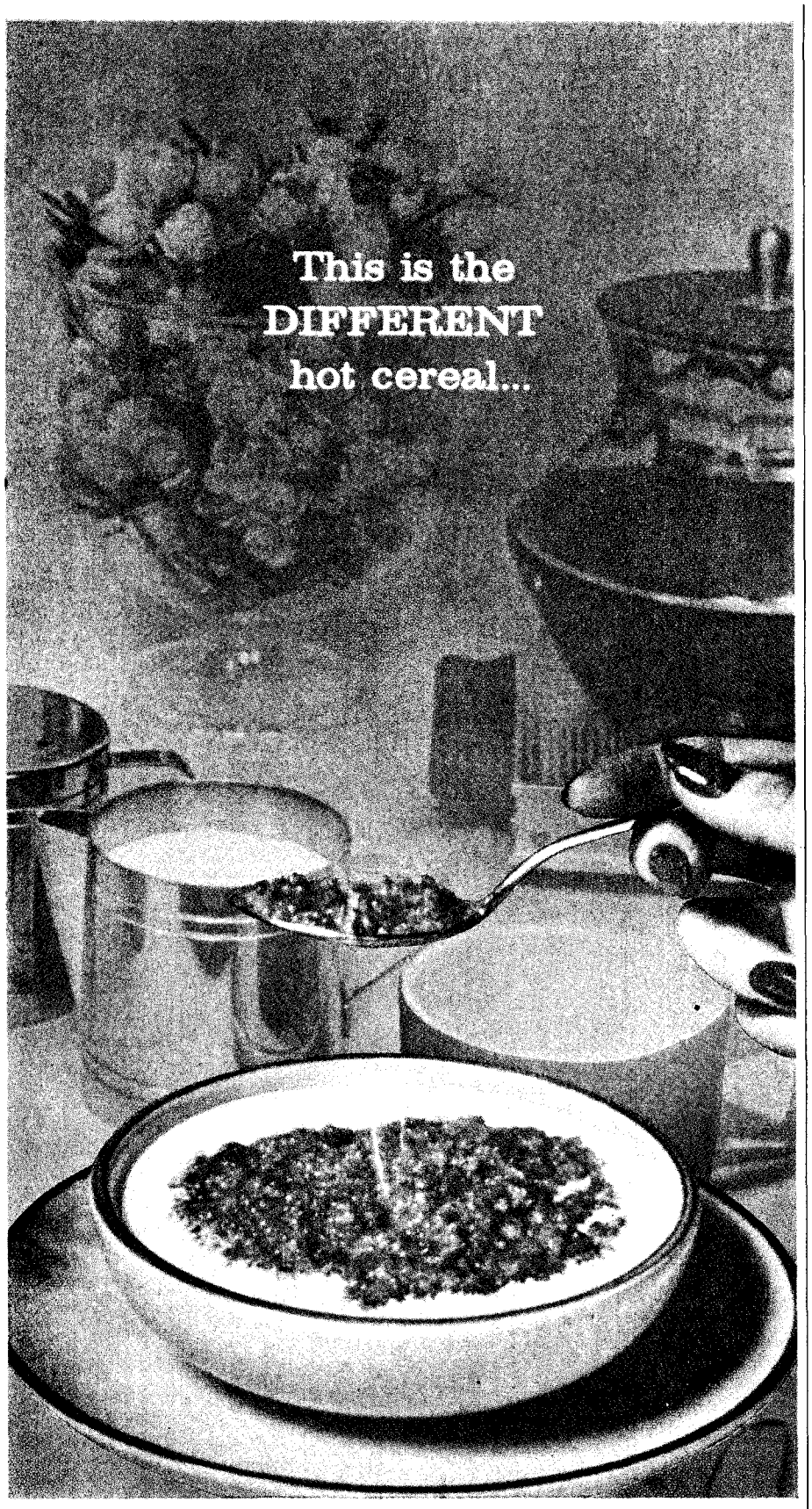

This is Roman Meal. Here's a hot cereal with the rich, nutty flavor of natural whole grains. Roman Meal Cereal has a munchy texture, too — isn't "mushy" like other hot cereals.

Roman Meal Cereal is high-protein whole wheat, whole rye and bran—with all the wheat and rye germ left in. It gives you more natural vitamins, minerals and protein than most chemically fortified hot cereals. (Check the chart on our package.)

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The hot cereal that dares to be DIFFERENT!

BORED discovery. She dared you to arouse her interest. I speak of her in the past tense because I have not seen her for more than seventeen years and she seems to belong to another age. She was twenty-three then, and her name was Tabithe de Meerouw; and if by this you infer that she was one of those kindly, easygoing Netherlandish beauties, all cream and ginger, you are vastly mistaken.

She came lounging out of Belgium in 1940 with some other refugees, an ungracious and unlovely girl, not bony, but with the appearance of having been hastily hung on the wrong skeleton. We all have collarbones and elbows and kneecaps, but hers somehow advertised themselves. Her hair was of the color and texture of unraveled string, and she wore it in two coils, like headphones, to cover her ears, which were large. White lashes fringed tired eyes of a diluted coffee color, and there was an uncomfortably soapy quality to her skin. Her pallid mouth was curious in that it formed an unbroken oval, for the upper lip had no indentation. With all this—and a quite nondescript figure haphazardly dressed, and large limp hands which might have been made to flap in disdain, and shoulders designed for nothing but weary shrugging, and a general air of sour resignation—you might have thought that Tabithe de Meerouw would be destined to go through life unnoticed except in pity.

But this was not so. She was one of those women who, without beauty, wit, spirit, charm, good nature or even a desire to please, mysteriously fascinate men. Every village has one. Incomprehensibly, without lifting a finger or uttering a word of encouragement, they attract the unlikeliest mates, cutting out girls rightly regarded as a hundred times more desirable. Biologists say it has something to do with chemistry. I do not believe this. The success of your true *femme fatale* must be attributed to genuine, unfeigned indifference. Hers is the sucking force of the vacuum.

John was at the war when Tabby—as we called her—went to work in the offices of Pargeter and Pargeter, tea brokers, in Mincing Lane—one of the most respectable commercial houses in the city of London. Dr. Samuel Johnson drank Pargeter's tea; some chests of it went overboard in Boston Harbor. John's uncle, Sir Percy Pargeter, was managing director, and he gave the lonely Belgian girl a job partly out of benevolence and partly because she could talk and write five languages, dully but with precision, and could type with perfect accuracy whatever she was given, errors and all.

My old friend was invalided out of the Army late in 1943, lavishly decorated but badly wounded. He had taken a pillbox singlehanded under devastating machine-gun fire. That was like him. At school he had earned the nickname "Crazy Jack" for just such disregard for danger. He could never see himself as bested or in any way overpowered, although he was neither big nor remarkably strong. His will to win had, so to speak, congealed into a blind spot. Once he and I had a fight—I forget about what—and I won. Sitting on his chest and gripping his collar I pounded his head against the soft turf, waiting for him to cry mercy; but all the time he glared up at me and gasped, between thuds, "Now will you apologize? . . . Now have you had enough?" He simply couldn't imagine that it was not he who had the upper hand.

For all that, we were as close as brothers. I helped him with his English, and he helped me with mathematics—in which I was a complete dunce—for he had a remarkable flair for figures, which would help him in the safe and comfortable job awaiting him at Pargeter and Pargeter's. It seemed, then, that he was one of Fortune's favorites. He was handsome and likable, sympathetic and intelligent, and comfortably off as well. His mother had left him an estate of about 100 acres near Pentellow, in West Devon, and he had an income of 1500 pounds a year from his father. Over and above this, his salary would amount to 1200 pounds, not counting bonuses. In another year or so, his wounds healed, he would be as good as new, the doctors said. He had a way with women, moreover, and could have married brilliantly if he had so desired. All this and youth too! And before anyone can expostulate, he gets a special license and marries Tabby de Meerouw.

I concealed my surprise and dismay as best I could when he came to break the news to me a week after the wedding, but he said, "Oh, I know you don't like her, old boy. You think she's a bore, and mousy ——"

"Jack, I've never said a word about the girl, good or bad."

"No, but you think so. Everybody does. As a matter of fact, Tabby has been rather withdrawn. The truth is, you see, she's proud as a queen, and she's always felt that

if she couldn't be her true self, she'd rather be nobody at all."

"True self?" I asked.

"Yes. Did you know that the De Meerouws were one of the noblest families in Europe? I've looked them up in the *Almanach de Gotha*. Tabby can trace her ancestry back to Philip the Good," said John.

"The one who reigned over the Netherlands in the fifteenth century?"

"That's right, old boy."

I said, "Well, he had some forty-odd children, I think, legitimate and otherwise. That was five hundred years ago, more or less. Allow thirty years as one generation, and we have, say, sixteen generations of descendants. Of how many people now living is Philip the Good the putative ancestor? You're the mathematician; work it out. Jack, if this was a consideration, you want your head examined!"

"It was nothing of the sort," he said. "I was simply giving you a clue to her real self. She's enchanting! You've got to come to dinner tonight—eight o'clock at Bonbon's."

Bonbon's was a kind of black-market millionaires' dining club, exclusive solely on account of its absurdly high prices. No self-respecting man in his right mind would be seen dead in such a place, but curiosity drew me there. Not counting the value of the jewels with which poor John had decorated her, Tabby was wearing a small fortune in clothes. Yet despite the fact that she was dressed in rich fabrics and furs—which, in time of war when our very socks were rationed, was evidence of the most brutally bad taste—I did not find myself particularly embarrassed. For she had a curiously debasing quality which turned fine silk sleazy and made rabbit of rare sable, while John's mother's noble pearls at

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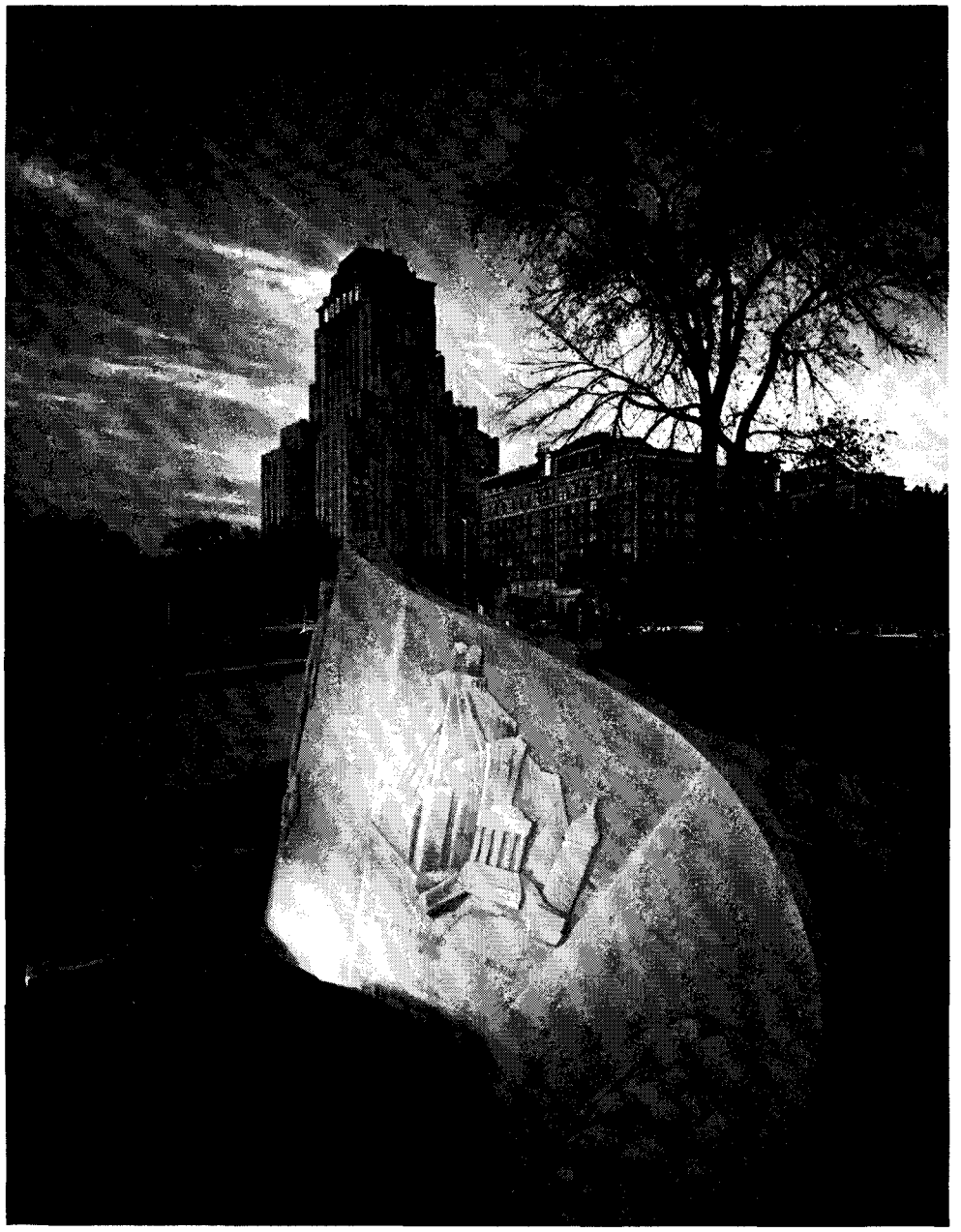

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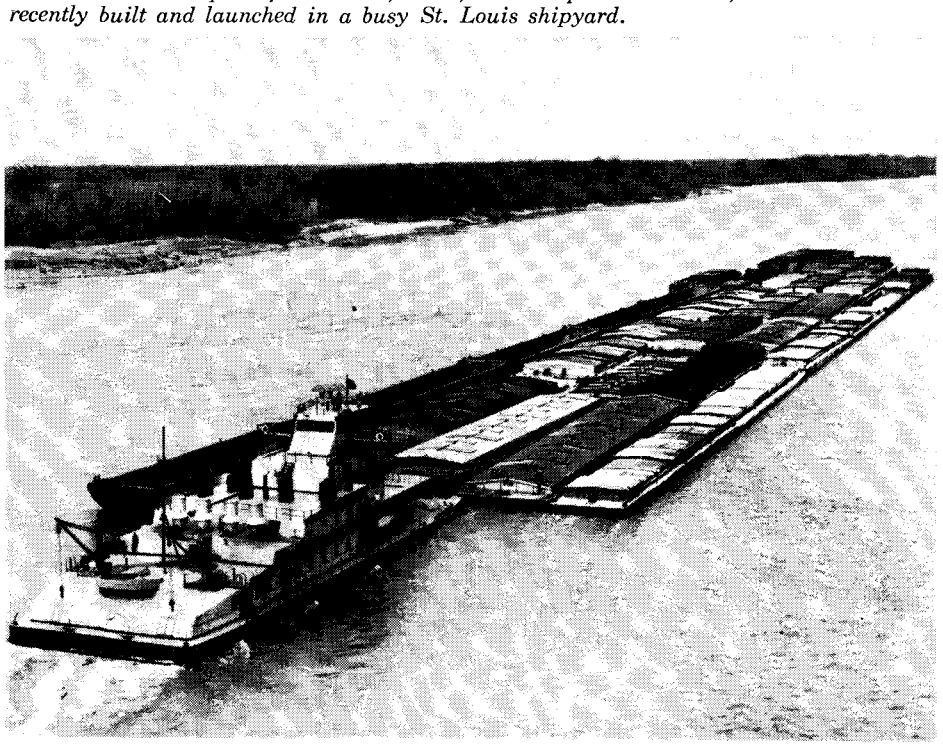

Wisdom of the centuries is preserved in the Vatican Film Library section of the Pope Pius XII Memorial Library at St. Louis University. Some 873,000 feet of microfilm represent 11,000,000 handwritten documents, the only source for these priceless manuscripts outside the Vatican.

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Your credit reputation—like any worthwhile asset—can't be built overnight. But it can be established in a few short years by following the five simple steps we've outlined above. And once you've established yourself as a trusted customer of this bank, you will be amazed and delighted at the lengths we will go to fill your every banking need.

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BORED Tabby's throat looked like something out of a penny arcade.

It was a dismal dinner. She affected the food, too, so that the caviar became buckshot, the entree sawdust, the wine vinegar and the flame of the crepes suzette a musty marsh light. She cast an uneasy silence over us like some heavy fog while she shrugged over her dinner, idly pecking at it.

A little later, when John and I were alone for a few minutes, he asked me what I thought of Tabby now. What could I say but "Charming, charming"?

"She's your true aristocrat," said he. "She insists on luxury just to prove that she despises it. She's above it. That French noblewoman who, when she heard that the poor wanted bread, said, 'Let them eat cake,' was simply showing her disdain for fine pastries. Tabby ——"

"You," I said in irritation, "are a pigheaded idiot. You've got hold of a fixed idea, and wild horses couldn't budge you. Well, where are you going to live in London?"

He said, "Tabby hates London, but she can't stand the country. Luckily, I found an apartment in Albany. She'll like that—the walls all around and the porters guarding the old gates. Sort of like a castle, really."

"How much?" I asked.

"I got the lease for nine thousand."

"Oh, Lord!" was all I could say.

"Don't worry about me," said this infatuated man. "I'm on to three or four good things in the city."

I saw little of John after that, for I avoided Tabby and he could not bear to be away from her for long. We almost quarreled once when I said to him, "For heaven's sake, Jack! Your income's three thousand, minus tax, and you're spending ten thousand!"

"I know what I'm doing. Mind your own business. I came to ask you to dinner."

"Well, I'm not coming," I said.

"You don't like Tabby; that's it."

I answered, "Tabby aside, I hate seeing Jack Pargeter sitting limp with awe because his wife can't cook, and because she gives a sable stole to the cat for a day bed, and because she smashes Sèvres porcelain without batting an eyelid, and ——"

"Oh, go to the devil then!"

"Take care you don't, Jack."

But his progress from that time on was something which I may liken to a dance I once saw performed by a man with a wooden leg. He started at the top of a flight of stairs, and his footwork was fantastic, dazzling. Cutting, shuffling, tapping to the rhythm of some wild music, he descended and ascended, sacrificing three steps to gain two, squandering four to gain one, always dancing, marvelously adroit. But his routine led him inevitably down. In John's descending dance there was no pride or joy but only hectic fever and, for his arrival at ground level, no applause.

He came to my door one rainy evening scarcely two years after his marriage. After one look at his stricken face I said, "Give me your coat and sit down. We'll have a drink and see what's to be done about it."

"What? Done about what?" he stammered. "What do you know about it?"

"I'm no actuary," I said, "but I know that ten into three won't go. You're broke and in debt up to the ears."

"If that were all!" he said, going into the sitting room.

Hanging up his overcoat, I felt something hard and heavy in a side pocket. I took it out. It was a pistol, a short-barreled Italian automatic. I took out the clip and pulled back the slide to make sure the chamber was empty before putting the pistol back. Then I went in where John was sitting with a thick sealed envelope on his knees.

"Make mine a strong one," he said as I poured drinks. "Broke and in debt, eh? And ten into three won't go, eh? Fifty into nothing would be more like it."

"Are you telling me you're fifty thousand pounds in debt?" I asked, appalled.

"Worse. I told you I was on to some good things in the city, I think. Well, I'll cut it short. They aren't good things. They will be, but they aren't yet. And the long and the short of it is I'm into the firm for forty thousand."

"You mean to say ——" I began.

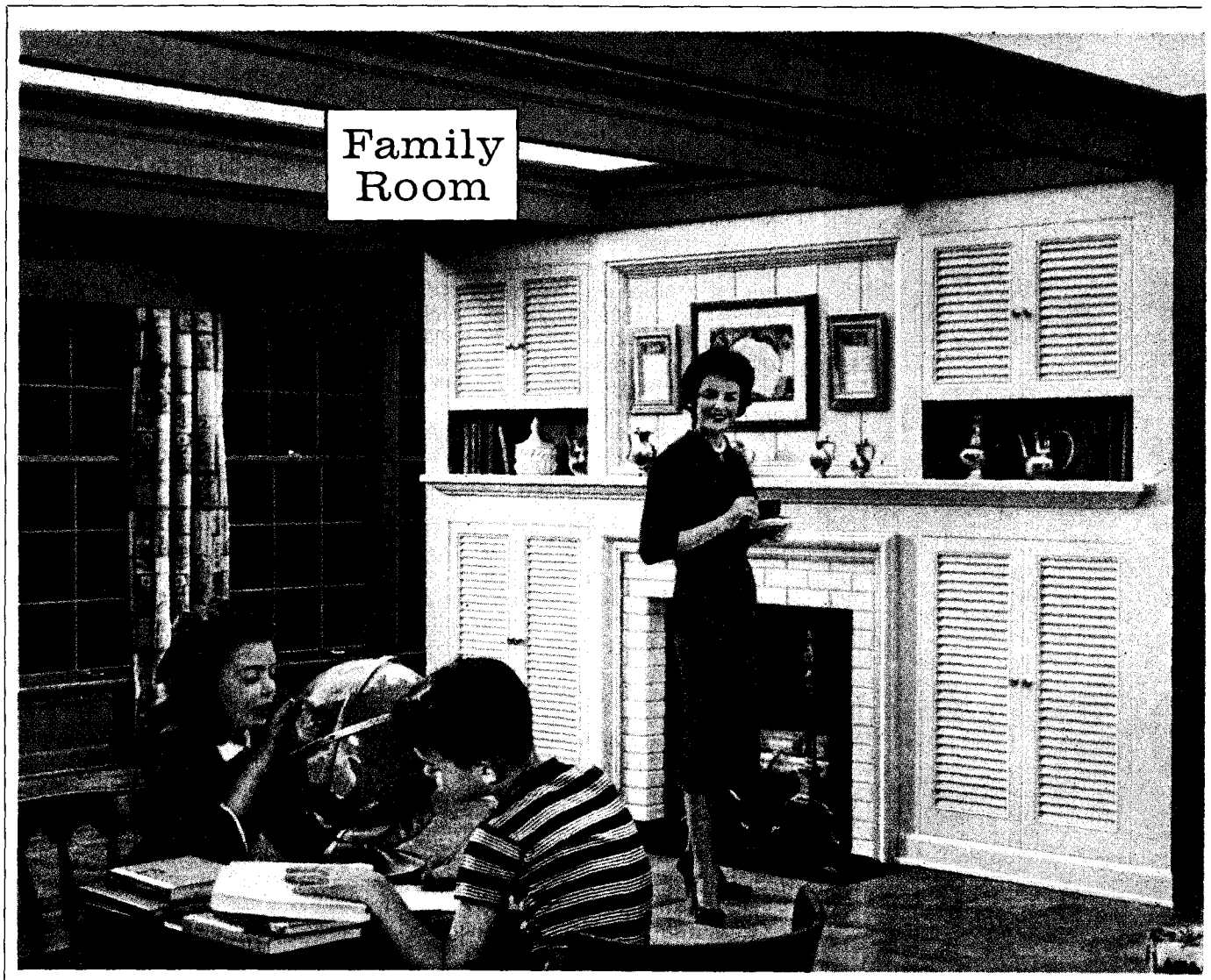
He said, "Yes. I juggled the books and I took the money. I was sure I could pay it back. I'm still sure it'll come back one of these days. But as matters stand I'm a damned thief. I'm leaving that envelope with you. There's only shares in it, worth about twopence-halfpenny apiece. Keep it for luck."

"Tabby?" I said. "Does she know?"

He pretended to laugh. "I told her first of all."

"And how did she take it?"

"She is a most extraordinary girl, you know. She simply said, 'You have stolen forty thousand and lost it? Take twenty thousand more, and we will go to Brussels.' I was absolutely flabbergasted,



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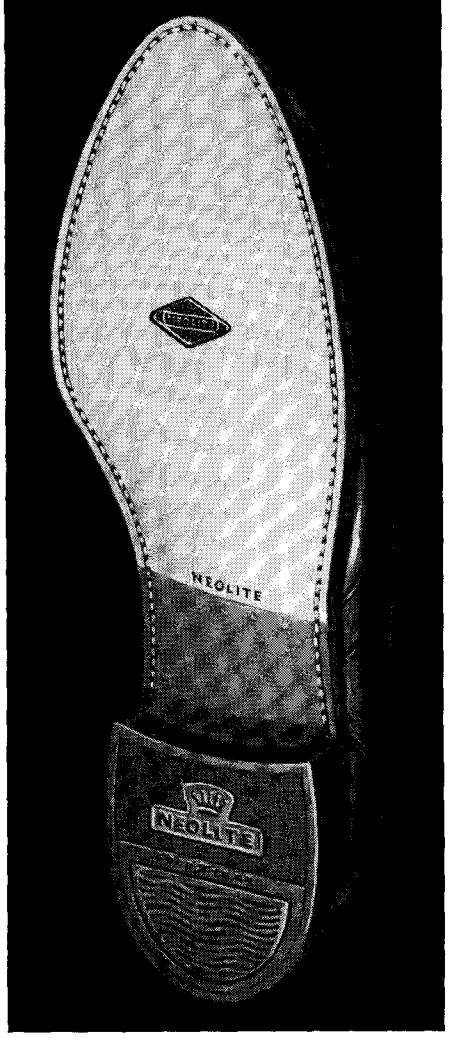

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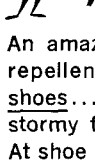

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BORED horrified. So she said, 'Well, a thief is bad, but a halfhearted thief is despicable. I see that this is going to be a bore.' Then she said, 'In justice to myself, the least I can do is refuse to get involved.' I said, 'It was for your sake, Tabby.' She said, 'There, you see what I mean?' Packed a bag, said I'd hear from her solicitors and simply walked out, cool as a cucumber. What a girl!" There was actually admiration in his tone. "So I've had it."

"And so," I said, tapping the envelope, "you came to give me this keepsake and afterward blow your pigheaded brains out, I suppose?"

He shrugged. "Dear old Uncle Percy has been like a father to me. I won't run, and I can't face him."

"You can and you will," said I, "this very evening."

Panic took hold of him and he cried, "No, for God's sake!" As I picked up the telephone he ran out into the hall, and I heard the clothes closet opening. I listened as I dialed Sir Percy Pargeter's number and caught the click of the pistol. Then the old gentleman growled, "Hello, hello —— Oh, it's you, is it? Where have you been keeping yourself, my boy? Why don't you come and have ——"

But when I interrupted him, begging him to come to my place immediately, he said, "Is it about young Jack? Then I'll be there in twenty minutes," and rang off.

John came back, chalk-white and disheveled, rubbing the side of his head where, presumably, he had intended to shoot himself. "Give me another drink," he said lifelessly. "What with one thing and another I must be losing my memory. I could have sworn ——"

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Then go and comb your hair while I make a drink," I said. When he was gone I slipped the cartridge clip into a drawer and locked it up.

Winnowed of emotion, my old friend returned and sat down silently. When his uncle arrived, somewhat breathless, he sprang to attention as on parade and said, "I wish to confess that I am an embezzler and a thief, sir!"

At the best of times Sir Percy was a formidable man to look at. He was one of those men who scowl for fear that they might smile and will go to any length to camouflage their weak point, which is gentleness. Now his mouth grew harsh, and his clipped white mustache turned into something like a steel file. He heard John out and said at last, "As for that soaked-out tea bag of a girl, good riddance. As for the money, you must put it back at once and resign from the firm."

"I haven't got it, sir," said John.

"I don't care if you are my brother Basil's only son. I'd send you to Pentonville for twenty years if I had my way. But I can't afford a scandal. I'll refund the money. There's thirty thousand coming to you in my will—or was. You forfeit that. The other ten I'll lay out myself. You'll repay me at the rate of one thousand a year. Thank God, Pentellow's entailed or you'd have gambled that away too. Get out of town, go to Devon, live on the five hundred a year you'll have left, and think yourself devilish lucky. I wouldn't lift a finger to save you," he added, "if I weren't convinced that you've got what they call battle fatigue. Pack up and be off! I never want to see your face again." He paused in the doorway. "Except at Christmas, if you like."

Then he stamped away, and John's face was wet with tears as he said to me, "You saved my life, if you only knew it."

"Go to bed."

Next day, thinking that John might be lonely down at Pentellow, and downhearted, what with his shame and his loss, I went to a man I knew and bought him a dog. Buller was four months old then and of the true Staffordshire breed, which is the only one the exhibitors have not spoiled—a happy blend of the blood of the great bullbaiter with that of the fearless rat-fighting terrier. I fell in love with that pup and parted with him grudgingly, with a good deal of unnecessary advice as to his care and feeding.

"You'll come and stay with me?" John asked as we parted at the station.

"For a week or so, when I have time —— Lean meat, remember. No fat!"

"Stay as long as you like; come and go as you please."

"A teaspoonful of cod-liver oil every day until he's six months old. Beef bones to exercise his teeth on."

"Bless you, old man, and thank you for everything."

"No chicken bones; whatever you do, don't give him chicken bones."

"Well, good-by for now."

I caught myself running alongside the departing train, shouting, "Worm him every fortnight for the next two months!"

"Come soon!" John yelled.

"Yes! Cold tea is good for his coat!"

But business called me abroad, and two years passed before I saw John again. There was a hard-bitten weather-beaten look about him now, and a new kind of combativeness. Although he seemed to have laid away his smooth, easy city manner with his dapper town clothes, he had not the air of a farmer, not even a gentleman farmer. He had always been a punctilious dresser; now an old leather-patched hunting jacket was good enough for him, with dilapidated old riding breeches, heavy boots and a rakish little brown check cap. Still you would have said, "This is some gentleman who has business in the country, but not a country gentleman."

I said, "You've put on weight. And is that a mustache you've grown, or a shrubbery?"

"Somehow it seemed to go with the scenery," he said; and somehow it did. He went on, "You know, old boy, I'd have sworn I couldn't stand six months at Pentellow. I accepted coming here as a kind of punishment. But I love it!"

"You don't miss the city?"

"Don't even talk to me about the city or anything connected with it," said John with vehemence. "I won't even look at a newspaper or listen to the radio. I won't be reminded of your damned city. Here I am and here I'll remain."

I thought,

Oho! Crazy Jack has got himself another fixed idea;

but it looks like a healthy one this time. "And Tabby?" I asked.

With complete nonchalance he said, "Oh, she divorced me last year. Honor of the De Meerouws—ha-ha—and two hundred a year alimony. Skip Tabby."

Then we came into the drive and so to Pentellow Manor. A superb little tiger-striped dog, with the loins of a greyhound and the chest of a bull mastiff leaped up to greet us with a tremendous, sonorous bark. "Buller remembers you," said John, offering the dog an offhand caress that was almost contemptuous. "What affection that animal's capable of! He'd die for me with pleasure. And what does he get out of me? A bit of meat and a bone."

I said, "What do you expect a dog to want—champagne and oysters? There's more to a Buller than flesh and blood, whatever they may say about animals' having no souls."

"Oh," said John, "I wouldn't part with Buller for the world. There never was such a dog. Do you know, before he was eighteen months old he'd killed three foxes singlehanded? And there was a half-wild Airedale that used to be the terror of the neighborhood. They tangled when it came onto my land, and—no more Airedale. Yet he's got such a soft mouth that I use him for a gun dog. He'll bring back a bird without so much as wetting the feathers. He likes to jump ten feet, standing, and grab an oak bough and swing by his teeth. I've timed him—fifty minutes by the clock. But he can catch an egg in his mouth without breaking it. No fear of the foxes while Buller's about. I hate 'em, and so does he."

"I remember," I said, for when I was a boy I spent more than one summer holiday with John at Pentellow, "this was always a foxy kind of country."

"A positive sanctuary for foxes," said John. "On account of the mires and the quarries it isn't hunting country, as you know. I shoot 'em on sight. They cost me a fortune in fowls. Buller keeps the ordinary kind away, but there's still the Ghost Fox."

"Ghost Fox?"

"Well, I call it that because it's invisible. I've sat up watching for it. Hughes, my laborer, has sat up. Buller's always on the alert. But there always comes a time when someone has got to rest, and then a chicken or a duck simply disappears. Without noise, mark you."

"I'd suspect some human agency," I said.

"So did I. But there's no tracks except our own. As for Hughes—well, there's been a Hughes at Pentellow these past five generations. He poaches, yes—one doesn't mind that in moderation—but he'd starve before he'd steal. No, it must be some cleverer-than-average fox, which makes it very clever indeed. I'll get it yet, though."

After dinner, as we stood looking out at the wild landscape, all blurred in the misty autumn evening, John said, "I've fallen in love with Pentellow."

Tact made me refrain from saying, "I'm sorry to hear it. What's wrong with it?" I said instead, "I always liked the place. Remember how we used to play smugglers in the Blue Quarry? But I don't suppose there's much to be got out of it now except the pleasure of looking at it."

"Everybody says that," said he with a hitch of his hard jaw. "Well, they're wrong. I know the Pentellows on my mother's side got a fortune in slate out of Blue Quarry—no self-respecting billiard table was bedded with anything but Pentellow slate—and another out of the willow trees that all the best cricket bats were made of, and yet another out of the gravel pits. And I know we exhausted all that fifty years ago. What nobody understands is the richness of the mystery of the place. 'Moor, mire, and tor,' they say. All they see is the surface. Believe me; when Nature goes to the trouble of making such an elaborate desolation, she's covering up something marvelous!"

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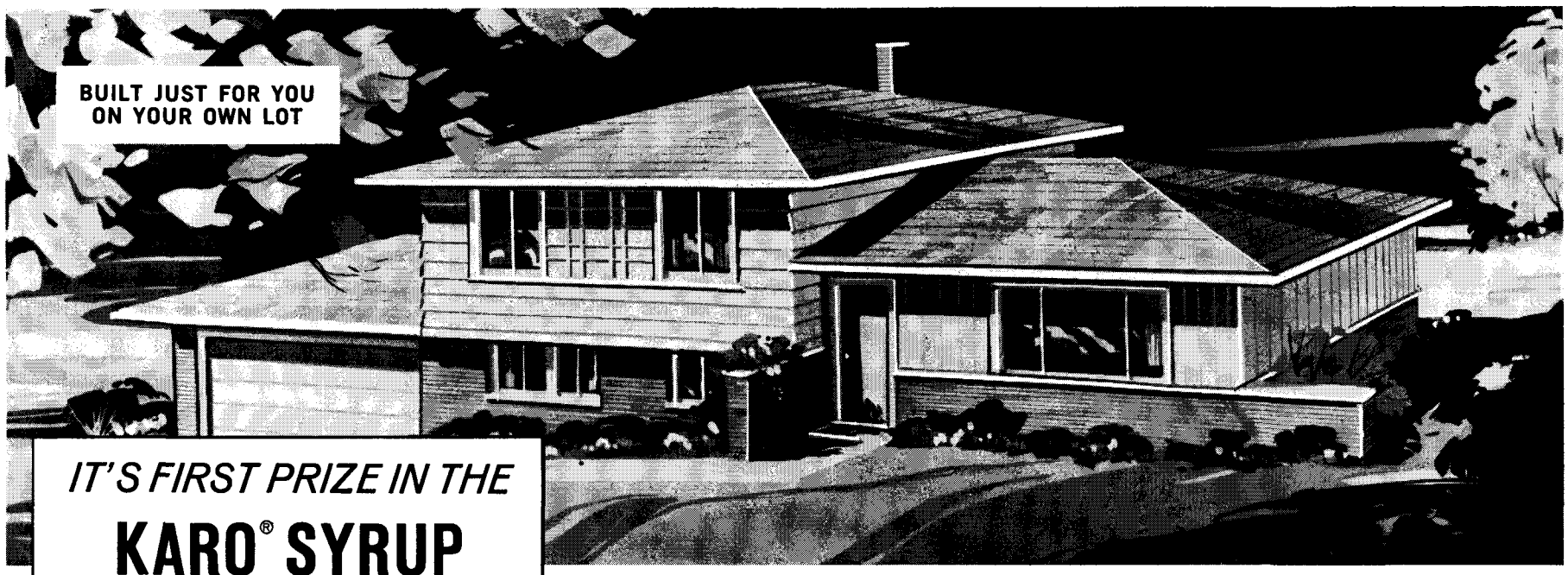

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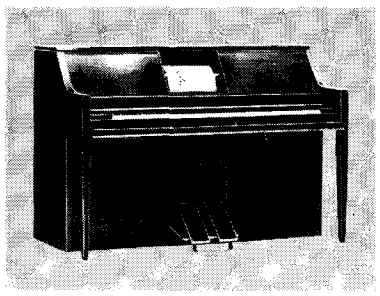

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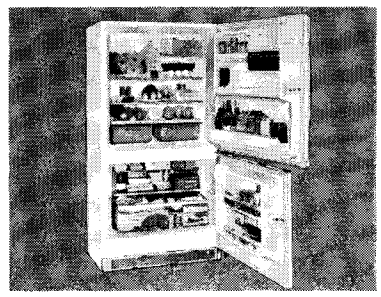

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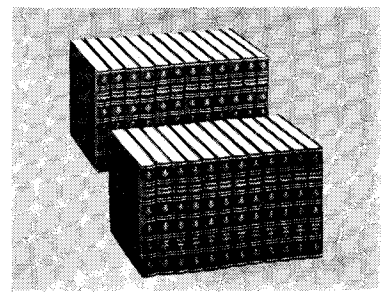

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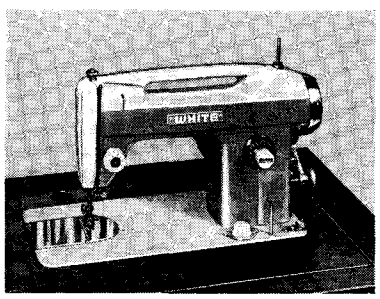

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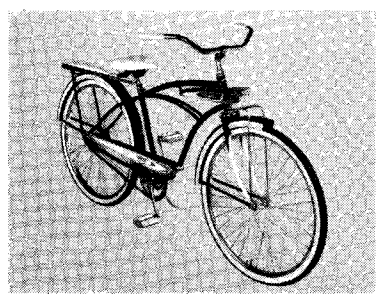

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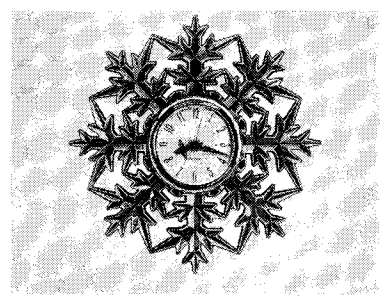

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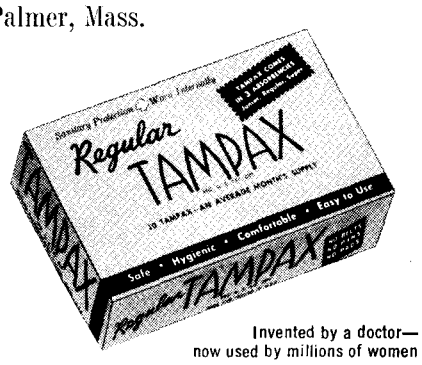

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

BORED

"Nature has her rubbish heaps," I said. "Why, were you thinking of draining Thoutenbottom Mire?" It is one of the dreariest and, with its quicksands, one of the most dangerous marshes in England. I spoke with a laugh, but he did not smile.

"You'll never quite understand," he said. "As that Persian poet said, 'I am a slave to the spirit of the quest.'"

"You're nothing but a dreamer without a dream," I said with some irritation. "A mystic without a mystery. Such marvels as your uncle's love for you and your friend's love for you and your dog's love for you are matters of course to you. Revealed wonders bore you stiff; daylight's too banal for you. Damn your presumption—you must have shapelessness and emptiness, a chaos of your own, to make your own private creation out of!"

Then I was silent and sick at heart; I saw that what held him at Pentellow was the lifeless, barren, exhausted part of it, the dead, rocky tors and the expressionless mire that gave nothing, but swallowed everything. John had found another Tabby de Meerouw, and this one would never leave him.

"Let's make an early night of it," he said.

The Ghost Fox came and went again before dawn, taking an especially fine pullet. John said, "Night after tomorrow is full moon. Like to sit up with me and watch?"

So we did keep watch in the darkened house, muffled in heavy sweaters against the chill of the night, sitting by the open kitchen window from which we could see the fenced chicken run. Buller was silent in his kennel. We neither smoked nor talked. The great yellow moon rose high. The cracked bell of St. Osyth's church struck one.

Then John gripped my wrist and whispered, "Look!" Something was moving stealthily in the moonlight. It was striped. It was Buller. "Buller's seen something," John whispered. "If it's flesh and blood, he'll pin it. Watch ——"

Buller crept into the shadow of the hen coop. He was out a minute later, gripping something limp and white in his jaws—a chicken. He paused, gathered himself, cleared the high fence in one tremendous bound and was gone. "After him!" John said, taking up his shotgun. We followed. His tracks were as clear as print in the wet grass. Buller kept to the shadows, skirting the patches of moonlight. Soon he came to the old Blue Quarry. At the lip of it, he disappeared under an overhang of scrub. He had gone to the cave where we had played smugglers when we were boys. John swung down, gun in hand, and I followed, carrying the flashlight. We crashed through the screen of scrub, and I sent a strong beam of light into the cave. "Buller!" John shouted in agony and rage, and the echoes of his cry sounded in the empty quarry like a thunderclap. "Buller!"

There, caught squarely in the circle of sudden light, stood our dog. Crouching beside him was a snarling red vixen. Clustered about her lay six cubs. I saw—this was one of those moments when horror speeds the shutter of perception—that two of these cubs were curiously striped. John's gun was up in an instant, but Buller was quicker. Even as his trigger finger tightened, Buller leaped up and caught him by the sleeve, and the shot splashed wide, while the vixen darted between our legs and was gone.

Buller stood, trembling, with lowered head. "A chicken killer," said John between his teeth, "a chicken killer! And turned on his master!" He raised the gun again, and took careful aim at Buller's head. But this time I knocked the gun aside. The shot brought down a shower of shale.

"What's the idea?" cried John. "He's a chicken killer, and he attacked me!"

I said, "He only tugged at your sleeve. If he'd wanted your wrist he could have had it. He didn't want you to shoot the vixen. He loves her—she's his wife. Look at those cubs."

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"Then he's gone feral," said John, feeling in his pocket for more shells. "Once a killer, always a killer."

"He did it for the vixen," I said. "Did he kill for himself?"

"What's the difference, man? If a farmer's dog kills what he's set to guard ——"

"Hold hard," I said as he reloaded the gun. "This is not the first time I've happened to divert a gun from the head of a poor fool who betrayed his trust and robbed someone who loved him—and all for the sake of a loveless woman. The other one was forgiven. Or have you forgotten?"

John was silent a long half-minute. His voice was humble when he said, "Then will you please tell me what I am to do?"

"With vixen and cubs do what you like. But spare me Buller, and I'll take him away."

"Yes," said John, nodding slowly. "Just as you say."

And the strange, the shameful thing is that I felt now a livelier satisfaction and a clearer certainty of achievement than I had felt two years before. The three of us walked slowly home in the staring moonlight, and next day I got ready to take Buller to London on the afternoon train.

"Won't you take his blanket?" John asked me. "He's used to that blanket."

"I'll get him a perfectly new one. He must build a fresh set of memories," I said.

A few weeks later I came upon certain items of news that sent me hurrying to my bank, where I had left John's wretched great envelope of share-certificates "worth about twopence-halfpenny apiece," as he had said. There I confirmed the value of his stocks. I was then able to inform him that, while some of his paper was at present of dubious value, he had nevertheless bought into aluminium-and-glass building construction, a "wonder drug" which a popular magazine published in twenty languages had made suddenly famous, and commercial television. His holdings were worth nearly half a million pounds, all in American and Canadian dollars.

Shortly afterward he wrote to tell me of an amazing coincidence. He was sitting by the fire thinking of Thoutenbottom Mire and all its mysteries, which he could now afford to probe, when who should walk in but Tabby? She said, in her ungracious way, that she had been thinking things over, and for the honor of the de Meerouws she was prepared to give him another chance. Then John got a special license, and they were remarried. "She actually likes Pentellow!" he wrote.

I wired congratulations and never saw him again.

And now poor John is dead ——

Having written that last brief paragraph, I put down my pen. "The end," I said to myself. Then the telephone rang. It was Tabby calling from the country. "I must see you on business," she said in that voice without cadence which always offended my ears. "I am coming to London to see you tomorrow. I shall take the morning train, I think. You need not come to the station to meet me. I shall call at your house."

I am opposed to the idea that hate is akin to love. You might as well say that repulsion is akin to attraction. I do not want to see Tabby Pargeter. I will not meet Tabby Pargeter!

There is a ring at the door.

The least I can do is see who it is ——

THE END

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Backstage with BOB NEWHART

BY PETE MARTIN

The "button-down mind" comedian thinks most television fare is only mental baby food. Here's what he plans to do about the matter.

Bob Newhart, a slight, thirty-two-year-old mild-eyed man, is an example of the most significant phenomenon that has happened to the entertainment world in the past two years. Floods of comics have crested between the levees of cultural stuffiness. They have overflowed into the parched lowlands of our natural-born Yankee love for irreverence.

This spate of comics, rampaging out of our concert-hall gullies and night-club and recording-studio arroyos, includes sick, sick, sick comics; well, well, well comics; comics who befoul their listeners with blue material, stand-up comedians, coeducational teams of comics, one-liners, specialists in political or historical satire, even one stand-up-and-sit-down comedienne.

The list is endless. Among them they have poked fun at everything in sight.

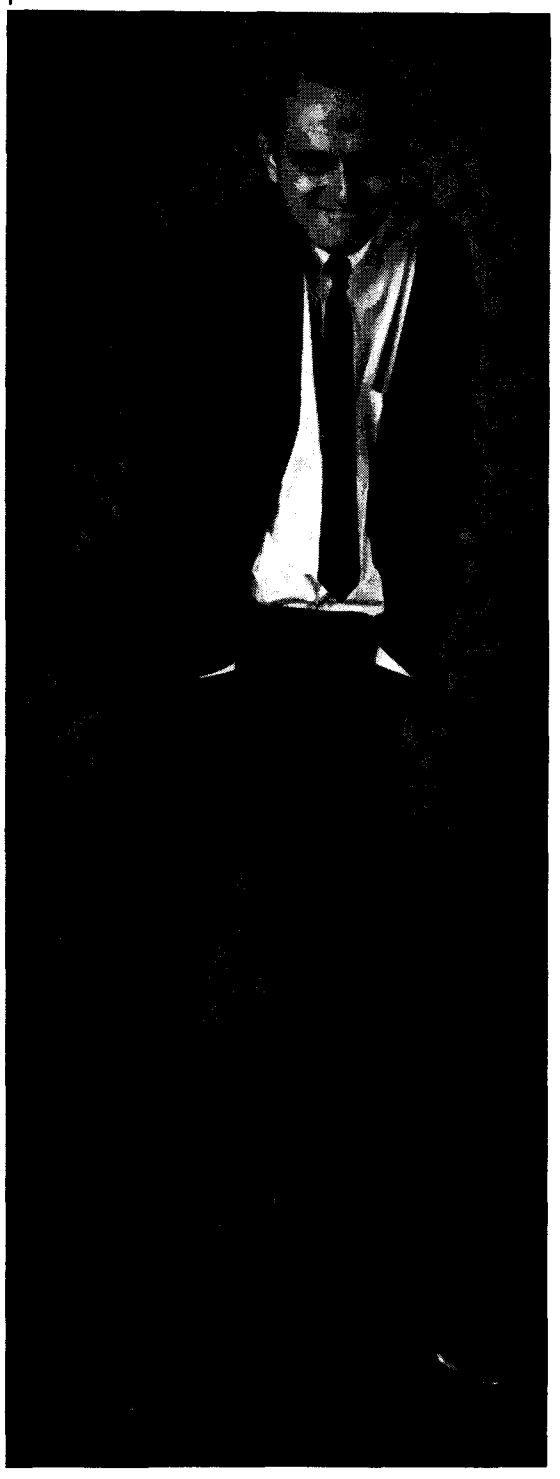
Newhart is a clean, clean, clean satirist. His comedy hacks away at such disparate themes as Valley Forge, the Wright brothers, Abner Doubleday, charter airlines, driving-school pupils ridden by compulsive self-destruction, and at least two occupants of the White House.

He is also a sneaky-type comic—in a friendly, disarming way. His sneakiness lies in the contradiction between the outer Newhart and the inner Newhart. Although both are packaged in the same 148-pound frame, there is more difference between the two Newharts than there is between Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen.

The outer Newhart's manner is diffident. His laugh is self-effacing, apologetic. This is in sharp contrast to his performances of the inner Newhart on a stage or before a recording microphone—performances which can be lethal. Once he walks on stage or adjusts a microphone, he pricks bombastic balloons, disembowels stuffed shirts. He performs the operation so deftly the pompous are unaware they're being eviscerated.

Newhart understands the bitter amusement inherent in being an organization man. He was one once, briefly and unhappily. He describes that arid period in his life by saying, "I resent large corporations. They flatten personalities. When I worked for a huge accounting firm, that was happening to me. So I quit. Besides, I was a bum accountant. What gnaws me now is the concern that if I become a show-business success I may wind up being a big operator myself. I'm fighting this."

Newhart's experience as a disorganized organization man occurred during a period when he was an accountant in charge of an employer's petty-cash box. Taking care of that petty cash, he said, "dragged me down in the middle of the day." Often fifty cents or a dollar was missing. Fretting for hours about his accounts, he found it easier just to take the missing sum from his pocket and put it into the cash drawer.



Windup of *The Retirement Party* (for a faithful employee), one of his sharper monologues. Usually gentle, Newhart draws a high acid rating for this routine.

During this trying time his best friend was another youngster, Ed Gallagher, who worked as a copywriter for the Chicago advertising firm of Leo Burnett Company. He does the same job now for another advertising firm, Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn in New York. When coping with petty cash wearied Bob, he gave Ed a call. Together they'd dream up nutty routines. Disguising his voice, Newhart would say, "You don't know me, Mr. Gallagher, but I'm a commercial-airline pilot. I just picked your name out of the telephone book. We took off from Midway Airport half an hour ago, but the copilot and I got to horsing around in the cabin and we both fell out. The plane is still up there with fifty-seven people on board. I tried to call Midway and tell them about it, but they just hang up on me and say, 'Why don't you leave us alone?' I thought you might call them and explain things."

Ed played along with him. He'd ask, "How'd you say you happened to fall out of the plane, captain?" Then they'd toss the ball back and forth until one of them broke up.

Newhart told me, "The bit I use now, about the submarine commander addressing his crew, grew out of the tapes Gallagher and I did. Ed pretended to be a radio announcer. Then he'd throw me any situation that popped into his head out of nowhere. He came up with: 'This is Ed Gallagher. We're taking you to the USS *Codfish*, which is about to surface in New York harbor. We're going to talk to the commander of the *Codfish*. . . . Take it away, commander.' Then Ed would duck down the hall to work our tape machine, leaving me with the situation. I've never been on a submarine, but as the commander of the submarine *Codfish*, I ad-libbed a speech to the crew for fifteen or twenty minutes. That original routine was terrible, but when we edited it, it was pretty good."

Following his discharge from the Army in 1954, Newhart set out on a legal career, entering the Loyola University Law School in Chicago. He abandoned that idea after flunking out, and then did two things at once. He worked as a harassed accountant by day and was a member of a theatrical stock company in Oak Park, a Chicago suburb, by night. He liked the stock company a lot more than he liked accountancy, but he felt that holding a sensible job was the practical thing to do. He knew that optimistic hordes were storming offices on Broadway, hoping to be tapped as actors, and he decided it would be smart to forget about the stage as

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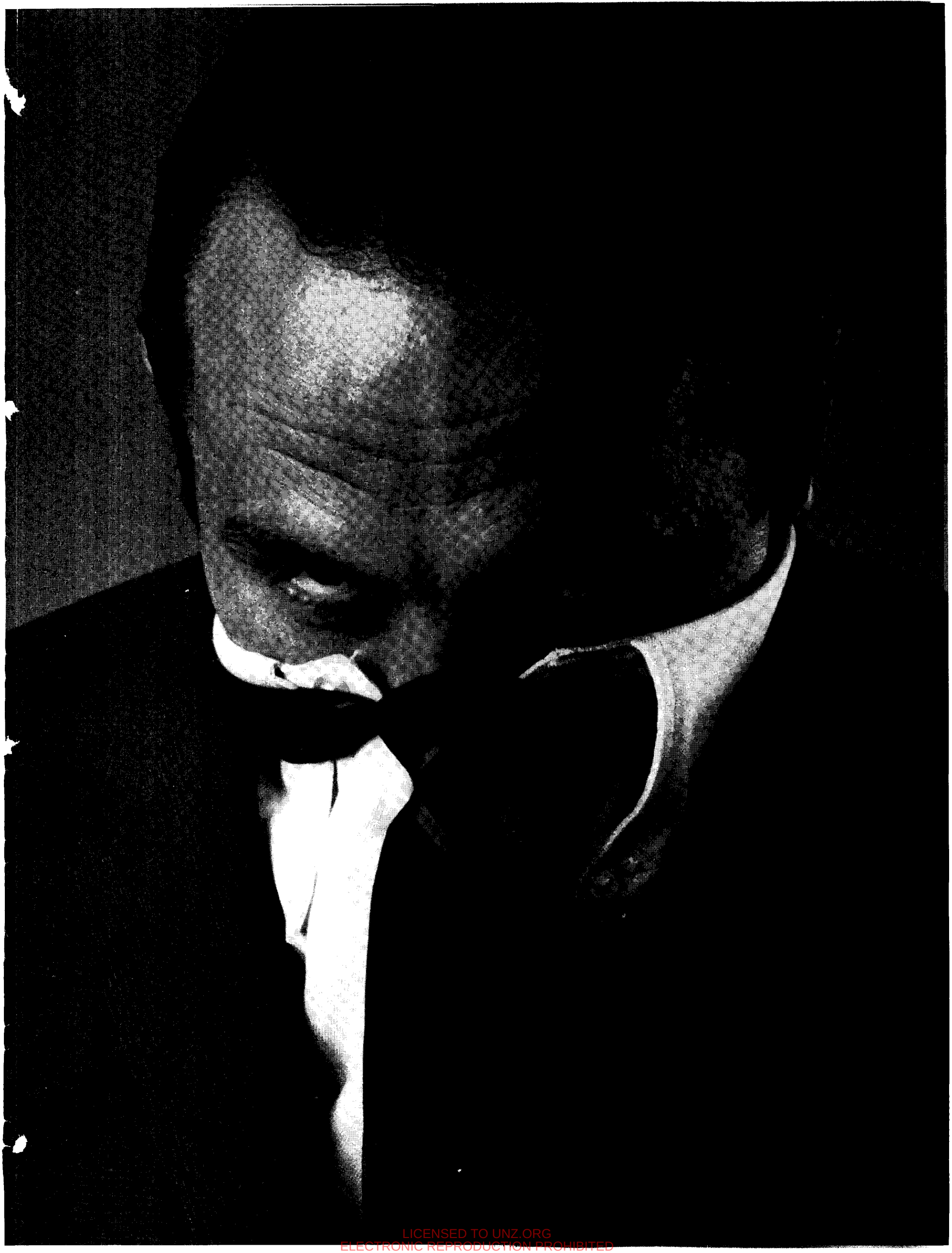

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NEWHART a career and get his theatrical kicks on a part-time basis as a member of Oak Park's stock company. Gallagher belonged to the same stock company, and it occurred to him that selling tapes of their telephone conversations to radio stations would be one way of getting into something like show business.

Newhart and Gallagher located a man on the Pacific Coast who told them that he'd handle their tapes. He assured them that he had ten stations lined up, so Gallagher and Newhart priced their tapes at ten dollars per station per week. In that way they'd bring in $100 every seven days, and as they added more stations, their weekly loot would build. In addition, they sent out sample tapes to 100 other stations. Only three were interested. However, with the ten on the coast, that made thirteen. Gallagher and Newhart signed contracts with those three for thirteen weeks.

Then the fledgling firm had its teeth kicked in. All ten West Coast stations backed out. "They were owned by one man," Newhart explained. "On second thought, he felt that our stuff was too sophisticated for his audience. There we were, stuck with only three customers. When Ed and I had sent those three stations tapes for thirteen weeks, we were three hundred and fifty bucks in the red."

Through the intervention of a Chicago disc jockey, Dan Sorkin, two executives of Warner Brothers' recording division, while visiting Chicago, listened to the Gallagher-made tapes of Newhart monologues. They placed Newhart under contract, and the rest is show-business history. Although Newhart had never played a night club in his life, Warner Brothers booked him into the Tidelands night club in Houston, Texas. It was their notion to record his material on the spot—with a live audience chortling a genuine laugh track, instead of dubbing one in.

In this way the telephoned comicalities of Gallagher and Newhart became the genesis of the two largest-selling talking records ever pressed: *The Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart*, and *The Button-Down Mind Strikes Back*.

Newhart was at the Tidelands for two weeks, trying out different bits and writing new routines to build up his stockpile of monologues. He had only twenty minutes of material when he got to Houston, and he knew he needed forty minutes to fill two sides of a long-play album. Warners recorded his first album in February, 1960. It was released on April first the same year. His second album has been out since last fall. Laughing, he told me, "Both of them are still selling about 10,000 copies a week. Between them, they're pushing a total sale of 1,500,000 copies."

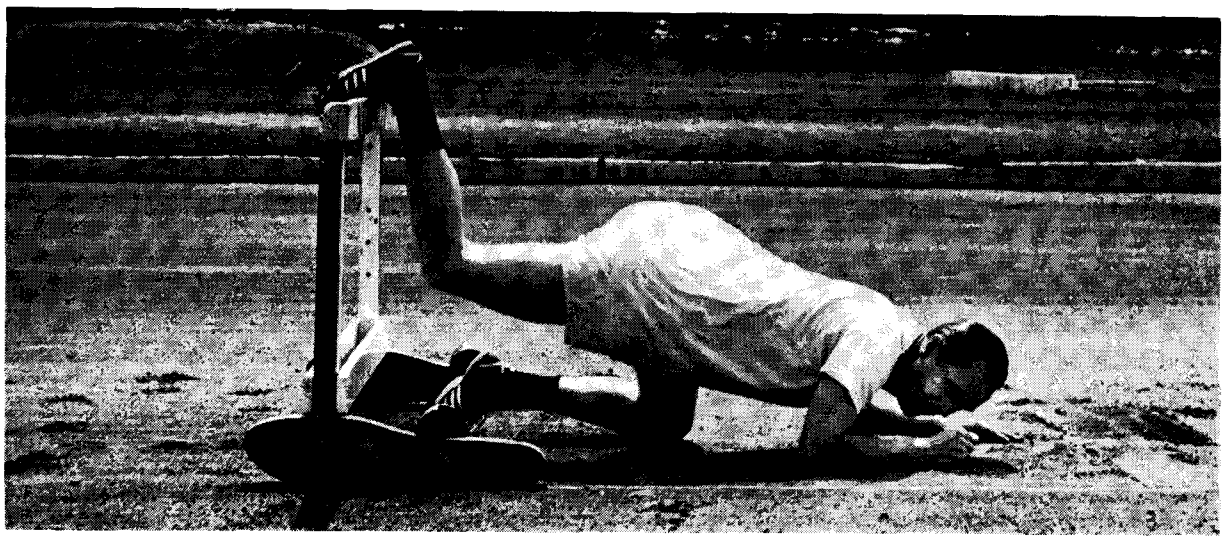
Newhart describes his albums as "based on circumstances and conversations which might have happened if you carry things a little further than they go in real life." As he uses it, the word "carry" can mean transporting a 1961 public-relations counselor backward in time to offer advice to a man about to make a speech in Gettysburg, in 1863.

In this Lincoln bit, Newhart is the young public-relations man in charge of making sure that Lincoln's Gettysburg Address "follows the firm's thinking." Newhart tries to be patient with Lincoln, although he has to remind him not to forget his shawl. At the same time he's careful not to lose his temper; Lincoln is one of the biggest clients his P.R. firm has, so

The Button-Down Mind on Track and Field

PHOTOGRAPHS By SID AVERY

In the search for new material, anything is fair game for a comedian. Dressed in noncon-



forming black socks and baggy shirt, nonathletic Newhart does a "pictorial monologue"

on the sports enthusiast. "I like to lay into human foibles and pretensions," he says.

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he can't come right out and tell him, "Let's not fumble this one, Abe."

But he does ask, "You haven't changed the speech we sent you, have you, Abe?" Then he waits for an answer. The audience sees that he's annoyed, but he is still controlling his irritation as he asks, "Why do you change our speeches all the time, Abe? Don't you think they're good enough?"

It has been said of Newhart's satire that it's so gentle nobody really gets hurt by it; but the routine he calls "The Retirement Party" is pretty corrosive. The setting is one calculated to make all men of sensitivity cringe. After fifty years of beating his brains out for "the company," Charlie Bedloe is calling it a day. The men who have worked with him are attending the farewell luncheon. Newhart opens this routine as Bruce Trite, an officer of the company, winds up the tributes to "good old Charlie" by saying, "Well, I guess today's the day." Momentarily overcome by his own humor (which is imperceptible to everyone else), he pulls himself together and says, "Seriously, though, it's gonna seem kinda funny walking in here Monday morning and not seeing, ah-h-h—not seeing"—he glances surreptitiously at a bit of paper in his hand—"not seeing good old Charlie Bedloe."

Newhart remarked to me: "My problem was how to have 'good old Charlie' stand up and say what he actually felt, instead of the phony things the departing one usually says. It also seemed to me the best way to have him tell the truth would be to have him a little drunk."

At that point Newhart transformed himself into "good old Charlie" to show me how the routine went. He said, "I've been sitting here listening to Mr. Clayton, Mr. Tipton and, of course, Bruce, and I've never heard such drivel in my life. I don't suppose it has ever occurred to any of you that I had to get half gassed every morning to make it down here to this crummy job. Then, after fifty years, you've given me this alarm clock you call a watch. I figure your gift works out to fourteen cents a year. Big deal!"

I asked Newhart if he evolved his material by writing it down first, then taping it to see how it played back. "Pretty much that way," he said. "Only I don't write all of it down—just four or five of the points I want to make. Then I use them as going-off points. I might spend two hours working out a routine, as I did with my Lincoln bit, or I might spend ten hours on a routine and have to walk away from it. I've spent as much as a month on one monologue.

"Sometimes I wonder how I ever got to be a comic," Newhart mused. "I didn't come from a broken home, so I'm not trying to get away from my drab and unhappy home life by retreating within myself and only coming out to poke fun at other people to turn their scorn from me. I wasn't an odd-looking kid that everybody made fun of, so I'm not batting ridicule directed at me back at others in self-defense—which is usually the way a comic gets wound up."

Talent scouts not only signed Newhart for guest appearances on the Garry Moore show and the Ed Sullivan show, but also on *The Jack Paar Show*, *The Dinah Shore Show* and a David Susskind show. In the mysterious way known only to booking agents, these overtures were made to him between the taping of his first album and its release.

"I see it this way," Newhart said thoughtfully. "I've got to find some fun in what I'm doing other than traveling around chasing the dollar. I didn't like accounting, so I got out of that. I don't like night clubs, and I'm getting out of them too."

I asked him why he preferred working auditoriums and concert halls instead of clubs. "The big problem with clubs," he explained, "is you see people at their absolute worst. Most night-club customers are so crocked they've lost their inhibitions. If I'm halfway through a routine which depends on continuity, and some drunk throws a few of his own lines at me from a ringside table, he has destroyed the mood I've managed to build up."

But, says Newhart, even playing one-night stands in auditoriums and concert halls, as opposed to saloons, has its disadvantages. "Each night," Newhart told me, "I wind up in a motel room with what seem the same lousy pictures hanging on the walls I saw the night before." I suggested he might be able to stay in one place if he accepted one of the offers which have been made to him to appear in his own weekly television show.

"I *have* accepted one of those offers," he confessed. "N.B.C. made me one that was so attractive I couldn't turn it down. I'm supposed to go on Wednesday from ten P.M. until ten-thirty, beginning this fall. I'll have guests, as well as using my own material. But I view the whole idea with concern. Those who control the medium are obsessed with the notion that if they offend even one viewer, they have one less customer. What the TV biggies don't know is that people like entertainment with bite. They want satire. The growth of talking-record sales proves that. When the public couldn't get satire on TV, it turned to records. Instead of half-hour shows stretched out to one-hour shows, and animated cartoons replacing Westerns, satire could be the next TV trend.

"I don't slug people and institutions with a blackjack," he said, "but I'm not exactly bland either. Television's great problem is that it's hag-ridden by its fear of making its viewers feel uncomfortable.

"One trouble may be that TV itself is such an easy target for satire. One throw-away bit I'm thinking of doing is a little thing about the TV show *Strike It Rich*. On that show they usually ushered in a woman in a wheel chair. She'd say her husband was a drunk, so he couldn't work. She had seven kids. She didn't know what she was going to do. The audience applauded wildly, the telephone rang, and the MC said, 'You're a lucky woman, Mrs. Jones. Mr. So-and-so is sending you a new wheel chair!' Then everybody went out of their skulls with joy at Mr. So-and-so's generosity."

Newhart continued, "I've done a little throw-away routine on another TV show that bugged me for years. It was the Philbrick *I Led Three Lives* thing. There were thirty-nine episodes a year and, week after week, anything the Commies assigned Philbrick to became a disaster. I couldn't help feeling that in at least one of the episodes a comrade at a Communist cell meeting would have asked, 'Fellas, have any of you ever noticed that whenever we assign Philbrick to something, a lot of us get arrested?'" Newhart shook his head. "Not them. He loused up thirty-nine of their plots a year, but they never guessed that he was a counterspy."

I asked if he thought there might be a chance that those who controlled TV programing would change their point of view about the desirability of blandness. He told me, "There are a few straws in the wind which seem to point that way. Otherwise I would not have signed for a TV show of my own. Not long ago I was fooling with a routine depicting the problems involved in adapting a novel for TV. The novel I had in mind was *Gigi*. I thought it might be fun to have the sponsor or the censor offer objections, like, 'Couldn't her mother be training her to be a private secretary instead of the keptie she's obviously training her for?'

"When I mentioned my notion to a TV director, he told me, 'This routine you've thought up is closer to the truth than you think.' He said that while making the TV show *The Moon and Sixpence* with Sir Laurence Olivier, one of those in charge of the artistic integrity of the production had been told, 'Look, this story line of yours is pretty rough. You can't just have Olivier say, "The hell with it," walk out on his family and settle down in Paris to paint and live with some sexy-looking *Parisienne*. It's like we're condoning desertion. Couldn't the rest of his family just get killed in an auto accident and his sorrow is so great he discovers painting as an outlet?'

"The production man under pressure had objected: 'The story line has already been laid out by a writer named Somerset Maugham. I don't think he'd like it if we changed it.' But the viewers-with-alarm kept trying. Anyhow, they begged, 'At the end, where he gets leprosy, you're not actually going to show *that* on television, are you?' The answer to that was, 'But the guy died of leprosy. He got leprosy and he couldn't paint any more.' The solution suggested was, 'Couldn't he just get t.b. and be coughing all the time so he can't paint?'

"That kind of thinking," Newhart said thoughtfully, "is not very different from the thought behind the personality tests given by some of the personnel departments of big corporations, so their company can staff itself with 'desirable young executive material.' What they're looking for is a guy who doesn't get out of line, who dresses conservatively, whose wife is compatible with the wives of the other executives—in short, a guy who thinks and reacts like a flat line on a graph. What knocks me out is that when they give one of those tests to the president of the corporation, he invariably flunks it. The president is usually a maverick. He's the one who thinks the unconventional thoughts that make the company grow."

Newhart told me, "I've been promised that nobody will pour soothing syrup into my TV stuff. Otherwise my kind of satire would be in trouble. I must confess I can't help being scared to death that exposing my brand of material on a weekly show will cook me, and quickly. It's possible that a steady exposure on TV could shrink my telecast career down to a nub. That remains to be seen. Naturally I'm hoping that my TV show will take off the way my albums took off. Anyhow I'll have a good man in my corner as producer and chief writer, Roland Kibbee. He once worked with Fred Allen and he's polished a few of Tennessee Ernie's shows. The idea is to build the show around me, not *on* me."

There is one kind of exposure which Newhart doesn't have to worry about, although, not being a "pushy" type, he can't say this himself. An executive of WCCO Radio in Minneapolis, who knew him before he became a nationally known entertainer, puts it this way: "You have to be exposed to Bob only once to feel that you know him as well as you know your brother-in-law. The difference is that you *like* Newhart." THE END

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EDITORIALS

ARE WE HELPING DELIVER THE CONGO TO THE COMMUNISTS?

The New York Times put it conservatively when it stated recently that the United Nations, in invading the Katanga province of the Congo, had set a precedent "at considerable risk to itself." Surely if the United Nations can invade the Congo to enforce its own theory of what that country's government should be like—an action not hinted at in the United Nations Charter—other nations will want to know what goes on.

Leaving aside the pompous nonsense regarding the need to "bring peace to the Congo," the fact is that United Nations troops (financed for more than $40,000,000 by the United States) brought war to the one part of the Congo where there was peace, prosperity, co-operation among the various races and an imposing "infrastructure" (to borrow a word from U.N. gobbledygook) of modern civilized living. President Tshombe of Katanga had agreed to go along with a federation of Congolese states, but the United Nations insisted that Katanga must submit to the total authority of a Communist-dominated central government.

Why representatives of the United States, which is a federal system, should crack down on the federal form of government for the Congo is beyond us. Even more mysterious is our support of the United Nations effort to force Katanga to weaken its economic and military posture by deporting white officers and officials. "Mercenaries" these are called, except when they are Communist Czechs, Poles or Soviet citizens; then they become "technicians." Following this imposition of racism, unwanted by the Katangans, came the demand, also backed by the U.S.A., that Katanga knuckle under to the Communist-dominated central authorities.

As to the central authorities, Sen. Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut produced a translation of an article in the Soviet publication *New Times* which stated that the followers of Lumumba had a clear majority in the Congolese parliament and that Premier Cyrille Adoula was committed to "carry out all decisions made earlier by the Lumumba government." It was already known that Adoula had agreed to make one of the Red-trained Gizenga's men minister of the interior (in charge of the police), and that one Egide Bochely-Davidson, another Lumumba protégé, was to be chief administrator of Katanga!

Had it not been for the tragic accident which ended his life, Secretary General Hammarskjold might have rescued the United Nations from the consequences of its blunders. That the mess may have been created by U.N. representatives on the spot, without sanction by the home office, is suggested by the willingness of President Tshombe of Katanga to deal with Hammarskjold despite his previous refusal to talk with Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, the local U.N. "enforcer." The invasion of Katanga was obviously ordered without approval by the Security Council, as is made plain by the protests of the foreign offices of Great Britain and France. Lord Lansdowne, Britain's parliamentary undersecretary for foreign affairs, who talked with the late Secretary General before his death, is convinced that the U.N. forces had exceeded their instructions. We may be sure, in spite of the uneasy truce, that the Communists have not given up in the Congo.

Why do we go along with a course so freighted with disaster to the Congo and our commercial and strategic interests? For one thing, there is in the United States a heavily brainwashed but socially and financially prominent minority which has what the kids call a "thing" about the United Nations. These people pay little attention to what the United Nations actually does. All criticism is met by cries that "the United Nations is the hope of the world," or that it "stands between us and the horror of nuclear war." This sort of thing may represent the triumph of hope over experience, but it does constitute a considerable part of American public opinion to which any Administration feels obliged to pay some heed. So the Communists get the strategic key to Africa—and the cobalt—and we get the consciousness of having acted nobly and disinterestedly!

We can hardly be expected to "stand by the U.N.," when the U.N. too often seems concerned with prompting Soviet objectives, especially in the Congo, whose people, insofar as they are articulate, want continued co-operation with the West.

A JOB SHOULD BE PART OF EVERY BOY'S EDUCATION

Not long ago a group of businessmen got to talking about various jobs they had as kids to make a little money after school or during summer vacations. One, now a lawyer, sold newspapers from the time he was twelve until he got out of high school. Another, now a successful advertising-agency owner, during summers while he was in high school worked nights at thirty cents an hour in what is now a General Motors factory. Such were common experiences in the past.

Today supermarkets are barred by law from hiring youngsters to fill baskets and sweep out the place the way they used to do. If "child labor laws" don't keep a kid from getting useful work, union pressures or a subtle change in social outlook may. Nobody wants a return to exploitation of children in sweatshops, and there are valid opinions among educators that outside work isn't always desirable; it may get in the way of schoolwork, particularly in college. Ask any juvenile judge, though, or the chief of your local police force, and you'll find him a strong believer in regular, useful, paid employment for young people. Psychologists favor work for kids, even pretty young ones, because it gives them self-confidence and teaches them about the world around them. Drs. O. Spurgeon English and Gerald H. J. Pearson, in their authoritative book, *Emotional Problems of Living* (W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1955), not only advocate work, within reason, for children from about eight years on, during the so-called latent period, but believe parents should help their children to learn to work and like it.

Fortunately, despite all our modern devotion to leisure, most folks still believe work is a good thing, not bad—even for youngsters. Abraham Ribicoff, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, said recently, "We have too many laws that do too much coddling of children. I would say that there's nothing as valuable or as useful as gainful employment for children." Mr. Ribicoff backed up this opinion from his working experience, which began at what is often described as a tender age. Anyway it was twelve.

Most healthy-minded kids nowadays do like to work and are proud of the jobs they get, despite the sneers of professional teen-haters. One lovely young miss, now in college, worked all summer in a bakery; it was fun, she said, and she enjoyed the aroma of doughnuts. Another girl worked in a dry-cleaning establishment, hanging up clothing. It was mostly standing-up work, and boring, but she needed the money and is glad she got the work. Several boys of high-school age "worked around" with contractors and house builders. None was harmed by the experience; all felt they were making progress.

There is a lot of work, big work, yet to be done in this country. The future will be won by people who know how to do things—and you don't learn much by loafing.

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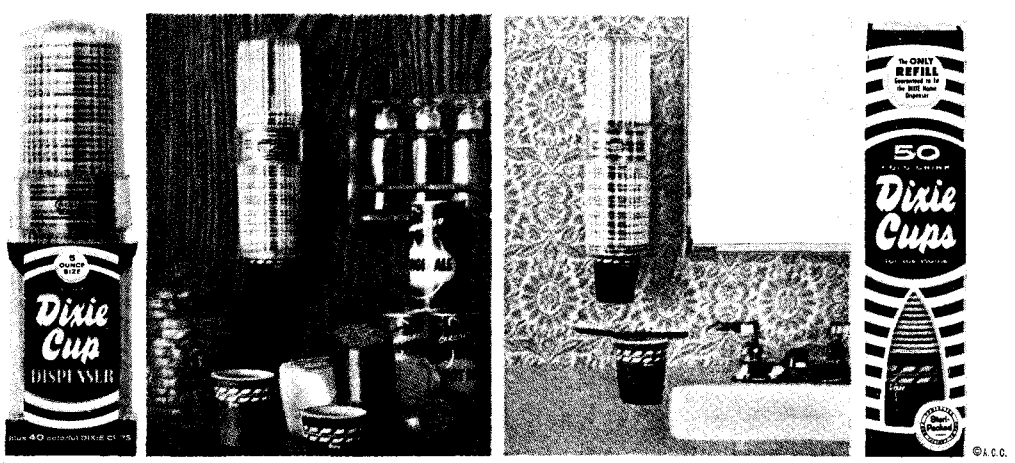

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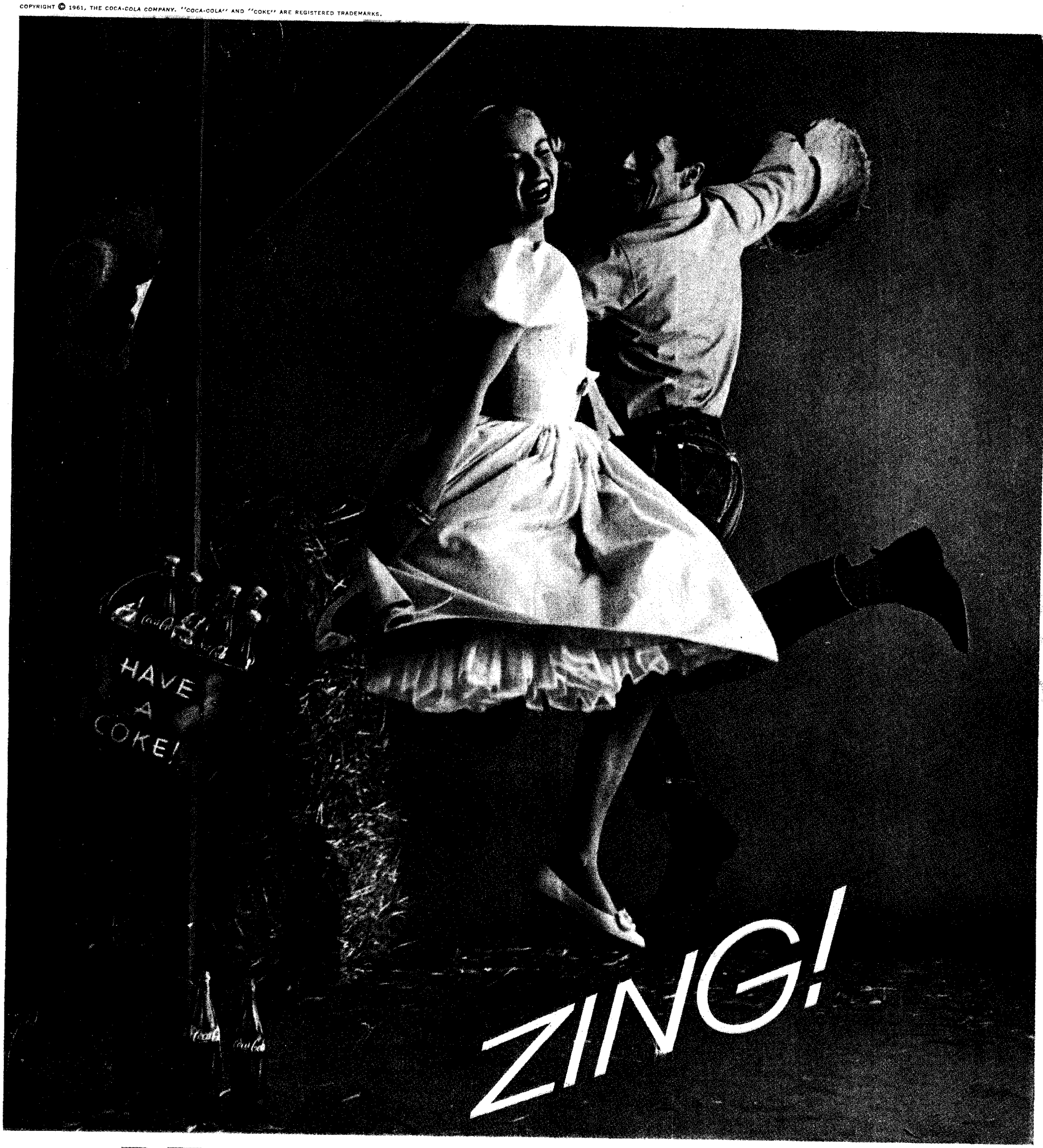

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